THE LITERARY DIGEST

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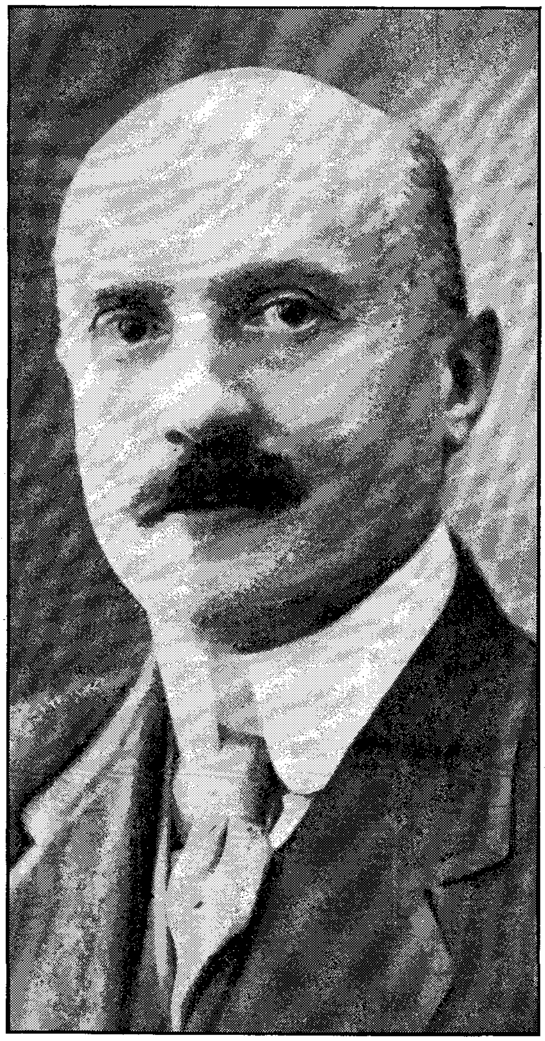
TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

CAILLAUX'S POLITICAL RESURRECTION

HATED AND DENOUNCED by millions of Frenchmen and their allies as his country's would-be betrayer in the black days of the war, sentenced to prison and stript of his citizenship for "commerce and correspondence with the enemy," Joseph Marie Auguste Caillaux is called upon by France in her latest post-war crisis to act as her financial savior. One crisis crusht him with what seemed like a finality little short of death itself; another has given him his political resurrection and his dramatic new chance. Even if Mr. Caillaux suffers a political reverse in the near future, it is evident that he will remain a power to be reckoned with in French politics and finance. "No phenix ever had a more complete rebirth from seemingly quite dead ashes," says the Boston *News Bureau;* and the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* remarks: "Recent history holds no parallel for this extraordinary emergence of a public official from the depths of obloquy into the light of new opportunity and the road of fresh acclaim." "If Benedict Arnold had been deported, pardoned, and then appointed Secretary of War, it would hardly have been more astonishing than the appearance of Joseph Caillaux as Minister of Finance in France for the fifth time," exclaims the Philadelphia *Record.* It means, according to a Paris correspondent of a New York daily, that "Paris now knows that the war is over." Mr. Caillaux's friends, we are told, compare his return to the return of Napoleon from Elba; and they boast that it will prove almost as important an event in national history.



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"THE ONLY REAL REMEDIES"

"In the financial pharmacopœia are work and economy," says Joseph Caillaux, France's new Minister of Finance.

But the return of this ex-Premier from prison to power was not accomplished without stirring up old, tempestuous passions. During Premier Painlevé's reading of his Ministerial declaration before the Chamber of Deputies on April 21, there were continual outbursts of criticism, hissing, booing, and cries of "traitor," "deserter," and "defeatist," whenever the name of Caillaux was mentioned. "France has not yet reached the point where she must choose between Caillaux and bankruptcy," declared Deputy Charles Bertrand, President of the Veterans' Association, who reminded his hearers that "there is something graver than financial bankruptcy; it is moral bankruptcy." Addressing Caillaux directly, Mr. Bertrand went on to say:

> "You might have asked for a review of your trial. If you pretended to be innocent, you would have been rehabilitated. But you preferred to reenter here through the back door of amnesty. When it was time to obey, you tried to command. When it was time to hope, you doubted France. We consider your presence a challenge to our dead."

And another Deputy, Mr. Jean Goy, representing the wounded soldiers, took up the attack with these words: "It is a singular method to restore the confidence of the country by calling as Minister of Finance a man who lacked confidence in France. If Caillaux was right, our soldiers were wrong." "During the war you were continually surrounded by spies and traitors," shouted Deputy Pierre Taittinger; "we don't want a Minister of Finance who will have around him doubtful characters." To these attacks Premier Painlevé replied that Caillaux was the man best fitted to help France out of her financial crisis, that he had wanted the Government to make a big internal loan right after the battle of the Marne, and that "if we had done so, we would not to-day be in our present financial embarrassment." Then Aristide Briand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, took a hand in the defense of Caillaux, declaring, according to the Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune,* that he "doubted the evidence on which Caillaux was convicted." Under the flagellations of the Deputies "Mr. Caillaux sat tense, controlling himself with tremendous effort." Finally the Chamber gave the new Ministry a vote of confidence, 304 votes against 218. How long it will continue in power, no one, of course, can predict.

Who and what is Joseph Caillaux, ex-Premier of France, five

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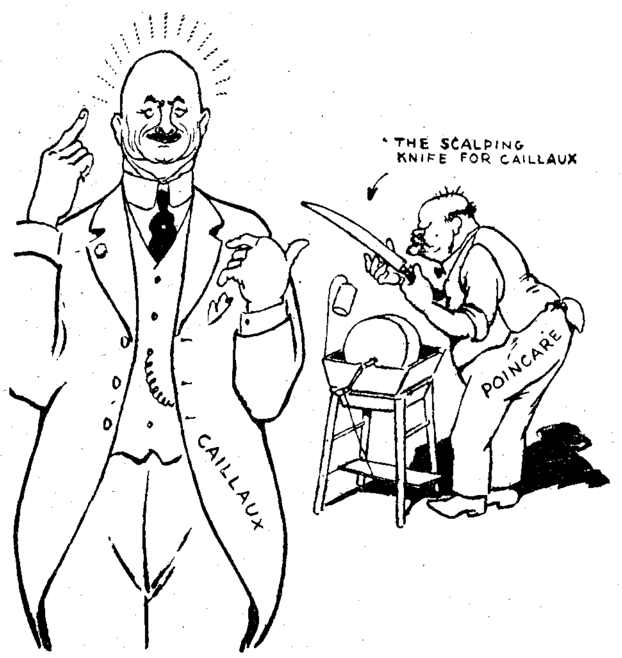

THE SCALPING KNIFE FOR CAILLAUX
CAILLAUX
POINCARE

"I SHOULD WORRY!"
—Plaschke in the Louisville *Times.*

years ago sentenced as a defeatist, virtually a traitor, and now Minister of Finance in the Painlevé Cabinet? Is he the sinister figure that his foes have painted him, or is he another victim of war hysteria? Perhaps the complete answers to these questions must be left to history. But in the meantime we may form to some extent our own opinions by glancing at the outstanding facts of his life, and by listening to what his contemporaries say of him. His political career, which has been stormy, is thus briefly outlined in the New York *Evening Post:*

"Joseph Caillaux is considered one of France's foremost finance experts. Since 1905, when he became Minister of Finance in the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, until 1911, when he ascended to the Premiership, he was identified with financial and banking operations. Even Mr. Clemenceau retained him as Finance Minister in 1906.

"Caillaux suffered harrowing days when his wife shot and killed Gaston Calmette, editor of the *Figaro*, in March, 1914. The trial was sensational and Madame Caillaux was acquitted.

"Reelected to the Chamber of Deputies in April, 1914, Caillaux joined the Army at the outbreak of the war. He was assigned to the financial inspection department. In November he went to South America, and mystery surrounded his sudden departure. This marked the beginning of the defeatist campaign attributed to him.

"On his return he became involved in the notorious Bolo Pasha espionage scandal, and charges against him of communicating with the enemy became more numerous, until the Chamber deprived him of his Parliamentary immunity in December, 1917. He was arrested in January, 1918, and placed on trial before the Senate sitting as a High Court in October.

"The trial was carried on intermittently, but in March, 1920, he was found guilty of commerce with the enemy and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, five years' expatriation, and ten years' loss of political rights.

"With the advent of the Radical-Socialist Administration of Mr. Herriot, Caillaux's fortunes began to prosper. Parliament included him in the amnesty law of last year, and he made a spectacular reentry into Paris a few months later."

When Madame Caillaux killed the editor of the *Figaro* in 1914, that paper was accusing Caillaux of corruption in office. Caillaux resigned under a cloud. From that point his story, which grows rather than diminishes in dramatic interest, is told as follows by the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*

"The war came on and Caillaux was drawn into the company of defeatists that milled about the notorious *Bonnet Rouge*. The Armistice signed, France set about the business of bringing the defeatists to judgment. Caillaux might have faced a firing squad. That was the fate measured out to Duval, his friend on the *Bonnet Rouge*. Bolo Pasha went to a grave of quicklime, and so did Lenoir. The other defeatists fared better. Senator Humbert was acquitted. Malvy, former Minister of Interior—now also redeemed by the Amnesty Act—was banished from France for five years. Almereyda, who knew intimately the rôle played by Malvy and Caillaux, and who was the editor and moving genius of the *Bonnet Rouge*, was mysteriously strangled in prison before he could be brought to trial—a deed of violence that annihilated a mass of evidence that would have done Caillaux no good.

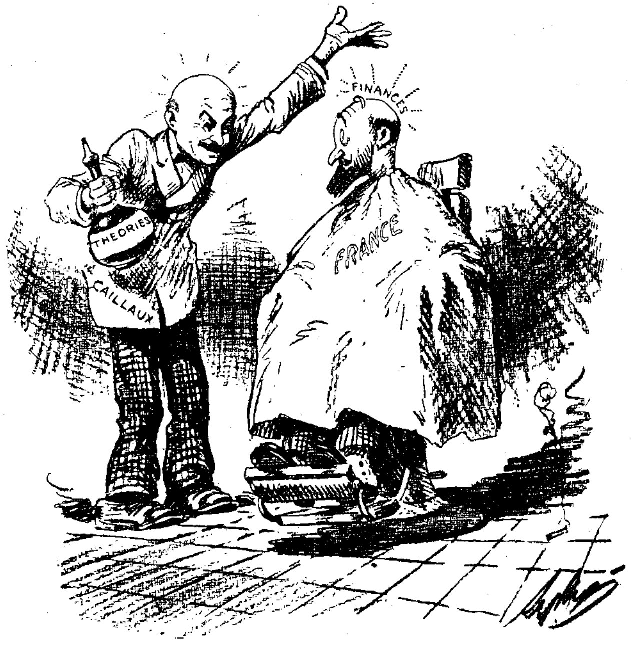
"It was the great weakness of the evidence against Caillaux that it was overwhelmingly circumstantial. The trail of German gold crossed and recrossed through private papers captured in his safe deposit vault in Florence, but never led to his pockets. His friendship with Count Luxburg, whose 'sink without trace' message from Buenos Aires was uncovered by the American State Department; the faithful reports of his views and opinions made by Bernstorff to Berlin; his high favor with the *Bonnet Rouge* which editorialized daily on the futility of continuing the war and whose financial agent, Duval, made frequent and dubious trips to Switzerland under the protection of passports issued by Caillaux's friends—all these things and many others were matters of record. But the missing links were lacking to tie the incidents into the tale of intrigue that most of France suspected, but which the Government prosecutors could not quite prove.

"But the time was one of great grievance and high feeling, and the evidence sufficed for a verdict of guilty by a vote of 150 to 91. Caillaux in exile never ceased to proclaim his innocence, but it took the political revolution of last May to restore him to citizenship. Since then Caillaux has proceeded from one public triumph to another. Will he proceed to the greatest triumph of all—a financial ministry that will solidify and stabilize France's desperate financial structure? If he does, he will redeem not only France but himself. Then it will be time for the dramatist."

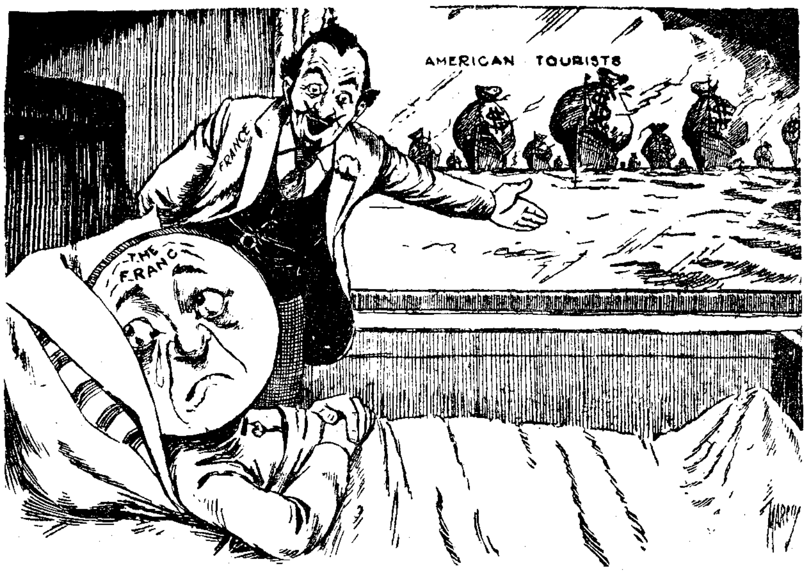
For further light on the personality of this man who has been curst as a traitor and hailed as his country's savior we turn to an article in *The World's Work* by Raymond Recouly of the *Figaro*, an intimate and associate of Gaston Calmette. Says Mr. Recouly of the man whose wife killed his friend:

"The most striking characteristic of Mr. Caillaux is his almost bewildering quickness of perception. I have never met a man who understands so quickly, who follows so readily your thoughts and reasonings. You hardly have time to open your mouth—he knows what you want to say.

"This rapidity of cerebral mechanism is so precipitate that it



HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL—
—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*



"CHEER UP! SEE WHO'S COMING!"

—Marcus in the New York *Times*.

becomes a little morbid. It is like the needle of a compass which turns and turns and never steadies itself. What Mr. Caillaux lacks above all is steadiness, weight, moderation, equilibrium. His mind works continually on innumerable combinations; he lacks that rectitude, balance, and solidity of judgment which would enable him to choose correctly. He is like a train running at breakneck speed. One is never sure from one moment to another that there will not be a sudden wreck. Under these conditions, the quickness and liveliness of this brilliant perception are more of a drawback than an advantage.

"Added to this are grave defects of character—a terrible thirst for power, contempt of human nature, complete unscrupulousness as to the means of attaining his ends, the habit and, one might say, the need of surrounding himself by the worst adventurers, and of giving his confidence to people utterly unworthy.

"This last, more than anything, explains what happened to Mr. Caillaux during the war. One of his principal collaborators, his Director of Cabinet, during the first months of hostilities, and while filling an important post in the military administration, was convicted of having stolen army provisions. He was sentenced by a court-martial to several years' imprisonment.

"Here is a first case, very grave and significant. Many others could be cited. In the first year of the war, when Mr. Caillaux left for the Argentine, on an official mission, he was surrounded in that country always by the same adventurers, people more or less suspected of being in touch with the German Legation. Mr. Caillaux did the same thing when, three years later, he left for Italy.

"It was largely because of this that he was condemned by the Senate. This condemnation was perhaps not absolutely free from criticism from a strictly legal point of view, but morally it was entirely just. It must not be forgotten that it was at a most critical and agonizing moment of the war, that it was imperative for France to win or to perish. One must not forget, either, that the Senate was not an ordinary tribunal, but above all political."

If Caillaux can pull France out of her financial crisis, some of the foreign correspondents suggest, he may again achieve the Premiership. Says Hamilton Fish Armstrong, in a communication from Paris to the New York *Times:*

"An extraordinary transformation has come over French opinion with regard to Caillaux in the last month or so. It has always seemed more than possible that he might be swept back to popularity and power on a wave of radical feeling, of disillusionment and bitterness toward the leaders who won the war, but who were unable to make good their promises that Germany would be compelled to pay the bill and that she should be forcibly put in a position never again to repeat her attack of 1914.

"All Caillaux's past history favored his being able to capitalize this revulsion of feeling. He had consistently stood for cooperation with Germany rather than conflict, and for cautious coolness toward perfidious Albion. Each time that England's projects for guaranteeing the integrity of France have dissolved into thin air (as in the case of the tripartite Treaty, the Lloyd George ten-year pact discust at Cannes, the Cecil draft treaty, and now the Geneva protocol), Caillaux's friends have been able to point out that to rely on England is to be doomed continually to disappointment, and that instead France must deal directly with Germany, making concessions necessary to obtain guaranties against fresh aggression and in turn giving similar guaranties, regardless of wishes and interests across the Channel.

"But Caillaux's present prospects for a new lease of political power are not founded solely on this sort of sentiment, which during the war was called defeatist. He finds himself to-day in the extraordinary position of being hailed by the moderate Right, by many bankers and even by ardent Catholics, as their final hope of salvation from the hated policies of Herriot.

"He is a financial magician, they are saying to one another. And to reminders of his past troubles, marital and political, they reply with a shrug of the shoulders. He comes of well-to-do people; his father was himself a Cabinet Minister.

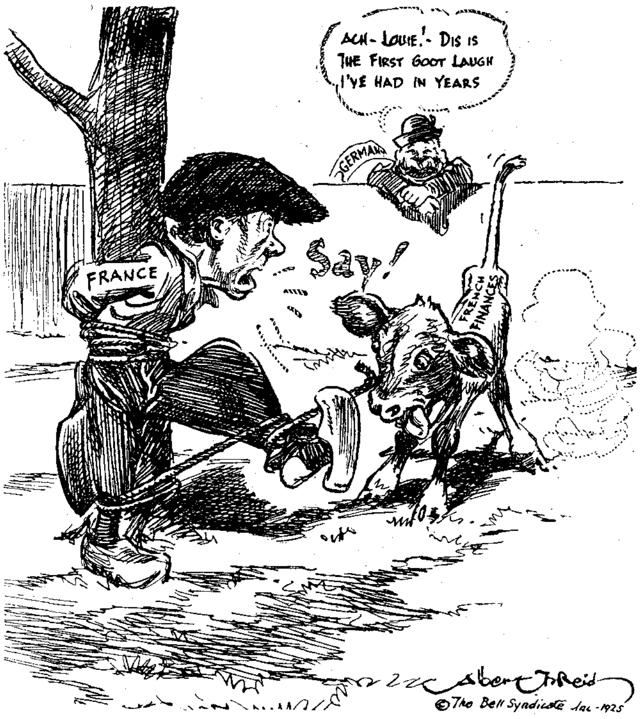
"Apart from these considerations the strength of Caillaux rests on the fact that he has had no part in post-war financial negotiations, in which France is generally regarded as having been hoaxed.

"The points in Caillaux's program which appeal most strongly to the banking world are his disinclination to invoke a capital levy to secure funds, and his open-mindedness regarding an increase in bank-note circulation.

"Less popular are his belief that French tariffs must be lowered in order to prevent the accumulation by manufacturers of vast undeserved profits (the chief source, in his mind, of the present high cost of living), and his insistence on the need of extending and rigorously enforcing the income tax.

"Caillaux's future remains, then, what it has often been before, an enigma. But enough has been said to show, I think, that the man pilloried as a traitor may, seven years after the war, have once again given into his hands the destinies of France.

"If he does succeed it will be because many a good conservative wants him to, and because in all France there is no man possest of more self-confidence or of a capacity for more tireless planning and work."


ACH- LOUIE!- DIS IS THE FIRST GOOT LAUGH I'VE HAD IN YEARS
GERMANY
FRANCE
Say!
FRENCH FINANCES
Albert T. Reid
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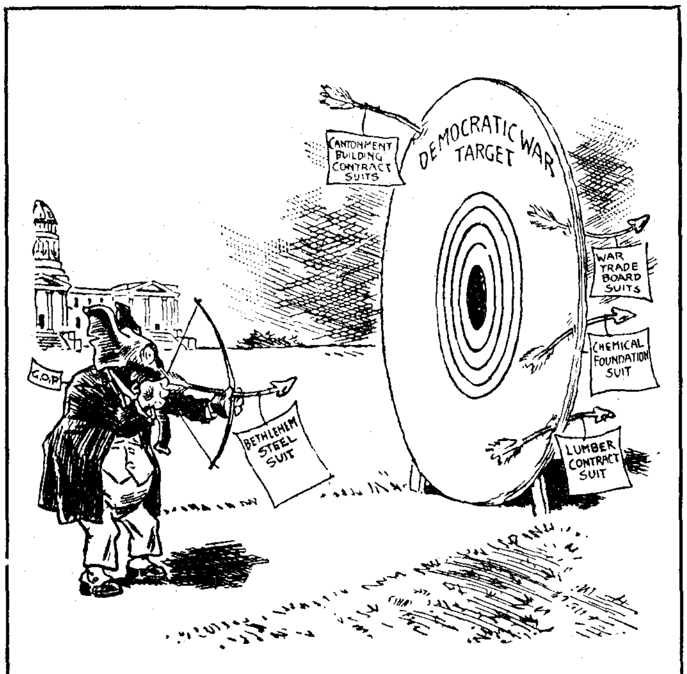
WILL NEED SOME UNWINDING

—Reid for the Bell Syndicate.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB'S WAR PROFITS

"THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING of war days in the shipyards sound far away; the patriotism and the cries for 'More ships!' have become a memory"; so reflects the Philadelphia *North American*, in noting two lawsuits filed the same day in April. In one the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, one of our biggest war-time ship-builders and munition makers, sues the Government for $9,744,899.94 of unpaid war bills. In the other, the Government sues Bethlehem and its subsidiaries for overcharging something like $15,000,000 on war contracts, and hints that Charles M. Schwab, who was at the same time head of the Bethlehem interests and Director-General of the Government's Emergency Fleet Corporation, did not go out of his way to keep Bethlehem from profiting at the Government's expense. While the Birmingham *Age-Herald* thinks that the public is gratified to see such "official concern for its interests as is indicated by the suit against Bethlehem," a number of papers shake editorial heads with doubt over the charges, and assert belief in Mr. Schwab's integrity. These suits bring from *The Wall Street News* reflections on the inevitable costliness of war—"it is worth remembering that war is costly, and what looks like abhorrent waste after the bills are in is often the product of an emergency that will take less account of money than of time and effort." And the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* comments along the same line:



PLENTY OF "BULLS" BUT NO "EYES"

—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record*.

> "Broadly, and aside from all questions of the innocence or guilt of the men and interests involved in these post-war accountings, it may be said that the loss and confusion and waste of which we have been hearing so much were inevitable. The whole program of preparedness was touched slightly with hysteria. In this it was a little like the war itself. People ceased thinking rationally about anything. The militarization of the United States was so enormous a task, it was done in such a hurry, calculated in such unusual terms, carried out at such a swift tempo, that old standards of economic practise and common morals were shaken. Nothing mattered greatly, in the years when gold showered all over the country, but to 'get things done.'
>
> "The Federal Government itself trusted too greatly to luck. It had no time for deliberate planning. Neither, for that matter, did many of the people it later accused of negligence or graft.
>
> "Waste was everywhere and almost every one was guilty of it. The wonder is that we got through as well as we did."

The Government's suit against Bethlehem accuses it of deriving "excessive, unreasonable, and unconscionable profits" from its war-time contracts. The monetary claims involved are based on the "half savings" form of war-time contract. As the Philadelphia *North American* explains, "a fixt fee for completing the ships—about 10 per cent.—was to be paid the contractor, but the contractor was also to get half of any sum that was saved under the estimated cost." The Government says Bethlehem knowingly overestimated the approximate cost of construction to such an extent that it overcharged the Government $9,014,633. Other items include $4,832,212, said to be advanced without authority to the Bethlehem interests for "improvements and betterments" for their plants, and $942,863 overcharge for war-time wages. In the Government's bill of complaint it is pointed out that Mr. Schwab was head of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and was Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation from April 11, 1918, to December 12—

> "During the period the aforesaid Charles M. Schwab was placed by the trustees of the Fleet Corporation in a position of power and authority over all contracts for ship construction, under which he had the right and power to discharge and remove any subordinate official of the Fleet Corporation who did not carry out his commands, and was in a position of practical domination over the various officials of the Fleet Corporation, charged with the duty of preparing and executing the ship-building contracts. At the same time, through his office as Chairman of the Board of Directors of the defendants, his large holdings of stock and his dominating position, he had the power and authority to direct the terms on which the said contracts should be entered into by and in the name of the defendant Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation."

The charge against Mr. Schwab is maintained as follows by Frederick I. Thompson, a commissioner of the United States Shipping Board:

> "The record evidences that Mr. Schwab, as Director-General of the Fleet Corporation, very properly and very soundly asserted that any profit in excess of 10 per cent. on ship construction was improper, and officially acted in support of such policy, but admitted an earning of 18 per cent. on the contracts of the companies in which he was personally interested.
>
> "I can not agree in the asserted position of Mr. Schwab that he could not with propriety have concerned himself with the contracts of his own company while serving as Director-General of the Fleet Corporation. They were the first contracts he should have assured himself were within the earning limitation of the profit he set."

President E. G. Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation comes to the defense of his company as follows:

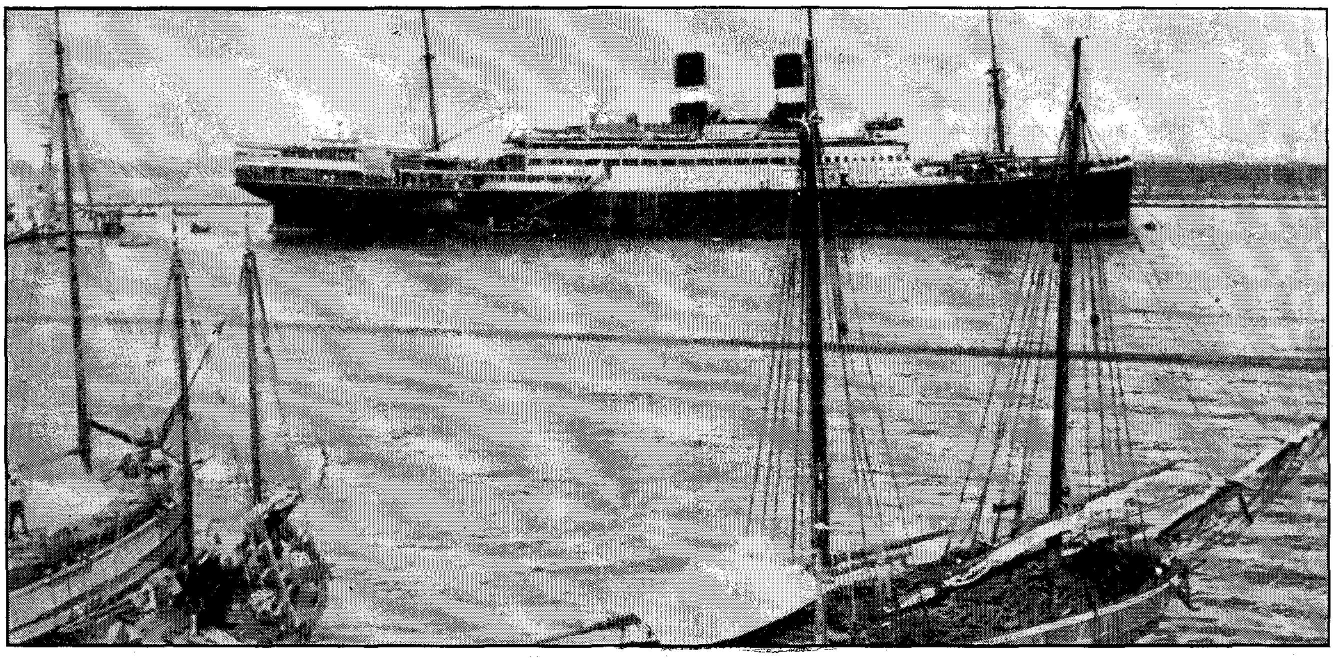
> "In so far as has been ascertained:
>
> "(a) No other ship-builder was successful in effecting substantial savings below estimated costs.
>
> "(b) No other ship-builder built ships of like design so cheaply as those that were built by Bethlehem."

According to Mr. Grace, these are the facts regarding Mr. Schwab's relations with the Fleet Corporation and Bethlehem:

> "(a) Mr. Schwab, very much against his will and at the urgent solicitation of the President of the United States and the Shipping Board, accepted the office of Director-General of the Fleet Corporation at a time of a serious national crisis.
>
> "(b) Mr. Schwab became Director-General of the Fleet Corporation upon the express understanding, reduced to writing, that he would have nothing whatever to do with the relations between the Emergency Fleet Corporation and the Bethlehem interests.
>
> "(c) Mr. Schwab faithfully carried out this arrangement."

Mr. Schwab accepts Mr. Grace's statement as final. Edwin N. Hurley, who was Mr. Schwab's superior as head of the Shipping Board, says in part:

> "I am not familiar with all of the details of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation's claim, but I am sorry that our great Government, in presenting its side of the case, should question the



THE *PRESIDENT WILSON*, ONE OF THE FIVE VESSELS OVER WHICH TWO PACIFIC COMPANIES ARE FIGHTING

These vessels, all of 21,167 tons displacement, 535 feet in length, 73 feet in beam, and equipped with every modern device and luxury, ply between San Francisco and Manila, with stops at the principal Chinese and Japanese ports.

sincerity of purpose and the methods of a man who rendered a great service, and whose integrity and honesty is believed in by the American people."

After relating the history of Mr. Schwab's acceptance of the Fleet Corporation post, and of his achievements in it, Bainbridge Colby, a former member of the Shipping Board, concludes with the declaration that "the country needed Schwab and we reposed a trust in him which was always merited and has been completely vindicated." "Knowing Mr. Schwab as it does, knowing what he did for America in the war, when his genius and his energy saved American and Allied shipping from disaster and contributed infinitely to the winning of the war; knowing him as a man of the highest reputation in business life for integrity as well as ability, the public will not believe that Mr. Schwab's magnificent record was blotted by a venal act," says the New York *Sun*. Herewith the Baltimore *Sun* and Hartford *Times* most emphatically agree, and the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* concludes that the allegations reflecting upon Mr. Schwab's honesty "will establish a bad rule, because other big captains of industry, in a similar national crisis, will hesitate to donate their services to the Government if they feel they may be branded as grafters when the work is done."

While like other papers the Philadelphia *Record* does not profess to have any information regarding the merit of the Government's suit against Bethlehem or Bethlehem's suit against the Government, it can not help calling attention to "the resemblance between this suit of the Government against the Bethlehem Corporation and the efforts of former Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty to prove corruption and malfeasance against the Wilson Administration":

> "One of Daugherty's suits attacked the War Trade Board and Benedict Crowell, who was Assistant Secretary of War. This case was thrown out by the Federal Court in the District of Columbia with uncomplimentary allusions to the then Attorney-General. The case was renewed, and it failed a second time, either by acquittal or by dismissal by the Court.
>
> "Another case which has been disposed of was the attack upon the sale by the Alien Property Custodian of German chemical patents to the Chemical Foundation.
>
> "A similar fate befell the suits brought by the Department of Justice against the contractors, including some of the leading builders of the country, who erected the cantonments used in the training of the American Army during the war."

THE LATEST SHIPPING BOARD STORM

THAT STORMY PETREL of governmental seas, as the Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union* characterizes the U. S. Shipping Board, "merely added another burden to the already heavy load the President has been bearing when, by a vote of 4 to 3, it accepted the bid of the Dollar Steamship Line for the five steamships of the 'President' class now being operated for the Board by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company." "Not since the creation of the Board," says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, "not even during the stormy period of its war-time activities, has there been such an explosion within that body as the determination of its majority to sell these ships has precipitated." But this clash was merely the beginning. Asserting that the sale "would result in irreparable loss" to itself, the Pacific Mail obtained a temporary injunction stopping the transfer. This, however, was dissolved on April 20 in the District of Columbia Supreme Court. Pending an appeal, which attorneys for the Pacific Mail have taken, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* fears these court proceedings "have raised an issue which may affect other contemplated sales of Shipping Board vessels," but the Newark *News* is of the opinion that "the appeal to the courts will go far toward clarifying the issues."

The real issues, according to David Lawrence, of the Consolidated Press Association, "are whether the Government is to retain control of its shipping or encourage private ownership." The Dollar interests, points out the Baltimore *Sun*, "made an all-cash bid of $5,625,000 for the ships, while the Pacific Mail, the only other bidder, offered $6,750,000, part in cash and the balance in stock of a proposed corporation in which the Shipping Board would hold an interest." This, the Board was advised by its counsel, could not be legally entertained. But the apparent loss of money involved by the proposed sale, thinks the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, "is only one of the issues between the two companies." The minority members of the Board point out that the Dollar guaranty is that the ships will be kept in the Pacific foreign service for only five years; that the ships are now operated at a profit to the Government; and that the sale price is too low. Besides, declares Admiral Benson, of the Board:

> "The Dollar interests already own seven of the 502-foot 'President' type ships which operate in the Pacific and parallel the

> present service of the Pacific Mail. They also operate the five 535-foot 'President' type ships operating out of the Puget Sound area to the Orient.
>
> "By the purchase of the five ships being operated by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, they gain complete control of American combination passenger and freight steamship service in the Pacific Ocean. This combination places the American shipper sending his goods through the Western ports of the United States at the mercy of one American operator, or forces him into the hands of foreign shipping interests."

"The Government has gone to a great deal of pains to develop and maintain the service in the Pacific," points out the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. "After making a going concern of these routes, is it to have nothing to show for its expenditures?" Furthermore, maintains counsel for the Pacific Mail:

> "The Merchant Marine Act does not oblige the Board to sell, and specifically enjoins the Board to consider the national defense and the permanent maintenance of steamship service when it does sell. The acceptance of the Dollar bid is a heavy blow to the national defense, because it sells five of the small number of American ships fast enough for naval auxiliary service. The terms and conditions of the bid impose no obligation on the buyer to keep them in the transpacific service after five years."

In view of this, the New York *World* is sure "the majority faction of the Shipping Board will have a good deal of explaining to do before it convinces the public that it acted wisely in disposing of these vessels." For, avers a Pacific Mail attorney, they have discriminated against the Pacific Mail. To quote the Omaha *World-Herald:*

> "The law gives the United States Shipping Board almost unrestricted control over the hundreds of ships belonging to the United States. The Board can sell them, operate them, lease them, or lay them up in our harbors. But it is hard to find any justification for this sacrifice of our ships. For a number of years they have been under lease to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and have been operated between San Francisco and points in the Orient, including our insular possessions. There certainly was no urgent reason for selling them at a sacrifice. On the contrary, there was every reason for retaining the ownership and control of vessels which could serve American commerce at low rates, while their operation was no burden upon the Government."

The Baltimore *Sun* nevertheless declares that the Shipping Board, as a unit, costs the country $50,000,000 annually in the form of a deficit. "It is on a losing basis, and it is therefore far better for the taxpayers of this country if it cuts down its operations and converts its ships into cash." This is also the view of the Atlanta *Constitution*, which believes "the wise course is to get rid of every government-owned ship at the earliest possible moment, and charge up the enormous losses during six years of shipping turmoil and strife to 'experience.'" "When it has a chance to sell ships, the Board is not justified in holding out for a higher price than it can reasonably hope to receive," agrees the New York *Sun*, which goes on:

> "The Dollar offer was $5,625,000 for the five ships—one-third in cash, the balance secured by first mortgage, with interest at 4¼ per cent. On the surface the Pacific Mail bid of $6,750,000 was larger. Only $1,250,000, however, was offered in cash; the remainder was to be in preferred stock of a specially organized corporation.
>
> "A mortgage gives the Government a definite first lien on the vessels, whether they are profitable under private operation or not. The preferred stock would not have conferred such a lien, nor was the proposed issue redeemable at any fixt time. It would merely have made the Shipping Board a business partner with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The Government would still have been dependent to a large extent upon the profits or losses of that company. Wholly aside from the question whether it would have been wise to accept such a bid, moreover, was the question whether it would have been legal. Most of the members of the Shipping Board hold that the Board has no authority to own stock in a private corporation.
>
> "It is important for the Government to get out of the shipping business at the earliest practicable moment. An apparent sacrifice to-day may prevent a larger one in the long run. The real question here was not what the vessels cost to build, nor what their theoretical book value might be, but whether there was any real likelihood of the Shipping Board receiving a better offer for them from some other American bidder."

The Shipping Board's counsel maintains that acceptance of the Pacific Mail bid "would have been an unsound and unsafe business arrangement for the Government." "It might have been left 'holding the bag,'" explains John T. Lambert, Washington correspondent of Universal Service. The good faith of the Pacific Mail is also questioned by the Shipping Board counsel, according to a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*. For, it is explained, the losing bidder, by delaying the completion of the transaction, would continue to benefit financially from operation of the five vessels. On the other hand, according to Commissioner Lissner, of the Board:

> "The Dollar bid was made in the best of good faith and strictly in accordance with the agreed-upon terms and conditions.
>
> "The acceptance of the Dollar offer is in line with the spirit of the Merchant Marine Act to transfer Government vessels to private operation at as early a date as practicable, and is in keeping with the principle of liberal sales policy adopted by the Board.
>
> "The deal is advantageous to the Government from the financial standpoint, and the National Treasury will be better off to the extent of several million dollars through this sale in comparison with continued Government operation.
>
> "The Dollar interests are at the present time probably the largest private owners and operators of ships sailing under the American flag. They are recognized as experienced and capable operators with ample financial resources, enterprise, and push.
>
> "Only those favoring continued Government operation, and opposing sales for guaranteed service can find fault with the transaction."

At any rate, "the Board has performed a useful service in bringing to a head the controversy relating to the proper method of getting the Government out of the shipping business," concludes the Chicago *Daily News*. "And in making a test case, it has chosen an American shipping line that has never asked subsidy or other favors of the Government." "About the Dollar Line there is no question at all," agrees the Baltimore *American*. "All its capital, its stockholders, and its operating officers are American." "These five vessels, under Dollar Line control, will always be at the command of our Army or Navy," we are told by the New York *American*, "and that is the important consideration to the American people." Moreover, observes the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "the Board, in accepting the bid of the Dollar Line, did not deviate from the sales policy it has heretofore followed. If it had abandoned its policy of selling for cash or for installments payable in cash, it might have established a troublesome precedent." As for the charge of counsel for the losing bidders that the Dollar Line could establish a monopoly on the Pacific, the Buffalo *Express* says: "There is no great danger of this. There is competition from Canadian ports, and there always will be room for competition from American ports."

"No matter how this particular controversy may work out," notes the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "it will go far toward placing the Shipping Board in a position which must force the transfer of its functions to some other agency." This is also foreshadowed in Clinton W. Gilbert's Washington dispatches to the New York *Evening Post*, when he says: "President Coolidge's dissatisfaction with the Shipping Board officials who filed affidavits with the court setting forth the reasons for their positions, probably will lead to his first step toward abolishing useless commissions in Washington. It has been known for some time that the Administration has considered doing away with the Shipping Board as inefficient and expensive."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
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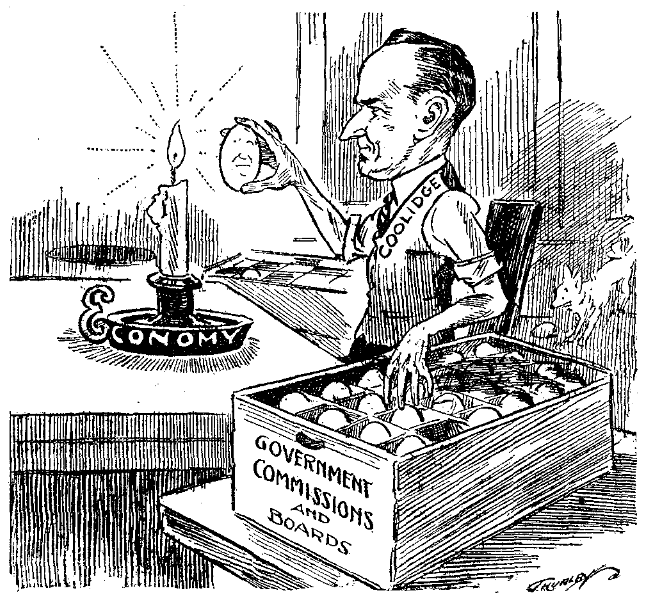
USELESS BUREAUS TO THE JUNK PILE

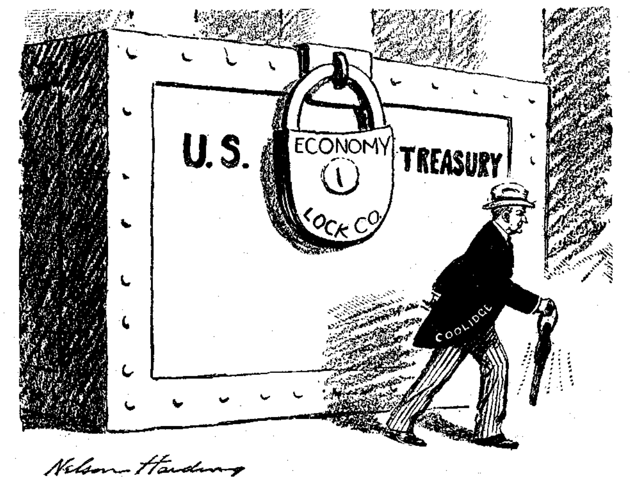
THE LATEST GOOD NEWS FROM WASHINGTON, as the Toledo *Blade* calls it, is that President Coolidge will start a drive to lop half a billion dollars from the tax bill of the American people by a comprehensive reorganization of government bureaus. The President has turned the spotlight squarely upon some of these political "lame duck roosts," as the little-known agencies of the Government are called, with a view to reducing and consolidating their activities. He has raised the question of their usefulness, writes John Billings, Jr., Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "and set on foot an inquiry which foreshadows drastic changes when Congress takes up the proposal to reorganize the executive branch of the Government along more efficient lines. There are at least twenty-three bureaus and commissions which do not come under the head of the ten regular departments, and it is the President's hope that the dead wood can be pruned out of this heterogeneous bureaucracy, and the money thus saved applied to the reduction of taxes."



CANDLING 'EM
—Thurlby in the Seattle *Times*.

"Annual appropriations for these independent bureaus and commissions," according to the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "run into hundreds of millions of dollars." "Like taxes, boards and commissions, once established, are hard to get rid of," explains the New Haven *Register*. There are said to be 800,000 Federal employees, and the Federal pay-roll now exceeds a billion dollars. Many of the agencies set up during the war to meet a great national emergency, we are told, are still functioning. In fact, says the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, "it seems to be the custom, when something is to be done, to appoint a board or commission to do it." Thus, we read in the Brooklyn *Times:*

> "Around every government a growth of unhealthy bureaus always appears. Whenever a few faddists have a project they want the Government to put over, it is easy to get Congress to pass a law—and another little bureau comes into being. It gets the faddists jobs and the politicians take their share of the profit in the appointments of secretaries, clerks, stenographers, engineers, and what not. Every bureau chief finds it necessary for his own exaltation to increase his staff. Every little commission hopes to become a great commission with a representative in the Cabinet.
>
> "So they grow, these boards and bureaus and little agencies. And, in the sum, they make a huge part of the running cost of government."



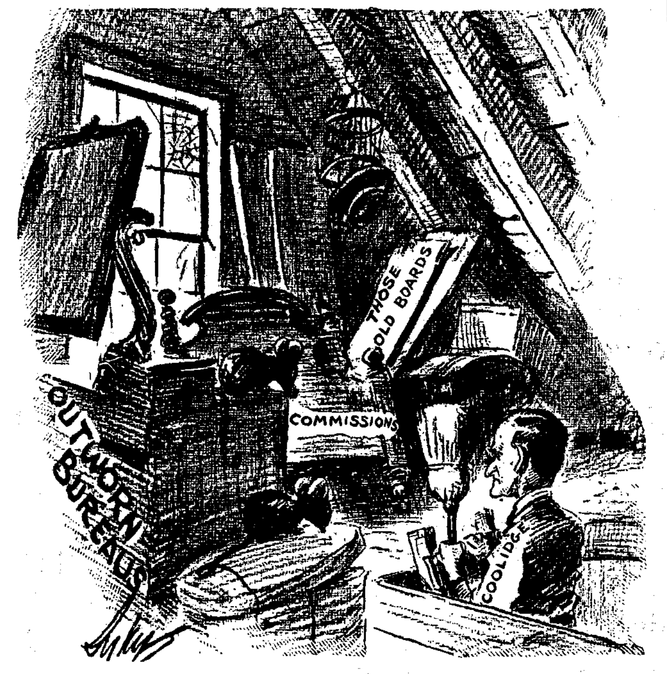
POPULAR PADLOCKING
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Moreover, writes W. G. Sibley in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

> "Congress has made Washington a city of vast bureaus whose tentacles reach out into every State and control activities intended by the Fathers for the States alone. A great army of Federal officials, the political favorites of Congress, are thus maintained, and the States have given up many functions and powers they never should have yielded.
>
> "President Coolidge's demand for economy is in effect a protest against the increase of costly bureaus at Washington and the transfer of proper State authority and responsibility to Congress, which is paralyzing the political independence of the States."

After a complete investigation of the work of various bureaus, writes Robert Choate, Washington correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, "it is expected that President Coolidge will carry out his policy of turning a vast amount of governmental machinery back to the States, where he believes it properly belongs." Of course, points out the Chicago *Evening Post:*

> "It will need legislation to do anything, but the President can get a lot of support from the country for any recommendations his inquiry may lead him to make. The issue of economy is going to be much to the fore, and members of Congress who next year face the electorate will find that opposition to Calvin Coolidge on this issue is not likely to bring them many votes."

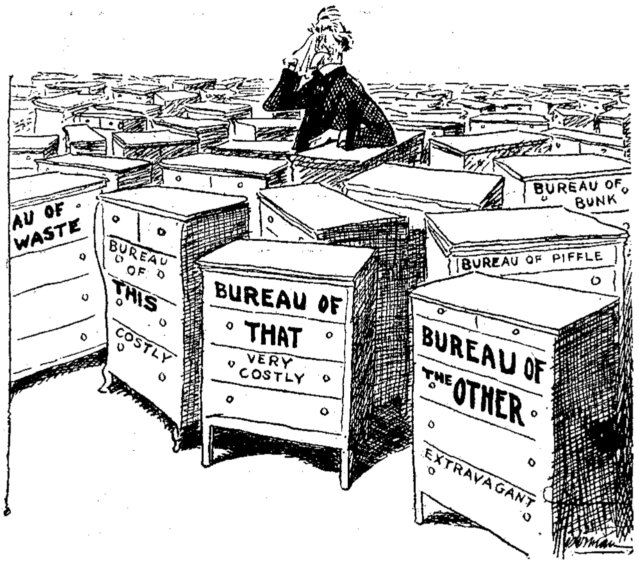


HOUSE-CLEANING TIME
—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post*.

In eliminating useless bureaus and cutting out the dead wood, thus setting an example of economy for the States, counties, and municipalities, the President, thinks the Democratic Memphis

Commercial Appeal, "will no doubt incur the political enmity of many members of the Republican party, but he will win the commendations of millions of Americans affiliated with both parties." "Such a program, if carried out fearlessly, will increase public respect for the Government," agrees the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, which believes "there is too much government in Washington." Not many of the agencies "marked for early death," according to the New York *Evening Post*, "have any great excuse for existence. Their value or need, if they ever had either, is gone. Some of them are archaic." Continues this paper:

> "Those having any value should be merged with existing departments, their personnel discharged or greatly reduced, and such work as they have transferred. Somewhere between forty and fifty of them, at the least, should have their heads chopped off. Virtually every one of them is a tax-eater, and their existence helps to answer the perennial mystery of the high cost of government. These barnacles encrusting the Ship of State grow heavier and more heavy. Unless scraped off they will cling until the crack of doom. Bureaucrats stick like a porous plaster. A Federal employee holds on as tightly as a pup to an old boot or a 'coon to a hollow tree.
>
> "Next winter there should be a first-class massacre of useless boards and tax-eating bureaus and agencies. Congress may be chicken-hearted, but nevertheless the life-blood of these parasitic agencies should run down Capitol Hill."



THE JUNK COLLECTOR

There was an old duffer who lived in a stew,
He had so many bureaus he didn't know what to do.

—Westerman in the Columbus *Ohio State Journal.*

But the weakness of the Coolidge plan, many papers point out, lies in the necessity of having it approved by Congress. The approval of Congress, however, thinks the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "can be obtained by making plans which will so appeal to the public that recalcitrant legislators will not dare oppose them."

It has been widely announced that some 2,318 government clerks were dismissed in the interests of economy during March. The New York *World*, however, undertakes to correct the impression this statement may have made by reminding us that in the same month 1,316 clerks were added to the Federal pay-roll, thus leaving a net reduction of but 1,102. If this be economy, make the most of it, seems to be the attitude of *The World*. And according to the Washington *News*, the Department of Commerce has 825 more employees than it had on January 1, the Department of Justice 184, the Treasury 94, and the Post Office Department 110. On June 30, 1924, adds *The World*, there were 10,315 more government employees than at the ending of the fiscal year 1923, or 554,986, while in 1916 there were but 438,000 employees in the Federal service.

THE DINNER THAT WAS NOT

DID THE BIRTHDAY of Thomas Jefferson, as more than one Democratic editor suggests, bring forward fresh evidence of the disintegration of the party which claims him as its founder? "It is an ancient custom of Democrats," observes the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), "to celebrate the birthday anniversary of the saint whose immortal 'principles' they have mostly scrapped." The dinner given in Washington, we are reminded by W. W. Jermane, the Seattle *Times* correspondent at the capital, "has always been given a national significance. Considered by itself alone, the failure of the Democratic leaders to hold their traditional banquet on April 13 is not important, but it is very significant when considered in the light of the admission the failure implies, namely, that the discords created during the campaign last year are still so great as to make it dangerous for party chieftains to foregather in honor of Jefferson." "The scars of Madison Square surely are hard to heal," observes the independent Boston *Globe*.

The Jefferson Day banquet, this paper explains, was to have been a "harmony" affair. "But William J. Bryan found he had speeches to make in Florida. Franklin D. Roosevelt was unable to leave his health resort in Georgia. Mayor Hylan regretted that circumstances kept him in New York City, and Josephus Daniels had other engagements." In other words, says the Lincoln *State Journal* (Ind. Rep.), "no national leader could say anything without danger of 'spilling the beans' one way or the other." Which leads Mr. Jermane, an experienced political writer, to remark that "when party leaders refuse to meet at a banquet table for fear something will be said to cause an explosion, their party must be in a bad way."

Those Democratic leaders in the national capital who are particularly interested in the 1926 elections "make no effort to conceal their joy" because the Jefferson Day dinner was canceled, writes Edwin W. Gableman, Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Continues this writer:

> "William Jennings Bryan and Franklin D. Roosevelt were to have been guests of honor and the principal speakers. Both Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt were to be left free to discuss conditions in the Democratic party with the widest latitude, the theory of the committee being that it would afford an opportunity for presentation of views that would be helpful in making preliminary arrangements for a militant party organization in 1928.
>
> "But practical party leaders were convinced that the appearance at the same table of two such prominent Democrats of widely divergent views would have served only to widen the cleavage that already exists between two dominant groups. Democratic leaders generally recognize that a deadly feud is on between Eastern Democrats, on the one hand, and the disciples of Jefferson and Jackson from the South and West on the other, and this view is shared by political observers who have no concern with the outcome of the struggle.
>
> "Each group is insisting that Democratic success depends upon elimination of the other from dominant control of the party machinery, and from consideration in the choice of party nominees three years hence. This is why the majority of the party leaders are shying away from the suggestion of a conference of nationally known Democrats to discuss reorganization of the party, tho publicly they profess to be in sympathy with the idea."

After denying that the gathering was to be a conference or a "harmony" meeting, the chairman of the dinner committee gave out for publication a letter from Mr. Bryan which was to have been read at the dinner. This letter read, in part:

> "If there is anything we need just now, it is cooperation between the progressive Democrats, with a view to making the party effective in the next Congress and in the next campaign. Our party was never more progressive than it is now, . . . and the country never needed a progressive party more than it does now, because Republican leadership is more reactionary than it has been before in this generation."

Franklin D. Roosevelt, manager of Governor Smith's campaign for the Presidential nomination last year, also wrote, in part:

"There appears to be every reason for Democrats throughout the country to take common counsel at this time. The rank and file of the party in every section of the country indorse the same basic principles.

"Through the elimination of personalities, through the laying aside of personal ambitions, through the perfecting of organization and, finally, through an honest effort on the part of every section in the nation to 'get together,' the Democracy can to-day lay the foundation for a successful appeal to the confidence of the electorate."

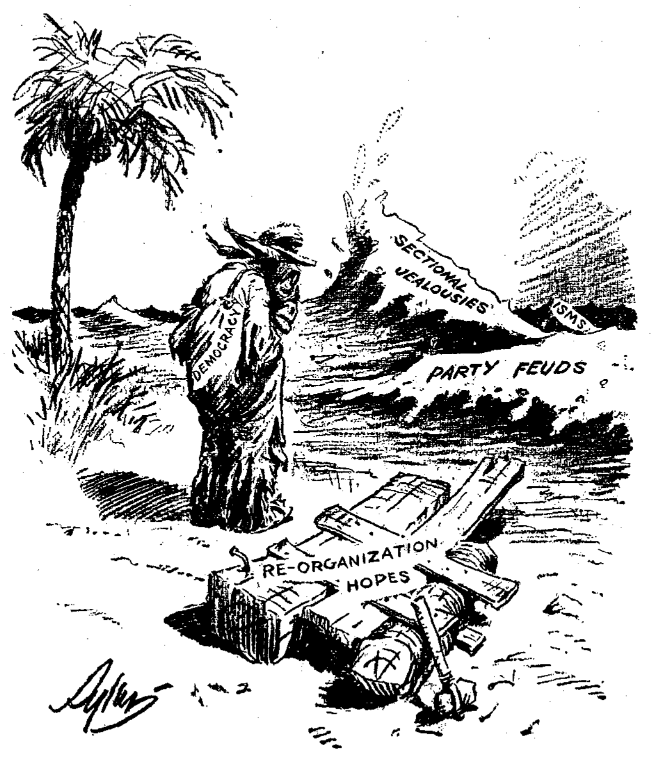
This would indicate that Mr. Roosevelt has not abandoned his plan, launched in March by himself and Senator Walsh, to revitalize the Democratic party. Nevertheless, we read in the news columns of the Washington *Star:*

"Most party leaders, both in and out of Congress, have frowned upon the plan outlined by Mr. Roosevelt and indorsed by Senator Walsh for an early gathering of the chieftains of Democracy to set up a brilliant national organization to function in and out of season. Many of the party leaders are of the opinion that no particular good could come from a gathering in the near future. They hold that time will furnish the best cure for the sores of Madison Square Garden."

Instead of the Roosevelt-Walsh conference, according to Robert Choate, Washington correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, the Democrats "have a more practical plan that promises better results." To quote this writer:

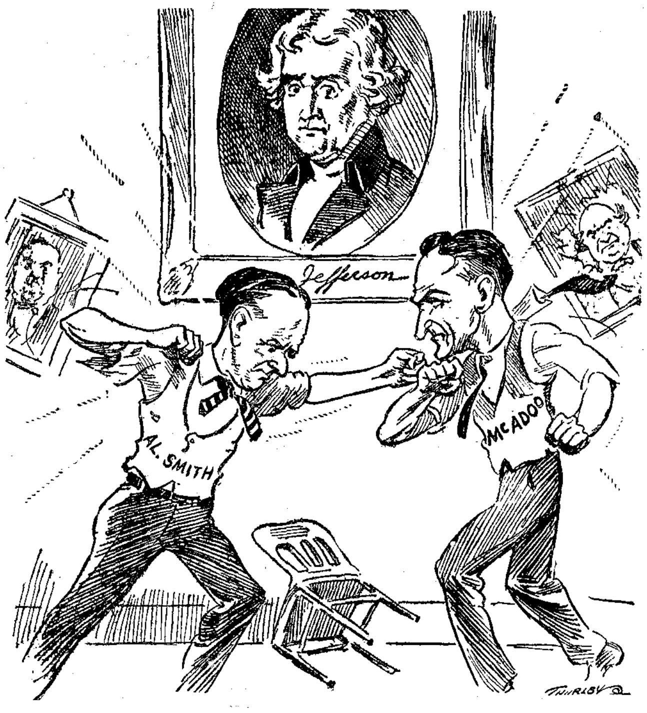
"Democrats have evolved a new strategy which dodges all get-together meetings and have substituted therefor a series of State conferences designed to capture the Congressional elections of 1926. From now on all Democratic efforts will be concentrated on the Congressional elections, and the Presidential contest of 1928 will be allowed to take care of itself. The plan is devised to end the feud between the McAdooites and the adherents of Al Smith, which has thus far successfully prevented every kind of get-together meeting which any Democrat has proposed. There is to be no further agitation for a general gathering to discuss rehabilitation."

"The only hope of a victorious democracy," agrees the Tulsa *Tribune* (Ind. Dem.), "is in a progressive, forward-looking party." "The progressive Democrats must take charge of the party and run it," agrees the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.). At present, notes the Providence *Journal* (Ind.), "the party is divided into McAdoo adherents, Al Smith followers, and the group that thinks it desirable to look beyond these two candidates for a standard-bearer in 1928." To quote a Southern Democratic paper, the Memphis *Commercial Appeal:*



STILL TOO ROUGH

—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post.*



THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS

—Thurlby in the Seattle *Times.*

"The greatest need of the Democratic party is internal union. Ambition for place and power and strife over personal differences must be purged out, and the leadership must get together on measures rather than men. Nor should the party permit itself to become a mere opposition organization. Despite the fact that it is in a minority, it must be a constructive organization seeking the benefit of the great majority of the people."

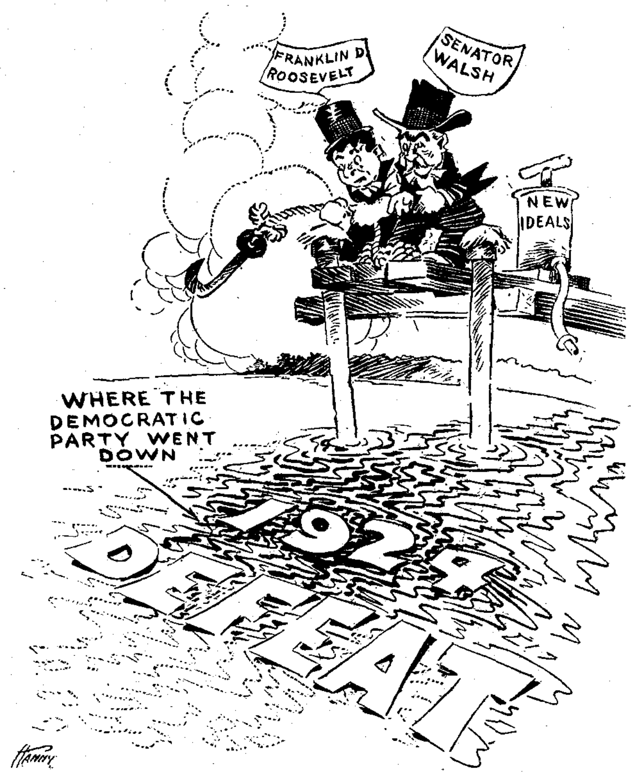
Another Democratic paper, the Atlanta *Constitution*, sees in the failure of the Jefferson Day dinner, together with the fact that many similar and more or less local dinners were celebrated elsewhere, particularly in the West, "a movement to 'hog-tie' the West and South in the interest of McAdoo." To this paper:

"It is unthinkable that any group of designing politicians, whether governed by Eastern or Western or Southern influence, shall deliberately attempt to combine any two sections of this great country.

"The Democratic party is nation-wide and needs no coalition of sections. It is founded upon principles that need no revising or amending by the 'broncho-busters' of the West. It is too big to be destroyed by the selfish ambitions of a McAdoo, or a Smith, or any other one individual or group concentrated around any one individual."

Nevertheless, independent and Republican editors seem to take advantage of every Democratic editorial indicating lack of harmony, and, remembering the cancellation of the Washington affair and putting two and two together, arrive at a state of affairs wholly different from that conceived by their political opponents. For example, the independent-with-Democratic-leanings Baltimore *Sun* maintains that "the split in the Democratic party is wider and more irreconcilable than ever; on every national question except the tariff the party splits right down the middle." "The trouble with the Democratic party," agrees the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* (Ind.), "is that it has turned its back on the principles on which the party was founded, and has been adopting a succession of political fads and fallacies." The neighboring *North American*, Progressive in politics, believes, on the other hand, that the Democratic party "has not begun to recover from the disruptive effects of the last national convention." This, declares the Republican Omaha *Bee*, "is why the chairman's explanation of the cancellation of the Democratic love-feast on Jefferson's birthday anniversary—his inability to obtain speakers—is received by the country at large with a grain of salt." As for the Republican Springfield *Union*, it has an explanation all its own regarding the Jefferson-Day-dinner-that-might-have-been:

> "It is comforting to learn, from no less an authority than Franklin D. Roosevelt, that there is no discord in the Democratic party. How the notion got abroad that there was discord is a great mystery. Perhaps some practical joker started the rumor. Or it may have originated in the mind of some enemy of the Democracy, possibly a low, depraved Republican. One never can tell just where such rumors come from, but they are terribly annoying because some people are just silly enough to believe them. Anyhow, Franklin Roosevelt says it isn't true, and if he doesn't know, who does?



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WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER TO CATCH A NEW ONE?

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

> "'As a matter of fact,' Mr. Roosevelt says, 'this so-called discord relates to local or personal matters as distinguished from national principles.' So, you see, there's nothing to it. If Governor Smith and William G. McAdoo are brandishing hatchets at one another, that isn't discord, and anyhow, it is a local and personal matter and has nothing whatever to do with national principles. Why, bless your heart, it isn't at all different from the local and personal conflict between the Ku Klux Southern Democrats and the Anti-Ku Klux Northern Democrats in the Madison Square Garden convention last July.
>
> "If the wet Northern and Eastern Democrats are at odds with the dry Western and Southern Democrats on the question of Prohibition, doesn't that show on the face of it that it is local and personal? If Tammany, McAdoo, Bryan, Brennan and Taggart are each seeking to control the Democratic party, and are ready to knife one another to the handle, it is a purely personal matter and local as well.
>
> "Anybody with half an eye can see that the Democratic party was never more personal and local than it is to-day. And as for discord over national principles, well, you can search the party from head to foot and not find a single national principle anywhere. The truth is that the party is suffering from an overdose of Democratic harmony, and it has been deemed wise to omit the annual Jefferson Day dinner because the leaders might get together and kiss one another to death."

TO HELP US ALL BY CUTTING OUT WASTE

A NEW ERA IN INDUSTRIAL RELATIONSHIPS is visualized by the Philadelphia *North American* as a result of the first "industrial round table," presided over by Judge Alton B. Parker and sponsored by the National Civic Federation. At this New York meeting, the first of a series to be held in cities throughout the country, says the Philadelphia paper, "Secretary of Commerce Hoover, William Green, head of the American Federation of Labor, and Gerard Swope, President of the General Electric Company, represented the public, labor, capital and common-sense." These authorities agreed that it is possible, by reducing waste, to increase American standards of living without reducing wages or increasing costs to the consuming public.

The aim of the Industrial Round Table is to cut down industrial waste—of men, money, time, work, and material. The idea is that this can be done in only one way—by a combined effort of those involved in all stages of production, from the cultivation of the raw material to the distribution of the finished products. Unemployment during business depressions, overproduction at other times, speculation, strikes, labor disputes, and unscientific or poorly correlated methods of manufacture and distribution—these Mr. Hoover cited as the chief causes of an annual waste of 30 per cent. of the productive effort of the American people. If this waste can be eliminated, Mr. Hoover believes the standard of living can be raised 30 per cent. Certainly, observes the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, "such a large proportion of industrial waste seriously reflects upon our intelligence as an industrial nation."

"No fitter time nor place," thinks the Schenectady *Union-Star*, "could have been found for the first Round Table ever held between capital and labor than the United States at the present moment." Says this paper, which is published at the home of the General Electric Company:

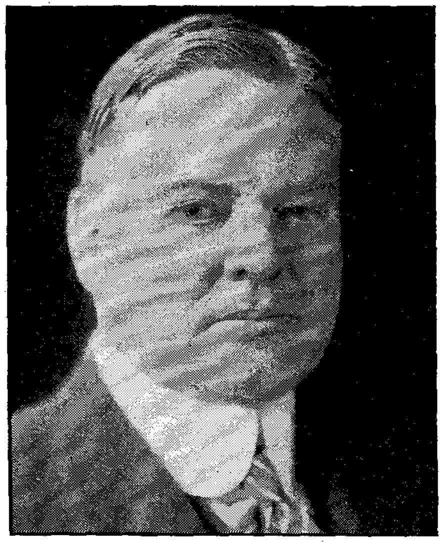
> "The time is opportune, because never before have the interests of labor and capital been so nearly merged as they are now. It is only within a few years that corporations sought small investors. It is only within a decade, since we began buying Liberty bonds, that we have learned that it is possible to be bondholders without being millionaires. It is only since the man who works with his hands has put his savings into investments of this sort that he has been keen about dividends and about the elimination of waste, which is the purpose of Secretary Hoover's round table."

"All this makes for peace and stability in industry," points out the Pittsburgh *Post*. As Secretary Hoover explains:

> "It has become far more possible to deal with the problem of waste elimination than ever before in our history, for cooperative action is easier to summon to-day than ever before and more certain of action. To deal with waste by such action is to strengthen these very foundations of a better relationship between employer and employee.
>
> "Labor can play a large part in these questions. Nor is labor's part that of distasteful speeding up to the ultimate production of nervous human wrecks. It lies in the study of where the major wastes of industry lie in relation to labor. . . .
>
> "I am convinced that we can reduce the margin between our farmer and manufacturing producers on one side, and our consumers on the other, without reducing wages or legitimate profits. We can do it by the elimination of industrial waste."

Citing the railroads as an example of the elimination of industrial waste, Secretary Hoover said that in three years, the railroads have handled 14 per cent. increase in freight at no material increase in gross operating expenses. At the same time, there has been a decrease of more than 5 per cent. in rates, and the hours of the workers have decreased rather than increased. Wages have risen a little. Mr. Hoover told the conference that the strangulation of industry due to the shortage of freight cars a few years ago had cost a sum greater than the national debt.

"We need not expect an industrial millennium from this Round Table," says the New York *Times*, "but it does give



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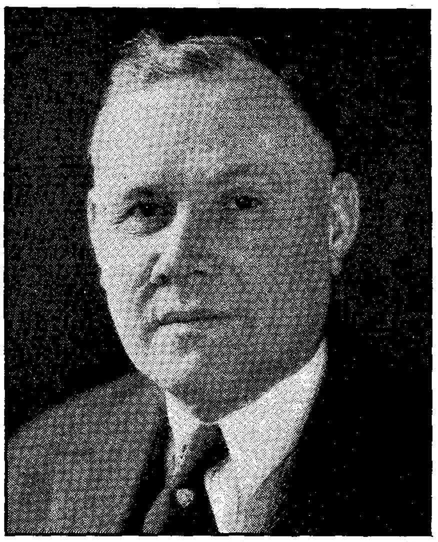
MR. HOOVER

"Industrial waste," declares the Secretary of Commerce, "can be corrected by collective action. It can not be done by legislation. But labor can play a large part. You can not catch an economic force with a policeman."



MR. GREEN

"Labor is interested in the successful management of industry," explains the President of the American Federation of Labor, "because it reasons that with increased efficiency, costs can be reduced without lowering wages."

MR. SWOPE

"Lower costs to the public do not even mean the same earnings for the worker, but greater earnings," says the President of the General Electric Co., citing higher wages to lampmakers and prices to the public lower than 1914.

WHY THE LEADERS BELIEVE IT CAN BE DONE

hope of a more intelligent dealing with matters in which there is a real identity of interest in the industrial world." To quote the neighboring *Herald Tribune:*

"Mr. Green, for instance, stresses the wastes involved in fighting unions, and he is right in saying that a really well organized industrial life must accept and make full use of the great assistance that unionism can render. But bad unionism has been as often at fault as bad management; the remarkable record of the locomotive engineers is easily matched by the excesses which building unions have practised, or by what appear to be the stupidities that the mine-workers are sometimes capable of. Foresight and a sense of responsibility on all sides are of slow growth—but they are essential for the elimination of the wastes that count."

"The essence of this new common sense," remarks the New York *World*, "is that capital and labor, despite traditional belief to the contrary, are not antagonists, but partners in industry." "Twenty-five years ago," continues *The World*,

"Capital was pictured as a great ogre squeezing dollars out of pain-racked bodies, and labor as a slave fighting with animal ferocity for its existence. Never, it was said, could the two find common ground; they were born to hate, born to fight, and the strikes, lockouts, arson and bloodshed born of their warfare were as inevitable as typhoons and earthquakes, and must be accepted as part of the plan of an inscrutable Providence.

"Thus the fatalistic view; but the American has never been a great believer in fate. He revolted at the senseless waste of it; waste which, despite its supposed inevitability, appeared on close examination to be the result of mere stupidity, and hence preventable. So the American began to tackle it as a practical problem. Henry Ford started out to make automobiles, but first he made an efficient factory and showed that it could be run with a minimum of dispute. Others followed, and soon we began to hear of strange doings—profit-sharing plans, industrial-democracy plans, joint-management plans.

"The new Round Table is the logical, the concrete expression of the whole movement. Its aim will be to cut down industrial waste. It will serve capital, labor and the public alike in the belief that if production can be increased with no more cost and no more work, the American standard of living will be raised in direct proportion."

The Providence *News*, in fact, thinks "it is a pity there are not more such conferences as the Round Table." For, says this paper of industrial New England:

"Such conferences should help to clear up the public mind on matters like real and apparent wages, on the relation between low prices and increased production, and on the value to the public as well as to industry of seeing that labor gets its fair share of the product.

"Mr. Hoover showed the value to the nation as well as to industry of keeping up the American worker's standards of living. Our whole culture depends on it. Where the standard of living is low, the human standard must decline also. Reasonable wages and hours of living make for the development of the body, soul and the mind of workers. If American industrial leadership is to-day superior in many respects to that of other countries, if our inventiveness is keener, it is largely because workers have won their struggles to acquire education and to achieve high positions rarely reached by workers or the sons of workers in other countries."

The paradoxical, dual attitude of modern business toward waste is thus sketched for us by Samuel Strauss in his individual and personal weekly, *The Villager* (Katonah, N. Y.):

"If a twentieth-century manufacturer were to ask his manager to put in one word the worst thing the plant had to contend with, what would the manager answer? Waste. If waste, waste of time and goods and effort, could be eliminated, might not production be increased as much as thirty per cent.? Very well. Now, Mr. Manager, put in one word what, from the point of view of the factory, seems the most helpful thing in the world? And again the manager would answer, waste. It is because the people are willing not to use things long that we prosper, he would explain; it is because they are willing to buy so much that goes into the rubbish can before it is half used, it is because they are willing to waste so great a part of our goods that we do so well!

"There has come to be a new conception of waste, or one might say that there have come to be two conceptions of waste where there was only one before. In the old meaning all waste was bad, no matter how you looked at it. In the new meaning waste is bad on one side of the counter and on the other side of the counter waste is good. Each gain in the elimination of waste in the factory, in the store, is so much more balance on the right side of the industrial ledger. But any gain in the elimination of waste among the customers of stores and factories would show up on the dangerous side of the industrial ledger. It used to be the users who were trained not to waste, now it is the makers. All the while workers are in their overalls they must be made to think hard of waste for the good of business; when they are washed for dinner or drest up to go out automobiling they must be encouraged to forget about waste for the good of business. 'Waste not, want not,' used to hang on the walls of the home, in the kitchen or the parlor; now it belongs only on the walls of the factory."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

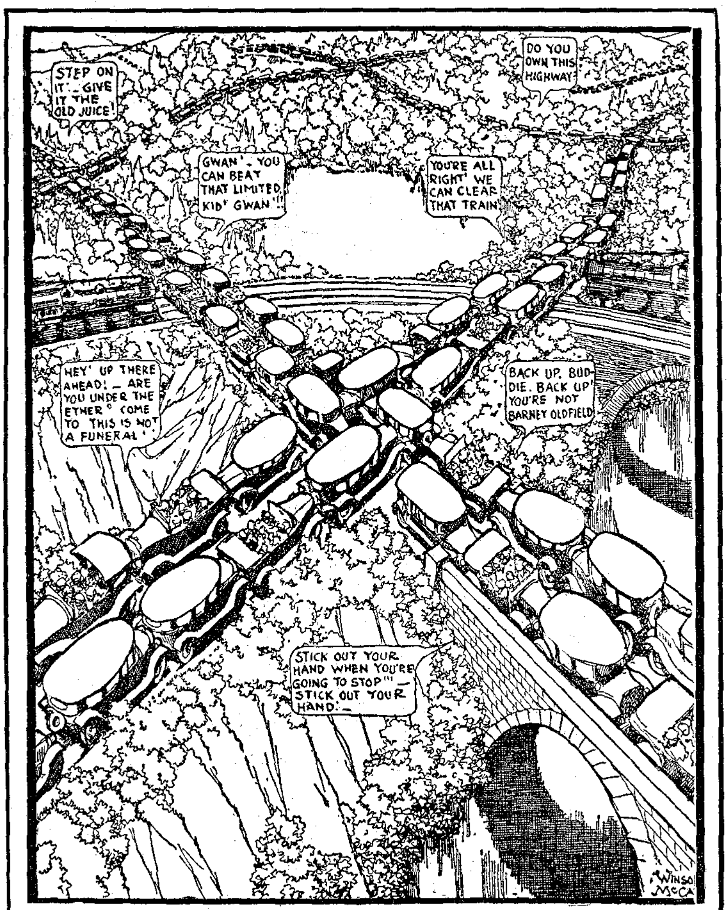
The skin a woman "loves to touch" is an ermine's.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Sorrow in the "wheat pit" means joy in the flour barrel.—*Boston Traveler.*

Our ships don't stay at sea but our shipping policy does.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The big guns of business are usually those who have never been fired.—*Nashville Banner.*

A woman writer says that mischief causes dimples. And vice versa, sister.—*Roanoke Times.*


STEP ON IT'—GIVE IT THE OLD JUICE!
DO YOU OWN THIS HIGHWAY?
GWAN'—YOU CAN BEAT THAT LIMITED, KID' GWAN'!!
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT' WE CAN CLEAR THAT TRAIN
HEY' UP THERE AHEAD!—ARE YOU UNDER THE ETHER? COME TO THIS IS NOT A FUNERAL'
BACK UP, BUDDIE. BACK UP' YOU'RE NOT BARNEY OLDFIELD
STICK OUT YOUR HAND WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO STOP!!!—STICK OUT YOUR HAND!—
WINSO McCA

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JOY RIDING, 1925

—McCay in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns from thoughts of work.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The woman who says all men are alike should marry the man who says he understands women.—*Toledo Blade.*

Woman's intuition isn't so impressive when she is deciding which way to turn in traffic.—*Rochester Times-Union.*

Ten mills make a cent, excepting in the case of the New England cotton industry, where it takes twenty.—*Detroit News.*

It isn't typists alone who are able to increase their incomes materially by learning the touch system.—*Manila Bulletin.*

The elephant and the ass are beasts of burden; a third party might use a taxpayer as a party emblem.—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

England is raising the price of rubber on us, to get money to pay her debt to us. Deflating the debt by inflating the tire.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Henry Ford is said to be behind the latest airplane corporation. The radio traffic jam in the air is nothing to what's coming.—*Rochester Herald.*

When it comes to payment of international debts the Powers are getting close together. Only some are more close than others.—*Manila Bulletin.*

The first woman to enter the diplomatic service will be sent to Switzerland. Does this mean the end of secret diplomacy?—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

A Missouri man was shot as he reached to his hip pocket. If it was some of the modern article, the shooter probably will plead self-defense.—*Detroit News.*

Maybe Europe is right in calling Uncle Sam a Shylock. One of the salient features in the story is that Shylock didn't get his money, either.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Justice Stone says the unfaithful Prohibition officer ought to be smitten hip and thigh and we guess in a great many cases the hip is a particularly vital spot.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Three Missouri towns, Parnell, Quitman, and Graham, will be run entirely by women as a result of the last election One of them at least appears to be well named.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

American film actresses marry in haste and repeat at leisure.—*Punch.*

Demanding an air department, General Mitchell got only the air.—*Dallas News.*

Picking up a horseshoe is not good luck if you pick it up with a tire.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The more dishwater a wedding ring sees the longer it seems to last.—*Columbia Record.*

How does a weak tire know you are all drest up and ready for a party?—*Windsor Border-Cities Star.*

Spring quickens the sap in the trees and slows up the sap in the office.—*Louisville Times.*

The man who hides behind a woman's skirt is less a coward than a contortionist.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Science says that sleeping will some day be unnecessary. It's almost impossible now.—*Dayton News.*

If Henry Ford really is going to make airplanes there is a fortune for some one in selling steel helmets.—*Columbia Record.*

Agitation has started for a birth control law, and it is Oliver Herford's fervent hope that they will make it retroactive.—*Life.*

Credit the newspapers with this: Not one of 'em ever defended an unclean news article by saying "It is art."—*Louisville Times.*

Fantasy is dying out of literature, says a book reviewer who probably neglects to read the publishers' blurbs on the jackets.—*Detroit News.*

About as logical an exposition of the subject as we have yet seen appears in a contemporary which says: "Affairs in Russia have reached a state of etaoin shrdlushrdlu."—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A temple in Peru which was begun 10,000 years ago has not yet been completed. Evidently it is being built by popular subscription.—*Life.*

Wealth and poverty can generally be measured by the same standard—the number of members of a family who are not working.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks recently celebrated the fifth anniversary of their marriage, the movie equivalent of a diamond wedding.—*Detroit News.*

France has been keeping her citizens about as well informed as to her true financial condition as some of our citizens keep their wives.—*American Lumberman* (*Chicago*).

An economist announces that the number of women breadwinners is growing constantly. No doubt there are more winning it than there are baking it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

To keep the population balanced, one of our eminent experts announces, the average family must have 5.1 persons in it, consisting, we suppose, of Mother, four children, that's five, and Father.—*Ohio State Journal.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

WHOLESALE BLOODSHED IN BULGARIA

FOUR THOUSAND DEAD and sixteen thousand persons under arrest was the toll of bloodshed and repression in Bulgaria immediately following the attempted assassination of King Boris and the explosion of a bomb by Communists in front of the Sveti Kral Cathedral at Sofia. We learn also from the press that King Boris signed a decree substituting military courts for the ordinary tribunals, and all crimes against public order are being tried by them. A strict censorship has been established, but reports from Rome and elsewhere tell of revolutionary risings in the provinces and fighting between the government forces and the insurgents. A Rome dispatch to a London newspaper relates the following:

> "At the moment, Bulgaria is cut off from the world, fearful that the bomb outrage at the Sofia Cathedral was to have been the signal for terrorists throughout the country to take action for the overthrow of the existing régime and, with it, even the dynasty.
>
> "Already, to judge from reports reaching Rome, the explosion in the capital is having its repercussions wherever the Communists are in anything of like strength.
>
> "Assassinations and plundering are reported to be rife in the provinces. More alarmist reports speak of sanguinary fighting between the government forces and the insurgents, the latter having twice attempted to seize the town of Starazagora on the Black Sea coast, where the rebels have been active in importing arms and munitions.
>
> "Conflicts also have taken place on the Jugo-Slav and Greek frontiers, where bands of bandits, who find there a fruitful hunting ground, are busy with looting and shooting."

Crawfurd-Price, a British expert on Balkan affairs, contributes an article to a London newspaper in which he says that while there is at least circumstantial evidence that the present outbreak in Bulgaria was planned by the Pan-Balkan Communist Union, which is an offshoot of the Third International, the principal threat to the existing bourgeois régime comes not from the Communists but from the Bulgarian Agrarians, or farmers. This informant tells us also that the forces at the disposal of the Premier, Dr. Tsankoff, should suffice to hold the capital against any subversive conspiracy, for the military and bourgeois classes are there in the majority; yet he adds:

BORIS OF BULGARIA

The King who is fighting to save the Government and even the Dynasty from destruction by Reds and Agrarians.

> "It remains to be seen, however, whether the government machine can control the provinces with their mass population of peasants.
>
> "Now that the gusts of organized violence have begun to fan the smoldering embers of discontent, it is almost impossible to estimate the strength and ramifications of the present revolutionary movement, in so far as it aims at abolishing the present constitutional State and setting up a Soviet dictatorship. It will doubtless fail, but it will be an entirely different matter if the peasants seize this opportunity to rise against their military and bourgeois masters, avenge their dead leader, Stambouliski, and seek to regain political control of the Government.
>
> "The main weakness of the Opposition is, that it has no national leader. Nevertheless it is numerically powerful and sufficiently strong to plunge Bulgaria into civil war, even if its initial action be purely regional. In any event, the situation is one of extreme gravity, and concern will not be diminished if, in the usual Balkan fashion, the press correspondents in Sofia are officially muzzled, and the world is kept in ignorance of what is happening in the countryside."

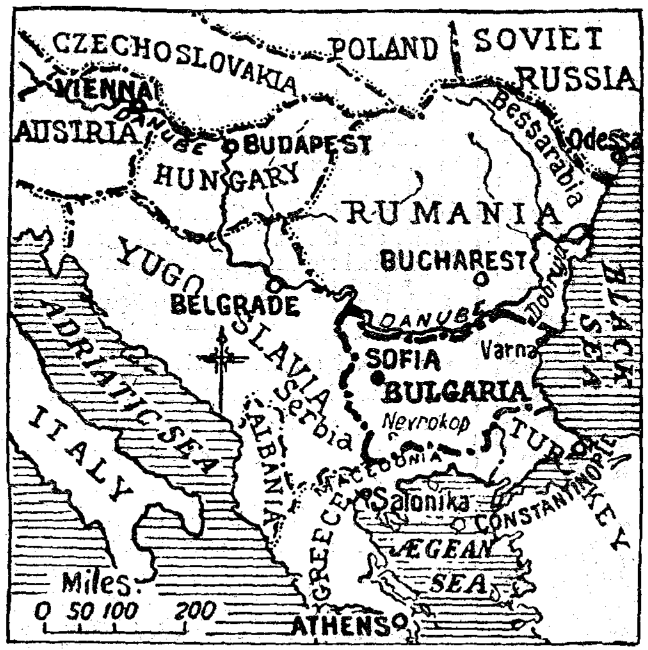
According to a London dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, it is conceded in an official statement given out at Sofia, that there have been "regrettable excesses" in the present disorder, and we are told that "this phrase seems to cover the massacre and reprisals in which the supporters of the Tsankoff régime and the Agrarian partisans are alike indulging." We read further:

> "The situation is complicated for the Government by the fact that Agrarian propaganda has made great headway in the Army, with the results that the reactionary régime now in power in Sofia can not safely count on the support of all the military elements in carrying out the drastic program of repression initiated by 400 death sentences handed down by a court-martial which is sitting day and night.
>
> "The Sobranje (Parliament) has been summoned to meet so the Government may seek a sanction for the martial law and other repressive measures it has undertaken. In the opinion of some close observers, the Bulgarian crisis, with its attendant wholesale killings and the threat of a wide-spread Balkan conflagration, can only be ironed out by a new Cabinet representing a compromise with the Agrarians."

The Bulgarian Minister to Germany, Dr. Popoff, is quoted in Berlin dispatches as accusing the Bolshevist régime in Moscow of direct responsibility for the explosion of the infernal machine which killed more than a hundred people at the Cathedral in Sofia, and for the attempt on the life of King Boris. In a statement to the German press he averred that the Bulgarian Government possesses an original document drawn up by the Soviet Government which contains specific instructions to the Bulgarian Communists to institute an insurrection on April 15th. Dr. Popoff said also that "a reign of terror was to begin in Western Bulgaria and sweep across the country, while plots against the lives of political leaders were planned to spread terror in Sofia." In Germany it is said there is a general feeling among the press that the Bulgarian outbreak is the beginning of a far-flung Bolshevist plot, and the *Vossische Zeitung* declares: "By winning over the Balkans to Communism, Russia incidentally regains Bessarabia and approaches step by step the consummation of her cherished ambition—the conquest of Constantinople and the Bosporus."

An anti-Bolshevik Russian newspaper, the *Rul*, which is published in Berlin, advises us that the Communist Third

International is spending 200,000,000 gold rubles a year for propaganda outside Russia. It says that this figure is mentioned in the Moscow *Pravda*, an official Bolshevik publication, under the title of "our expenditures abroad." The agents of the Third International are said by the *Rul* to be most active in the Balkan countries, especially in Bulgaria, where the Communists are described as often acting in alliance with the Agrarians, whose leader was the late Premier Stambouliski. According to the *Rul's* correspondent at Sofia, writing before conditions were as bad as they became, Bolshevik activities in Bulgaria for months found expression in raids organized from the neighboring Jugo-Slav districts. Bands of Bolshevik agents attacked Bulgarian villages, burned, plundered and massacred, but, says the *Rul's* correspondent, the authors of these raids were perfectly aware of the fact that such activities would not set the revolution aflame in Bulgaria. Yet they brought about "an atmosphere of a continuous tension between Bulgaria and Jugo-Slavia by which the Bolsheviks might profit some day." The *Rul's* Sofia correspondent also tells us that the Bulgarian Home Minister, Russev, in answering in Parliament an interpellation by members of various parties, sharply accused both Communists and Agrarians and declared that all terroristic acts against the Government were committed by orders from Moscow, and that the Third International had assigned 4,000,000 gold rubles for this purpose.



From the London *Times*

BULGARIA AND HER NEIGHBORS

Arms and agitators are said to be smuggled into Bulgaria from the Russian Black Sea ports in a manner which "suggests the connivance of the Russian naval authorities." Besides the menace of Bolshevism, Bulgaria suffers from "bitter blood feuds and the chain of vendettas and reprisals dependent on them."

The Sofia correspondent of the London *Times* advises us that arms and agitators are smuggled into Bulgaria from the Russian Black Sea ports in a manner which "suggests the connivance of the Russian naval authorities." At present, he tells us, the Bulgarian Government, behind which stands the Military League, is capable, in the opinion of competent observers, of dealing with an outbreak, even tho that outbreak be supported by the more extreme Agrarians and by the Macedonian Federalists. But—

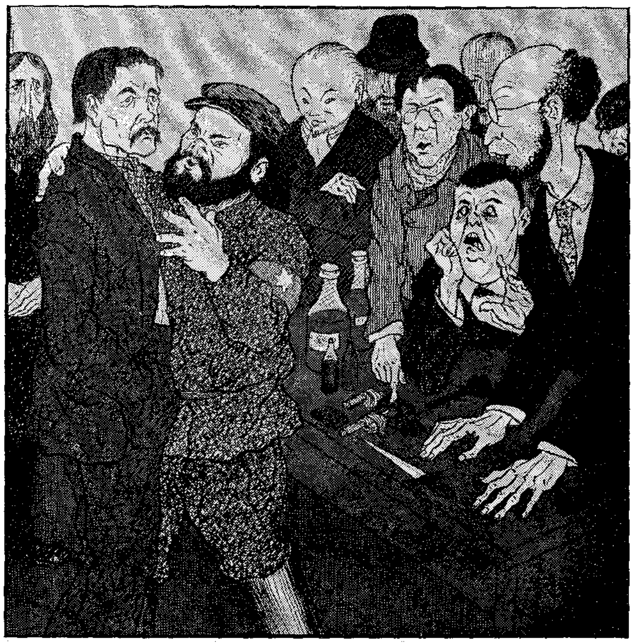
"It is improbable that a single reverse will make Russia abandon her attempts to Bolshevize and break up Bulgaria, and most political prophets unhappily agree that at least six months must elapse before the danger abates.

"Unluckily for Bulgaria the more or less straightforward struggle between the anti-Communists and the Communists is complicated and embittered to an extent almost incredible to those who have not studied recent Bulgarian and Macedonian history by two bitter blood-feuds and the chain of vendettas and reprisals dependent on them. The extreme Agrarians, tho they profess to dislike Communist doctrines, are working on parallel lines and sometimes in concert with the Communist revolutionaries in the hope of avenging their leader, Mr. Stambouliski, whose dictatorship and life were terminated by a military *coup d'état* supported by the middle classes. They have also to avenge his evil genius, Mr. Daskaloff, and the many Agrarians who fell in the unsuccessful Agraro-Communist Revolution which was so sternly repressed last autumn.

"Against the revolutionary coalition are arrayed the quieter peasants, the middle classes, the small but efficient Army, which is believed to be stanch, and the majority of the Macedonian fighting refugees. These belong to the 'autonomist' and strongly Bulgar-Nationalist section of the notorious 'Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization.' They have taken the field since last August to avenge their ambitious, pitiless, but magnetic chief, Todor Alexandroff, slain by assassins working in the interests of the Third International, and since then they have had others to avenge. Desperate men of a race which has learned the vendetta from its Albanian neighbors, they have given the anti-Communists a long lead in the bloody match of reprisals. Even had the Government and the Military League attempted forcibly to prevent the intervention of these redoubtable but compromising allies, they could not have succeeded. Their organization is still powerful in Southern Bulgaria, their numbers large, their discipline ruthless."

This *Times* correspondent relates that a young Macedonian who shot a Communist member of Parliament in the streets of Sofia to avenge the killing of Nicholas Mileff, confessed to the police, that he had been given three days in which to kill his man, under pain of death if he failed. He found him late on the third day, but this correspondent continues:

"Unfortunately there is reason to believe that the police imitate the extra-legal methods of the Macedonians. 'Wanted' men have been disappearing in mysterious fashion; 'suicide' in prison seems an incident which need not occur. Meanwhile it is no exaggeration to say that for months scarcely a day has passed without a murder, now of some important Communist or anti-Communist, now of one of the smaller fry who is found hanging from a tree 'By Order' of the Internal Organization, or falls mysteriously off his roof during a visit of unknown callers, and breaks his neck."



THE TIMID ASSASSIN

General Staff of the Tcheka: "If you draw the line at murder—where are your high Communist ideals?"

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

SUN YAT SEN, AS SEEN IN CHINA

When abuse and adulation of a famous public man are about equally divided, he can be fairly believed to possess some qualities of greatness, is the thought that occurs to many in considering the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen, called by his admirers "the Founder of the Chinese Republic." His death deprives China of the outstanding personality in her affairs during the first quarter of the twentieth century, remarks a contributor to the Shanghai *North China Herald*, and "about him clustered the group of men who changed China from a medieval, Oriental state into the somewhat inchoate political organism which is called the Republic of China." This writer adds that Dr. Sun saw distant ideals, believed in them, and made every sacrifice for their realization, "but he never judged his tools." Of friends or enemies, it is related, he asked little, and "an enemy could come to him and say that he had been mistaken and now saw the light and the Doctor would forgive everything." We read then:

> "After years of opposition to each other, Dr. Sun and Tuan Chi-jui (now China's Provisional Executive) came to an understanding. The point of contact was a book of Dr. Sun's on his principles. Tuan Chi-jui upon receipt of the book ordered several thousand to be printed and circulated. The gesture was sufficient. Dr. Sun accepted Tuan Chi-jui's friendship, forgetting Anfuism, Nishihara Loans and all that he had so bitterly attacked. Dr. Sun truly believed that Tuan Chi-jui by this gesture had confest to error and was absolved. This same characteristic caused him to quarrel at times with his most intimate friends because they opposed him. When he had himself elected President in 1922, Mr. Tong Shao-yi, shook his hand and said, 'Good-bye,' never to see him again. Dr. Sun could brook no criticism, no interference. In his conversations he would also use the phrase 'I ordered' of men who would not obey his or any one's orders. It was not a grandiose sense of his own importance which caused Dr. Sun to adopt such an attitude; it was rather a firm, insistent belief that he had found the solution for China's woes and that whoever disagreed was a traitor."

This writer reminds us that Sun Yat Sen was a native of Kwangtung Province and was born the son of a farmer in Heung-shan in 1866. He learned English at a very early age and studied further under Dr. John Kerr, an American Presbyterian missionary, "after whom hospitals and benevolent institutions in Kwangtung are named." In 1887 Dr. Sun enrolled as a student in the Alice Memorial Hospital at Hongkong, and was graduated five years later with the degree of medicine and surgery. He became a Christian and a member of the London Missionary Society. Incidentally, it may be remarked that several Chinese editors are puzzled to discover that in spite of his alleged closeness of relations with Soviet Russia, "avowed enemy of all religion and especially of Christianity," Dr. Sun insisted on his deathbed that a Christian funeral service be held over his body. To return to his early years we find that after his graduation as a physician he practised medicine in Macao and Canton, and we read:

> "His first trip was to be appointed to a medical position in the north, bringing 100 taels a month. He failed to get the job, altho he was highly recommended by influential Cantonese in Tientsin. On the second trip he brought with him the resolutions of a progressive group of young men in Hongkong who sought to influence Viceroy Li Hung Chang to reform the Government after China's failure in the Chinese-Japanese War (1895). He never even saw Li Hung Chang. Thoroughly disgusted with Manchuism and officialdom, he now devoted himself to revolution.
>
> "After the failure of a conspiracy in Canton in 1895, Dr. Sun was forced to flee to Hongkong, Japan, Honolulu and America, spending short periods of time at each place. From America he went to England, arriving in 1896. On October 11, the same year, he was kidnapped outside the Chinese Legation by the agents of the Imperial Government (who had offered a reward of half a million taels for Sun, dead or alive) and detained at the order of the Chinese Minister. Sun managed to make his plight known to Dr. Cantlie, under whom he had studied medicine, and who was instrumental in effecting his release after a dozen days' imprisonment. After his release, Dr. Sun stayed for a short time in England, subsequently visiting Europe, America and the Far East as a revolutionary propagandist."

Going to Japan, we read then, Dr. Sun in conjunction with other Chinese established the Tung Meng Hui, a revolutionary organization for "driving from China an alien dynasty." Dr. Sun, it appears, was abroad when the revolution started at Wuchang, but he returned immediately to China and established the Provisional Government of which he became the first President at the end of 1911, assuming office January 1, 1912.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood

"LET HIS SOUL REST IN PEACE"

After the storm of his life, say friendly editors of the late Sun Yat Sen, whose death "deprives China of the outstanding personality in her affairs during the first quarter of the century." But his adverse critics declare that "the sum of human misery for which he must be held responsible is enormous."

According to a Reuter's press dispatch from Peking to the *North China Herald*, a Presidential mandate was issued by Tuan Chi-jui on the occasion of Dr. Sun's death which reads as follows:

> "Sun Wen, former President of the Provisional Government, introduced reforms to the country by promoting the cause of Republicanism. He brought the Revolution of 1911 to a successful end, and yet disclaimed power and position. Notwithstanding this, he continued to work for the welfare of the people and the country with energy and wisdom that won him the admiration of the whole nation.
>
> "I, the Provisional Chief Executive [Marshal Tuan Chi-jui], have always held this veteran leader in high esteem. I have always been badly in need of his help.
>
> "When I assumed my present post, I invited him to Peking. My wish was that he would live a long life and work with me for the country, but Heaven has been so unmerciful as to deprive the country of services of such a man.
>
> "When I think of the difficulties and troubles with which this country is beset I am overcome by sorrow and grief.
>
> "The Ministry of the Interior is hereby ordered to suggest on

the most liberal scale the posthumous honors to be conferred on him, so as to show the Government's appreciation of his meritorious services."

Editorially speaking, this British-owned Shanghai newspaper observes that while Dr. Sun was "in no sense a great man, he was undeniably a great force," and it adds:

"While he still breathed, he was still Sun Wen, a name to conjure with amongst the Chinese; his death creates a gap, a sense of some enormous and always unaccountable bias removed from the mechanism of Chinese political life, which will need a total readjustment of perspectives. Even among foreigners his personality would never be denied; among the Chinese it was uncanny. It is true that the appeal he was able to exert in earlier years had narrowed considerably. The overseas Chinese, disappointed at his continued failures, had begun to cut down supplies; and the Cantonese business classes were disgusted with the combined oppressiveness and inefficiency of his administration. But the lower classes remained unaffected. No other man could have survived, as he did, the disgrace of the murderous assault made by his 'Red' troops on the Merchant Volunteers and the burning of Saikuan. Even from his deathbed he continued to rule. Practically a dying man when he reached Peking early last December, he still had strength to quarrel with Tuan Chi-jui over the constitution of the Rehabilitation Conference and to lay down certain demands from which the Kuomingtang have taken their cue of rigid aloofness. . . .

"Let Dr. Sun's soul rest in peace after the storm of his life. May controversy and stupidity cease about his bier. May his memory be hallowed by the good he had done and may his errors and faults be interred with his ashes."

A bitter critic of Dr. Sun is the Peking and Tientsin *Times*, also British-owned, which declares that his influence in China was "wholly mischievous" since his return thither at the end of 1911, and it is charged that:

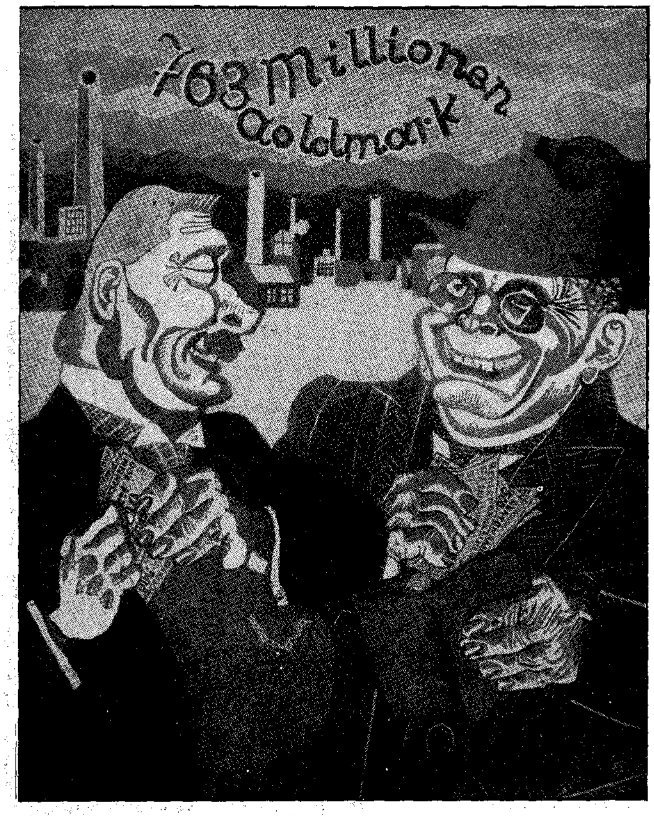
"The sum of human misery for which he must be held responsible is enormous. His futile military adventures, his intolerance, his unscrupulous tyranny, have cost tens of thousands of lives and produced interminable anarchy, in Kwangtung and Kwangsi. Not a single piece of really useful constructive work stands to his credit. His sole achievement has been the retention of the leadership of a political organization which has been deserted by most of the moderate and more respectable elements, and is to-day composed for the most part of riff-raff who can obtain employment under no other leader."

Looking forward, various Chinese journals wonder what effect Dr. Sun's death will have on his party, the Kuomingtang, and the Shanghai *Tribune* asks:

"Who in the party to-day is able to command the respect and honor of the entire organization? Will the Kuomingtang continue to use the present executive system or will it adopt a commission system? These, however, are but unimportant questions. The most vital point to-day is the split between the Communists and the non-Communists. Before the death of Dr. Sun, the split was already apparent, and Dr. Sun himself was helpless. How can we ever hope for a reunification of the party?"

"GENTLE GRAFTERS" IN GERMANY

"NO REPUBLIC WITHOUT GRAFT" is the caustic insinuation of the German Nationalist groups, we are told, with reference to various politico-financial scandals that are said to have involved high officials and members of the Reichstag. Because a number of Socialists are accused, the Nationalists have found one more weapon with which to rate the Socialists for all Germany's misfortunes, while at the same time the Socialists retaliate by blaming the Nationalists. Among the more noted cases discust in the German press is that of a Mr. Barnat, a business man who settled in Holland in 1917 and began to furnish foodstuffs to Germany. When the German Revolution occurred and the new régime was established in Berlin his activities broadened. We read that he sent whole train-loads of uneatable food into Germany and received from the Government enormous sums in payment for this food—in all, it is said, 100,000,000 gold marks. In the trial of Mr. Barnat a number of prominent Socialists, members of the Reichstag, were accused of having taken bribes. Another case under investigation is that of Ivan Kutisker, a promoter of alleged fake enterprises, who is said to have received credit to the extent of about 15,000,000 gold marks from the Prussian State Bank in Berlin. The director of this bank is reported now to have been called upon by the courts to explain.



EASY MONEY FOR THE RUHR INDUSTRIALISTS

"The very best kind of business—these French being in the Ruhr. Too bad they didn't stay longer."

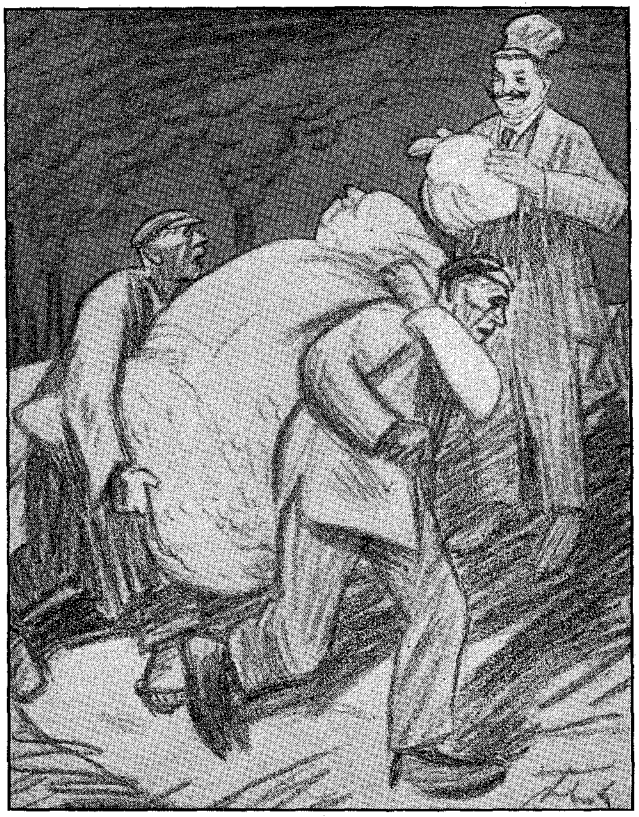
—*Lachen Links* (Berlin).

We read also in the German press that two prominent Ministers of the Reich, Dr. Stresemann and the late Dr. Hoefle, are named in connection with the case of Wolpe and Klikottka, who are described as swindlers. In 1923, it is reported, they wormed themselves into the confidence of the two above-named Ministers, and Dr. Hoefle, then Minister of Posts, signed in their favor a draft for 5,000,000 marks. As soon as they had collected the money, it is related, Messrs. Wolpe and Klikottka fled from the country. We learn also from the German press that there is much gossip about the 3,000,000,000 gold marks granted to leading industrial enterprises in the Ruhr in 1923 and 1924 by the Cabinets of Cuno, Becker, Stresemann and Luther. Of course there is no swindle or scandal in this, we are told, but the right of granting such subventions without the approval of the Reichstag is sharply questioned, especially by the Socialist press, which criticizes the above-named officials without reserve. Superficially considered, writes the Berlin correspondent of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, all the talk about dishonest officials would incline one to think that Germany, hitherto renowned for its honesty, has become a nest of corruption. But this is not so, according to this journalist, who avers that a few specific cases are being exaggerated by certain newspapers for a particular political purpose, and we read:

"This purpose is to discredit the Republic. Nationalist organs have been zealously engaged in revelations of financial scandals in order to convince the people that the Republican régime is a régime of crookedness. . . . It must be admitted that of all the campaigns of the reactionaries against the Republic the present attacks through revelations are the most dangerous. . . . But to one familiar with the New Germany and its leading personalities, these disclosures in no way impugn the Republic."

While declaring that one can not believe everything on the subject of so-called graft which appears in the conservative press, this Berlin correspondent concedes that they do publish a good deal that is true. He recalls that when the introduction of the renten-mark put a sudden end to inflation, there followed a terrible scarcity of money. Many business enterprises went bankrupt, we are told, while others were tided over the storm only after the greatest difficulty. Then it was that most of the alleged scandals took place. And this informant remarks critically that while the Government in some of its branches showed too much severity towards reliable and well established business men, it reposed too much confidence in adventurers like Kutisker, Wolpe, and others. It is noted also that the Nationalists contend that in Imperial Germany and in Royal Prussia similar scandals would have been impossible, but this writer points out:

> "Since those days we have fought the war. It is not the Republic, as some assert, but the war which has shattered morals. The demoralization caused by the war, and by the inflation which followed the war, was so awful that one can only wonder how comparatively insignificant corruption in Germany has been."



THE POOR GERMAN INDUSTRIALIST

"He is bowed down with the burden of gold paid him as compensation for the French occupation of the Ruhr."

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

In conclusion this correspondent asks: "What are all these scandals compared with the French Panama affair or with scandals in America?" The conservative *Kölnische Zeitung* laments that the cases of alleged corruption constitute a dark side of Germany's present régime, and it suggests that members of Parliament, if they are to be expected to resist financial temptation, must be rewarded for their services to the State so that they can live in accordance with the dignity of their position.

This newspaper also defends former Chancellors and the Ruhr industrialists. It argues that the subsidies were granted at the time of the passive resistance of Germany in the Ruhr, and were caused by it, and says that to call these subsidies "gifts" is senseless and unjust. The entire Ruhr suffered enormous losses at that time and this journal continues:

> "No sensible person would expect these damages, which were caused for the good of all Germany, to be repaired out of the resources of the Ruhr district alone. If that were so, the Ruhr and the Rhineland would have been transformed into a devastated region, lost to the State both politically and economically."

We are further advised by this newspaper that the question of subsidies could not be brought before the Reichstag at the time for obvious political reasons. The Government was then pressed by the demands and threats of the Allies, it avers, and public discussion of that problem would have rendered the situation still more difficult. Therefore, the subsidies are said to have been granted without the usual parliamentary formalities.

TO PRODUCE 450,000 AUSTRALIANS

SCIENTIFIC SETTLEMENT of Australia, which needs population, is said to be provided by an agreement between the Secretary for the Colonies of Great Britain and the Government of the Australian Commonwealth. The plan aims at placing in Australia, within the ensuing ten years, 450,000 assisted migrants from the United Kingdom, including 34,000 families, averaging five persons each. As the London *Morning Post* notes, no migrant need necessarily possess private capital, and assistance toward passage to Australia will be given under the Passage Agreement now in force. Under the new convention between the United Kingdom and the Australian Government, Australia undertakes to raise loans not exceeding £34,000,000 for issue to the State Governments of Australia at a low rate of interest. This newspaper goes on to say:

> "The loans will be expended, subject to the conclusion of a series of 'agreed undertakings' approved by all the Governments concerned, on developmental works in rural districts of Australia, including the acquisition, resumption, or clearing of land, the settlement of suitable persons upon farms, and advances to settlers for the purchase of stock, equipment, housing materials, etc., the construction of roads, bridges, and light railways directly conducive to new settlement, afforestation, the construction of hydro-electric and water conservation works, butter factories, sugar mills, and similar works tending to promote rural areas.
>
> "His Majesty's Government have undertaken, subject to the conditions of the Empire Settlement Act, 1922, to pay a contribution to the Commonwealth Government, over and above their contribution toward the cost of passages, in the proportion of approximately £130,000 for every principal sum of £750,000 issued to a State Government under the Agreement. Each contribution of £130,000 will be dependent on the satisfactory settlement of 10,000 assisted migrants in the State concerned within a period of ten years from the present date, and an agreed proportion of the migrants must consist of families. Special provisions are made in respect of schemes for land settlement, and the number of migrants to be settled in connection with such schemes is fixt on a different basis."

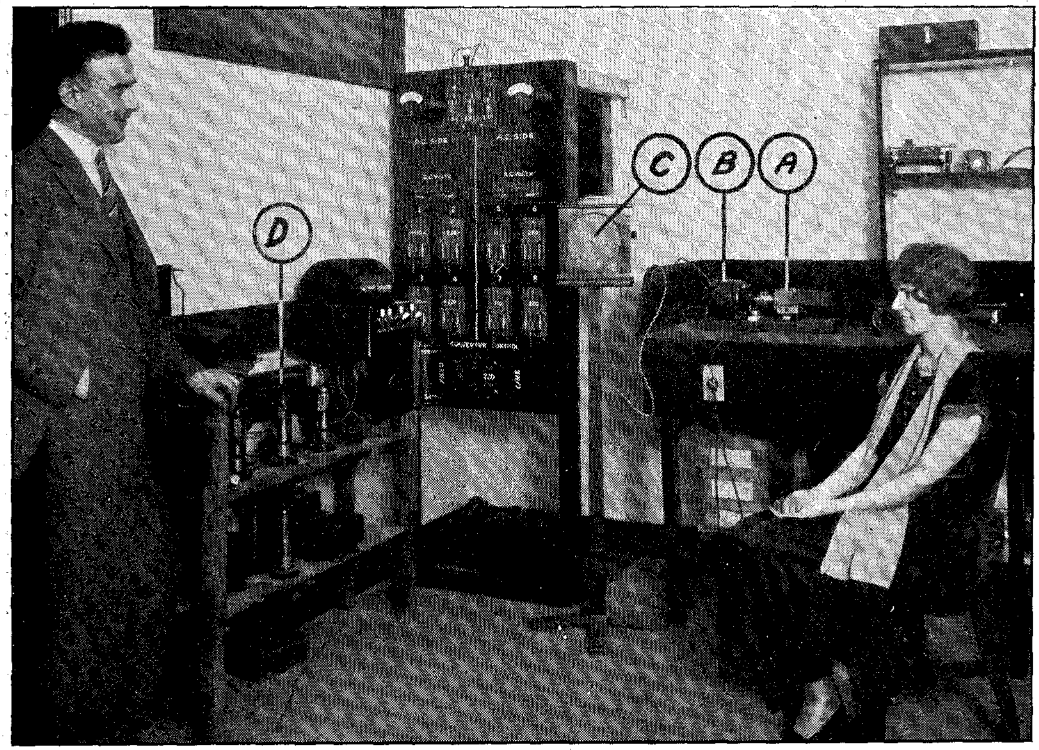
The Morning Post then points out that at least one-half of any farms made available under the settlement plan will be reserved for migrants from the United Kingdom. Such migrants, we are told, will be assisted, under government supervision, in the management and development of their farms, and will be able to obtain advances through the State agricultural financial institutions, or from other sources, upon the same terms as are applicable to persons already in Australia. We read then:

> "Migrants who do not settle upon the land will be found suitable employment at the rate of wages prevailing in Australia for persons of similar experience. Special arrangements for the reception, training, and after-care of assisted migrants will be made by the appropriate Governments in Australia, and His Majesty's Government have undertaken to contribute one-third of the capital and maintenance costs of reception depots which will, where necessary, be established in country districts."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

NEW AID FOR THE HARD OF HEARING

TO SENSITIZE THE EAR instead of attempting to amplify the sound-waves—that is the novel idea underlying the device for aiding the deaf invented by Byron E. Eldred, D.Sc., and described by him in an article in *Popular Radio* (New York). The idea originated in the observation that a deaf friend of the author regained practically normal hearing when riding in a closed automobile. While the motor was operating, a whisper could be heard, in lieu of the shout ordinarily required. By stopping and starting the car repeatedly, Dr. Eldred endeavored to judge of the probable frequency of the air wave vibration that produced this striking effect. He concluded the air wave to be one of substantially inaudible frequency, either above or below the limits of normal hearing. His next step was to develop an apparatus that would generate such inaudible air waves. Various experimental instruments were used, the essential parts of an installation for a small room being a driving motor, a low-frequency alternator, and a vacuum tube oscillator. One form of apparatus resembles a radio loudspeaker; in effect, it is a loudspeaker so adjusted as to produce amplified air waves too long or too short to produce the sensation of sound. These are the sensitizing waves that in some mysterious way render the ear drums of a certain number of deaf persons receptive to ordinary sounds which they can not interpret without this aid.



Photographs by courtesy of *Popular Radio*, New York

SENSITIZING THE EARS OF A DEAF PERSON

The motor B drives the low-frequency alternator A. which generates the currents that actuate the wave-producing device C. D is a vacuum tube oscillator that can also be used to generate the currents that operate the device C.

The inventor is careful to state that not all cases respond. He wishes above all things to guard against arousing false hopes. Yet he feels that results already attained prove the value of the principle. Indeed, he declares that "its truth has been demonstrated irrefutably in many cases, even in creating good hearing and normal-toned speech in a child of six, who had been classed as a deaf mute." Results so nearly miraculous must be exceptional; the general uses of the sensitizing wave, as at present studied, may be judged from the author's cautiously phrased yet confident statements in the article under review. Referring to the sensitizing wave as a "sustained air wave of suitable predetermined character and of inaudible frequency, or one approaching the limits of normal hearing," he says:

"When such a wave is generated in a room, church or theater, many persons of defective hearing located within this area find their ears responsive to reception of sounds such as are provided for persons of normal hearing. The effect of the wave, while unnoticed by either the deaf persons or others, is to sensitize deaf ears to the reception of sounds which would not otherwise be heard, or which if heard would be unintelligible, like the confused jumble of distorted radio reception.

"The wave is preferably of a low frequency and of suitable amplitude to suit the peculiar case of deafness that is to be relieved; but for applications in churches or theaters a wave of suitable average character is supplied.

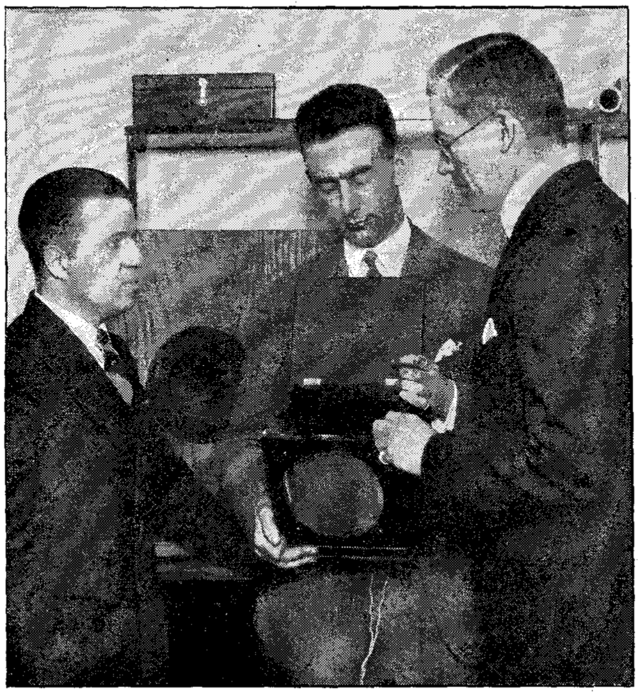
"When the application of the wave is made to an individual case, the peculiar condition should be carefully studied to obtain the best results. The wave best suited for a particular condition of hearing is determined by experiment and test, and is prescribed as the oculist prescribes lenses for correcting defective vision.

"The wave generators are then installed at the office or home of the deaf person for use as the special case demands. A remarkable result that is evidenced in some cases is that the relief afforded by the sensitizing wave persists as a 'carry-over' effect. Many deaf people leave the presence of the wave in their homes (for shopping expeditions, for example, or to attend a theater) and again reach home before the return of deafness. As a general rule the use of the sensitizing wave is for half-hour periods, and is discontinued until deafness returns.

"The 'carry-over' phenomenon, while gratifying in the extreme, offers a confusing problem. This odd effect lasted as long as forty-eight hours in one case; in another case a woman who was profoundly deaf, after an hour under the wave influence, traveled by train the entire night and next day reported hearing her baby's voice for the first time.

"After extended research I was imprest with the fact that each case requires special attention to produce best results. A difficult problem was presented in making accurate tests of defective hearing, because, while it may be perfectly evident to others present, the deaf person hears or does not hear and can not quite be satisfied that hearing ability is not due to increased magnitude of the voice.

"A test that quite convinces the deaf person was fortunately suggested by Prof. Robert W. Wood of Johns Hopkins University, whose hearty cooperation has provided many valuable suggestions. We placed two deaf persons before a phonograph that



IT WORKS LIKE A LOUDSPEAKER

Dr. Byron E. Eldred, the inventor, explaining how the wave producing device, which is in effect a special form of loudspeaker, creates electromagnetically the vibrations that stimulate the ear drums.

reproduced a spoken record descriptive of an opera. After allowing the subjects to become thoroughly familiar with the record, and to seat themselves in front of the phonograph at distances which they determined as the maximum for distinguishing the words clearly, measurement showed these respective distances as five and a half and six feet.

"The chairs were then removed six inches farther and both people reported that no words were intelligible. The wave was then turned on and clear reception of sound was immediately experienced by the two deaf subjects of the test. The two persons were then asked to move away from the phonograph to distances at which they could again just distinguish the sounds clearly. The result was that they moved to the end of the room, which was twenty feet long.

"The greater distance at which the subjects demonstrated reception ability shows more than 1,000 per cent. increased audition for this particular given volume of sound. Such a test affords an accurate measure, because sound waves decrease in inverse proportion to the square of the distance.

"A peculiar unexplained condition of hearing in deaf persons has long been recognized but not satisfactorily explained. In fact, many aurists have recently endeavored to set aside the idea of this condition by refusing to admit its existence as a fact. This condition is designated by the name 'paracusis,' a term that has been accepted to describe the ability of certain deaf persons to hear while surrounded by noise or vibrating conditions, such, for example, as when they are riding in a train or in an automobile. Any person with defective hearing who experiences this sensation may be confident of relief by a suitably adjusted sensitizing wave.

"In making a study of the condition that is called paracusis, I have yet to learn of a case where increased hearing ability persisted after the person affected was removed from the influence. Altho my studies point convincingly to the conclusion that the sensitizing wave functions similarly to the vibrations of the train and motor, I can only surmise that the quality of the sensitizing wave is responsible for the 'carry-over' effect.

"No harm can possibly be done to deaf persons by the application of the wave because it is one that human ears are always unconsciously receiving. The value of the wave can be fully obtained only by intelligent application. Especial attention will be paid to devising means which will allow aurists to fit the wave with the like degree of satisfaction that the oculist derives from fitting lenses for correcting defective vision.

"It is anticipated that many aurists will misunderstandingly disagree with my theories, but I feel compelled, because of results obtained and the cooperation of several eminent authorities, to give to the world an idea which I fully recognize as requiring further effort to obtain ultimate results.

"While I have experienced the greatest satisfaction from results obtained, it must be understood that there have been accompanying disappointments. Above all things I do not wish to arouse false hopes. Many prominent otologists have made the same remark to me when discussing the invention: "It seems too good to be true." But its truth has been demonstrated irrefutably in many cases even in creating good hearing and normal-toned speech in a child of six, who had been classed as a deaf mute."

FIGHTING GERMS WITH POISON

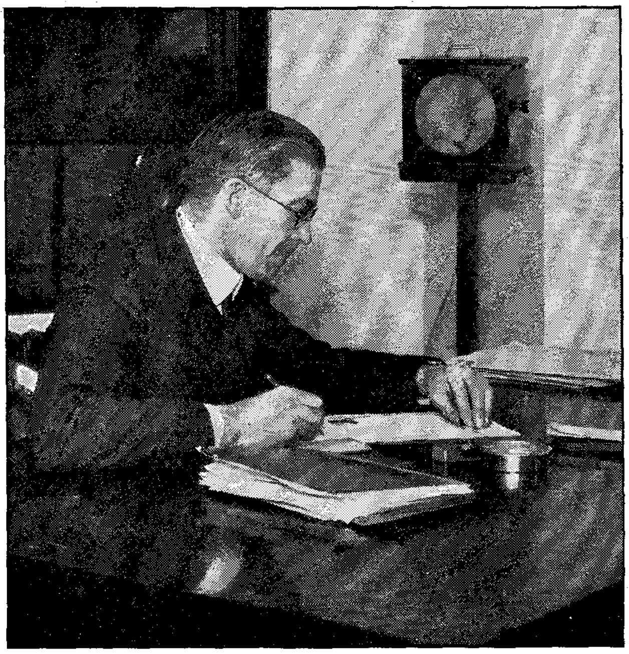
PLANS FOR A SYSTEMATIC CAMPAIGN against the minutest and most dangerous enemies of mankind were developed recently in the Division of Medicinal Products of the American Chemical Society in session in Baltimore, we are told by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). For the first time in the history of medicine, chemists are cooperating with bacteriologists and physicians in the effort to make compounds that will be harmless to the human body and yet will poison or paralyze the parasites that prey upon it. We read:

New tactics are being employed in this campaign. Prof. Treat B. Johnson of Yale, in opening the symposium on 'Chemistry in the Field of Microbiology,' advanced the novel idea that the first step was to find out what the microbes were made of in order to find a drug that would kill them. He is accordingly engaged in growing tubercle bacilli by the pound and then analyzing them, and he has already discovered in these microscopic creatures a nitrogen compound hitherto unknown to biologists.

"Dr. Carl Voegtlin of the Hygienic Laboratory of the U. S. Public Health Service is working on organic compounds containing arsenic in order to discover one that will penetrate the human tissue in pursuit of the parasite more freely than the earlier arsenicals introduced by the late Professor Ehrlich of Germany. He reports that it is possible to produce a peculiarly active form of arsenic that will attack the mechanism by which the microbes breathe.

"Dr. John W. Churchman of the Loomis Laboratory, New York City, finds that certain of the aniline dyes will attack and paralyze particular species of bacteria, so that they can be used as antiseptics, both for skin wounds and internal infection. Solutions of these dyes strong enough to check infection may be left in cavities, such as the joints, since they are too weak to damage the tissues. He thinks it not improbable that we shall soon be able to combat many cases of blood poisoning successfully.

"Dr. Veader Leonard of Johns Hopkins has made a new



THE WAVE PRODUCER INSTALLED IN AN OFFICE

With this device the business man handicapped with imperfect hearing finds himself on an equal footing with his interviewers.

A MECHANICAL VOICE

Any person made mute by removal of the larynx can now be supplied with a new means of talking.

antiseptic that promises to be of great value. It is a derivative of the familiar coal-tar compound, resorcinol, and is called 'hexyl-resorcinol.' This is more than 15,000 per cent. stronger as a germicide than the mother substance, resorcinol, yet is probably less poisonous. The new compound is excreted through the urinary tract, so it is likely to serve as a cure for infections of this region.

"Prof. George W. Raiziss of the University of Pennsylvania has prepared chemically and investigated biologically a number of new dyestuffs containing mercury and has found two which are so much less toxic than the common mercury bichlorid that they may be injected directly into the blood. In tests on rabbits they were found to be as curative against blood infections as mercurochrome, which is one of the recent products of such research.

"The discovery of mercurochrome, meroxyl, and similar antiseptics was no lucky accident but the result of the systematic investigations that have been carried on at the Brady Urological Institute of Johns Hopkins Hospital for the last eight years. Dr. Hugh H. Young, director of the Institute, reported today that in the progress of these investigations 265 dyestuffs had been studied and tested for their power of destroying germs and several drugs had been found among them that are useful as remedies for local or general infection."

TALKING WITH A RUBBER LARYNX

"ANOTHER HUMANITARIAN USE FOR RUBBER," is what *The India Rubber World* (New York) calls the artificial vocal organ invented by a New York physician and constructed recently by two engineers in one of the great electrical works. Applications of rubber in the service of humanity for the relief of disease and deformities and the preservation of health have been made and developed continually, we are told, since the early days of vulcanization. To the long list of rubber articles designed for humanitarian needs there has now been added this noteworthy and interesting development. We read:

"Any unfortunate person who is mute by reason of the removal of his larynx can be supplied now with a new means of talking by the use of an artificial larynx of rubber. This apparatus has recently been developed by Dr. Harvey Fletcher and Messrs. Wegel and Lane, Western Electric Company engineers, on a plan suggested by Dr. John E. Mackenty, of New York.

"Not only will the artificial larynx add happiness and earning power to its users, but it will remove one barrier to the proper treatment of cancer of the throat. In the early stages of the disease, when a radical operation offers a practical certainty of cure, sufferers have often hesitated because they dreaded the loss of their voices. Delay, even while trying other treatments, has usually allowed the disease to progress to a point where cure is impossible. With the fear of future silence removed, Dr. Mackenty believes that sufferers no longer will risk their lives, but will have the cancerous tissues removed and do their talking with an artificial larynx.

"In the construction of the artificial larynx rubber is the principal material used. The apparatus could be made entirely of rubber if desired, by substituting hard rubber for the few parts now made of metal. The apparatus comprises a hard rubber shell or air chamber containing a pure rubber vibrating membrane; a hard rubber mouthpiece, and a soft rubber tube connection, with the trachea connection supplied with a sponge rubber pad.

"The body of the larynx is in two parts, in the upper part of which a narrow strip of pure rubber dental dam stock is adjustably stretched across the flaring outlet within the larynx. Suitable tension of the vibrating rubber band or membrane, which functions as a vocal cord, is secured by the movement of a metal yoke, to the branches of which the ends of the rubber band are attached. The tension is adjusted by a nut on the threaded yoke stem below the larynx.

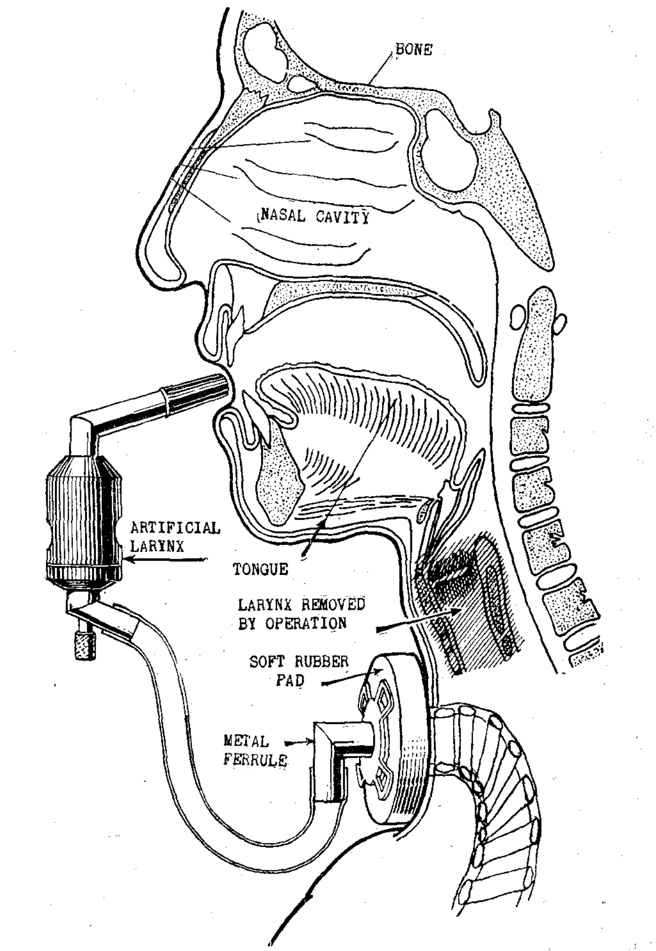
"The various parts of the artificial larynx, its manner of application and method of operation are clearly indicated in the illustrations.

"Referring to the removal of a person's larynx, the operation is a very delicate one, involving the removal of the familiar 'Adam's Apple' and adjacent parts of the throat. Ultimately the upper end of the windpipe is brought forward into the wound. This is sewed up in such a way that the windpipe communicates directly with the outer air. After the wound has healed, the patient may wear the talking apparatus all day, with a layer of gauze underneath to keep dust out of his lungs.

"The artificial larynx is connected to the user by attaching the sponge rubber pad of the inlet over the windpipe opening, using tapes around the neck and chest. The air, in breathing, finds inlet and outlet to the lungs through a side opening in the rubber larynx and the connecting flexible tubing.

"In use the side opening of the larynx is closed by the thumb. Air forced from the lungs is set into vibration by the tensioned band, and these vibrations are carried through a short tube like a pipe-stem into the speaker's mouth. Here the vibrations are modulated in much the same manner as tho they were naturally produced in the throat. The result is speech which can easily be understood. It differs from natural speech chiefly in being a low-pitched monotone, not loud, but perfectly intelligible.

"The method employed in the artificial larynx to cause vibrations of the air is precisely the same as that used in the toy balloon squawker, scientifically developed and applied to a laudable humanitarian end."

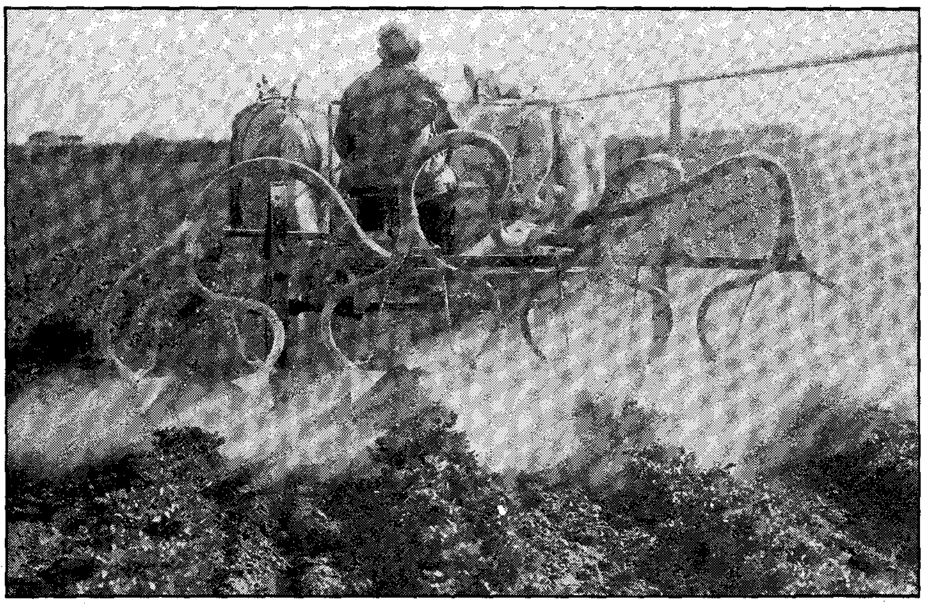


Illustrations by courtesy of *The India Rubber World* (New York)

HOW THE RUBBER LARYNX WORKS

DUSTING CROPS INSTEAD OF SPRAYING

"DRY SPRAYING," or the application of protective chemicals in the form of fine powder instead of a liquid, is now the practise to a large extent on many fruit and vegetable farms, we are told by F. F. Rockwell and Lloyd Lewis, in *Farm and Fireside* (Springfield, Ohio). Mr. Rockwell is horticultural editor of the paper and both writers are connected with Seabrook Farms, Bridgeton, N. J. The subject is still in part a controversial one, Mr. Rockwell warns us; some claim that dusting is the only efficient way to fight bugs and diseases; others contend that nothing can ever take the place of liquid spraying. Dusting is comparatively a new idea and much has yet to be learned about it. He continues:


By courtesy of *Farm and Fireside* (Springfield, O.)

SHOWERING THE BUGS WITH POISONOUS DUST

Dry spraying, says F. F. Rockwell, a horticultural expert, has many advantages over liquid spraying, and he believes its introduction means "a new era in plant protection."

"We are not interested in taking sides in the matter but are merely going to outline briefly some of the things we have learned about dusting here in the orchards and fields of Seabrook Farms.

"On the occasion of the visit of a number of nurserymen last summer, one of them remarked, 'Neither weeds nor bugs seem to grow here; tell us the secret.'

"They learned the 'secret,' so far as bugs are concerned, later when they were shown the battery of ten dusting and spraying machines which are used to keep our 1,100 acres of orchards and several hundred acres of field crops free from insects and disease. Naturally, the work of spraying such an acreage is tremendous. It is a subject that has received a great deal of attention, and it has been the object of countless experiments, carried on by ourselves and in cooperation with the New Jersey Experiment Station.

"Spraying for crop protection has come to be considered just as much a matter of necessity as using fertilizer or getting a good strain of seed. With the advent of 'dry spraying,' or 'dusting,' a new era in plant protection began; and it came none too soon, for the multiplication of insects and diseases, and particularly the various 'blights,' was rapidly getting beyond control of wet spray methods.

"Dusting is gaining in popularity each season, and has now reached a point where the general farmer can buy more crop-protection in dusts and dusting-apparatus than he can get for the same amount of money in spraying materials and apparatus."

Messrs. Rockwell and Lewis summarize what they believe to be the advantages of dusting as compared to wet spraying as follows:

"1. In dusting, the bulk of material to be handled is so much less that material for half a day's work may be carried on the wagon. Moreover, the dusting outfit, including the engine, generally weighs less than 1,000 pounds. Moreover, spraying is absolutely dependent upon one's having a supply of water. If your water supply is cut off it is impossible to spray.

"2. A big advantage in using dusts is that they are always available. Your machinery, if it is kept in condition, is the same. This means that when you discover a need for spraying you can 'shoot' inside of thirty minutes. Likewise, you can do a big job of dusting in an hour or two, whereas with the liquid sprayer it would take almost that long to get started.

"3. Dusting equipment is so much simpler, and has so few parts to get out of order, compared with a pump sprayer, that this alone would be sufficient reason for dusting, other things being equal.

"4. Dusting can be done on time, without neglecting other jobs. This is particularly important on a general farm, where there are field crops as well as fruit.

"5. The material can be more uniformly applied than a wet spray. This is a debatable question, but it must be admitted that it is possible, with dust, to reach equally well the tops of trees and the lowest growing field crops and plants.

"6. There is likely to be more uniformity in the materials used in dusting, as they are applied to the crop, than is the case with liquid spraying, where there is always a chance of varying the mix on the farm.

"7. A job can be finished while conditions are still right to get the best results. Sometimes these conditions last only a few hours. As an illustration, take the emergency which we faced in 1923 and 1924 as the result of a hailstorm sweeping a section of our 400 acres of peaches.

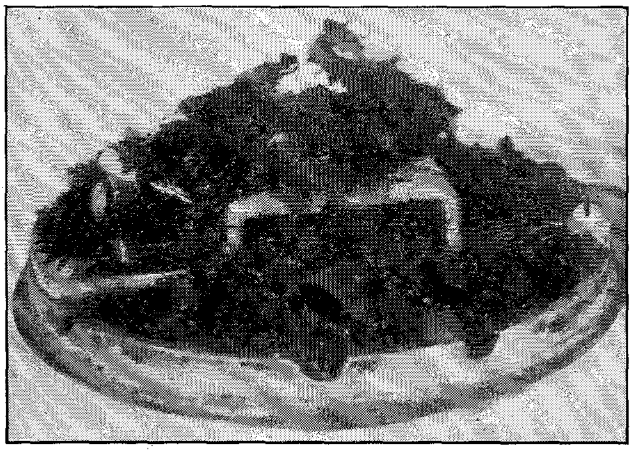
"Left untreated, practically every hail-hit fruit would have rotted; by dusting immediately after the storms we were able to cover the 160 acres in ten hours with three dusters, using an 80-20 sulphur-lime dust that covered the injured surfaces before the decay germs could start. It would have been impossible to apply a liquid spray quickly enough to protect the injured fruit from rotting.

"To give a very brief survey of how dusting has proved out it should be pointed out that its use is comparatively new, practically all within the last ten years. Experiments at Cornell from 1912-15 showed the percentages of perfect apples, of scab control and of worm control, from two to three per cent. better with dust than with liquid spray. At that time there was practically no commercial dusting being done, except experimentally.

"As to the extent to which dusting will replace spraying, that is still problematical. On Seabrook Farms dusting has almost entirely replaced spraying with our vegetable crops; but in the orchards we still use both, altho dusting has replaced spraying to a greater extent each season. There are some large commercial orchards in which spraying has given away entirely to dusting, especially in hilly sections."

POISONOUS PHILIPPINE FISH—Fish with poisonous flesh are a danger to be reckoned with by dwellers and travelers in the Philippine tropics, according to Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). Dr. Albert Herre of the Bureau of Science at Manila, we are told, has investigated the reports that there are poisonous fishes in the islands, and states that in many cases they are only too true. We read:

"According to Dr. Herre, the most violently poisonous species belong to the puffers and porcupine fishes. The poisonous property is due to the presence in various parts of their bodies of a substance chemically similar to the deadliest of the mushroom poisons. The poisonous quality of these fishes is well known to all the tribes dwelling along tropical coasts, says Dr. Herre, 'but, strange to say, there is hardly a fishing village in the Philippines where there are not foolish or reckless people who eat these fishes. Not a year goes by without several deaths. The poison seems to act first on the nerves of the alimentary canal, and soon afterward on all the muscles of the body, giving rise to violent spasms during which the patient dies in from one to four hours. We in the United States are accustomed to look upon any fish with an appreciable amount of flesh as being more or less desirable for food. It is true we reject some, but only because they are exceedingly bony or the flesh is very scant, hard, or of poor flavor, but in no case are they considered dangerous. In the tropics, however, we have other conditions to face.'"



By courtesy of *The Southern Telephone News* (Atlanta)

ANTS ELECTROCUTED

They filled this transmitter, and the "juice" did the rest.

AN ELECTRIC ANT-TRAP

"GEE WHIZ, BOYS, just look here!" exclaimed a youngster in the storeroom of the telephone company in New Orleans, as he pointed to a transmitter cup he had just unscrewed from its standard. The others crowded around to look at the strange sight, for the transmitter was filled to the brim with red ants, packed in tight and every one dead as a mackerel. This tale is from *The Southern Telephone News* (Atlanta), which continues it as follows:

"'The darned little nuisances,' said the Old Plant Man, 'they'll go anywhere. I don't suppose you could find that in any other place, but those ants just naturally multiply in New Orleans.

"'They climbed up and crawled into the transmitter through the opening for the transmitter cord,' he continued, 'and when they got packed tight enough to form a short circuit, the battery current killed them. Then I suppose others crowded in too and got themselves electrocuted until the cup was full. Well, that's a new kind of ant-trap.'

"It is not known where this instrument had been located, as its condition was not discovered until it with a number of others had been dismantled for shipment. It seems to be true, however, that this particular telephone continued to work until it was removed from the subscriber's station.

"Red ants are very numerous in New Orleans during some seasons, but this is the first time they have been known to invade a telephone instrument. Stories are told about the performances of these little pests that are almost unbelievable. Instances have occurred where armies of these ants traveling up and down the trunk of a tree have worn a path that could be easily distinguished and where unmolested for some time in residences they have worn a path across a varnished floor.

"One of the first things usually noticed by a visitor to New Orleans in driving through the residential section is the large number of small tin cans attached to the trunks of practically all the trees in the yards and on the fences and also fastened to the sides of houses. These cans contain Argentine ant poison, and at various times thousands of dollars have been invested in this manner by residents in New Orleans in an effort to combat the red ants, which in this section are so numerous that they are capable of killing trees."

THE FATIGUE OF METALS

IT SEEMS AXIOMATIC to say that implements made of different materials have varying powers of resistance to stress and strain. It is familiar knowledge that engineers have studied the "strength of materials," and devised formulas that enable them to predetermine the requisite size of, for example, each bolt and bar to be used in the construction of an automobile or other mechanism. It appears, however, that such formulas are based on the assumption of a much simpler and more homogeneous condition of the substance of metals and other materials of construction than actually exists. Hence the calculations may be faulty when the materials in question are subjected to long-continued stress, an unpredictable weakness being developed to which the engineer has applied the suggestive word "fatigue." The "fatigued" metal suddenly breaks, tho subjected to no greater strain than it has hitherto resisted perfectly, and well within its calculated original "breaking strain." Here, obviously, is a source of danger applying to many kinds of machinery, including various parts of automobiles and airplanes. How the engineers are endeavoring to meet the danger is told in a technical article in the *American Machinist* (New York) by Prof. H. F. Moore, of the Illinois Engineering Experiment Station, where a remarkable series of tests is being conducted. The experiments have proved that "fatigue" of metals is really a progressive fracture, beginning with a minute (probably sub-microscopic) crack, which spreads until there is not enough sound metal left in the cross-section of the piece to withstand the load applied, when rupture occurs suddenly. Such progressive fracture, however, does not occur in case of wrought iron metals, unless the strain is carried above a certain limit; and to this limiting stress the term *endurance limit*, or *fatigue limit*, has been applied. Overlooking other conclusions that are too technical for the general reader, we may quote Professor Moore's account of the inception of the investigation and of the arduousness of the task undertaken in the interests of public safety:

"In 1918, there was organized under the joint auspices of the National Research Council, Engineering Foundation, and the Engineering Experiment Station of the University of Illinois an investigation of the phenomena connected with 'fatigue' of metals under repeated stress. The necessity for such an investigation was emphasized by various problems arising in connection with the war. Since the early part of 1919, this investigation has been in active progress at the University of Illinois, and the cooperative group supporting it now includes, in addition to the three parties named above, the General Electric Company, the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, the Western Electric Company, and the Copper and Brass Research Association.

"The University of Illinois has provided for the laboratory of the investigation, 2,500 square feet of floor space originally planned as a testing floor for airplane engines. The regular equipment of the materials-testing laboratory of the University of Illinois is available for ordinary physical tests of the metals studied, the metallographic equipment of the division of Applied Chemistry of the University and the machine shop of the department of Theoretical and Applied Mechanics are available for auxiliary work.

"During the first three years of its work, the investigation has been concerned practically entirely with the fatigue of wrought ferrous metals. It has now included in its program a study of the fatigue of certain non-ferrous metals, and already it has been found that the behavior of such metals under repeated stress differs markedly from that of the ferrous metals. It is very much hoped that a study of the fatigue strength of steel castings can be undertaken, altho at present there are no funds for this special feature. The available knowledge of the fatigue properties of steel castings is very slight indeed.

"In the course of the investigation, some hundreds of tests have been run to one hundred million cycles of stress, a score or more of tests have been run through several hundred million cycles of stress and one test has been run through one billion cycles of stress. This last-named test required the continuous running of a rotating-beam testing machine for four hundred twenty-four-hour days."

LETTERS AND ART

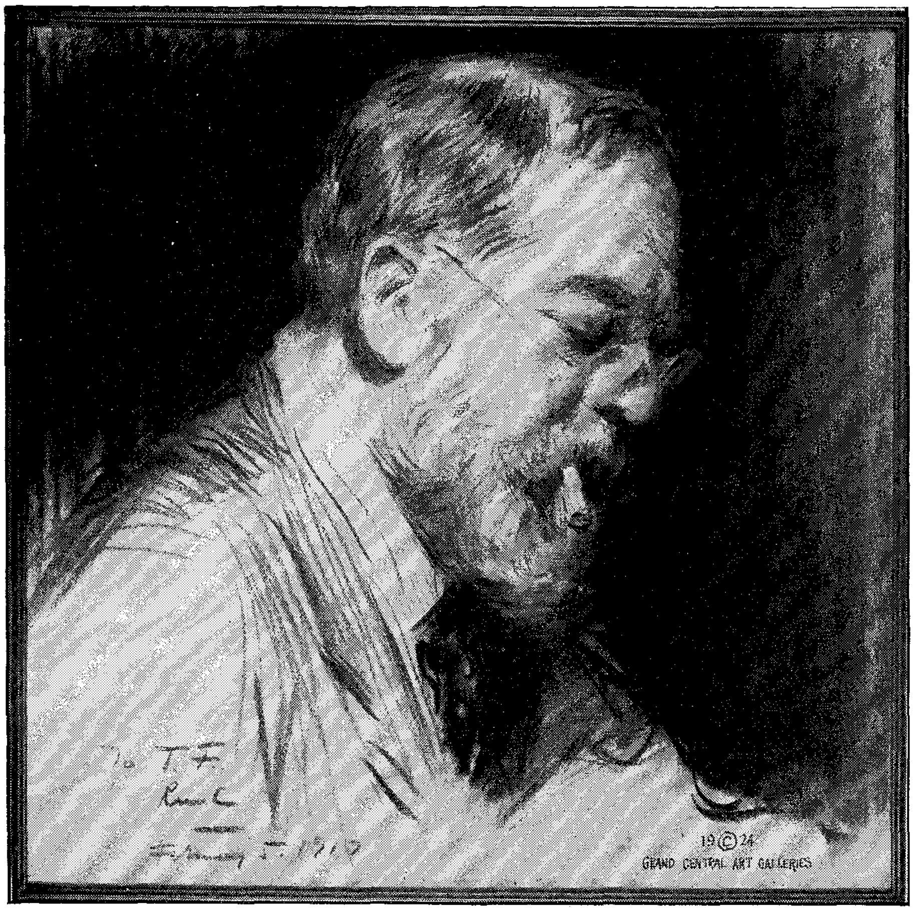
LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

"OUR OLD MASTER"

"OUR SINGLE OUTSTANDING TYPE of genius governed by complete technical authority." The phrase is applied to John Singer Sargent, who died in London April 15. His rating will perhaps be set otherwise by writers who lean more to modern methods of expression, but the editorial phrase which occurs in the New York *Herald Tribune* and is perhaps uttered by its art critic, Mr. Royal Cortissoz, is another way of echoing the phrase spoken just sixty years previously at the bedside of the dead Lincoln. "Now he is with the ages," said Edwin M. Stanton, and whatever reappraisal may come in Sargent's case Mr. Cortissoz's words will still carry authority. "Measured in terms of pure painting John Sargent was one of the giants, a figure in modern art comparable only to the great leaders in the heroic periods." This supremacy has been frequently accorded him in recent years and his death brings forth a unanimity in such expression. "He was the sole heir of Velasquez," one critic has said, and the New York *Sun*, quoting this, gives an amplification:

> "No great artist, another remarked, ever held a more undisputed primacy in his own field. Titian was rivaled by Veronese, Rubens by Rembrandt, and Reynolds by Gainsborough, but Sargent in our generation has towered alone as a portrait painter. The National Gallery of London, which seldom accepts the work of a living man, hung his pictures alongside those of Sir Joshua. In Italy and France, in Berlin and St. Petersburg, his fame was secure before he reached middle age."

To return to Mr. Cortissoz's long editorial, which is probably the most brilliant bit of writing called forth by the artist's death, we read that Sargent's career "had a kind of romantic splendor about it, for it was begun in almost dramatic brilliance, and that brilliance persisted over a long period." For—



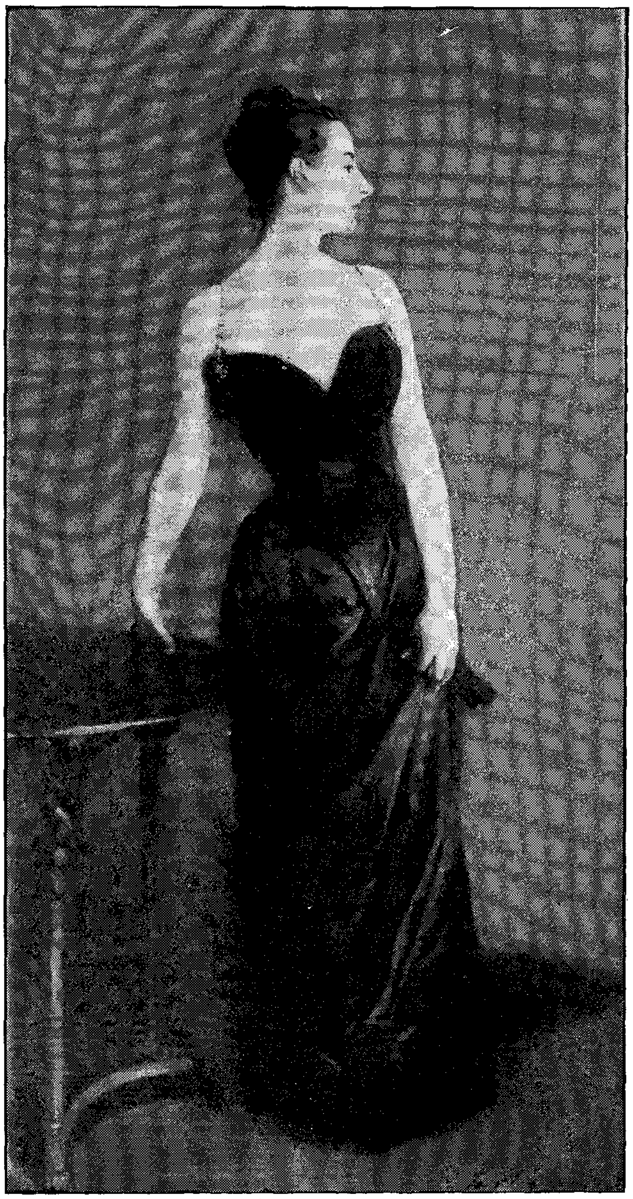
Charcoal sketch by R. M. Crosby

"ONE OF THE GIANTS, A FIGURE IN MODERN ART COMPARABLE ONLY TO THE GREAT LEADERS IN THE HEROIC PERIODS"—JOHN SINGER SARGENT

> "He started as a veritable Prince Charming, with all the favors of fortune clustering in his hands and with the ability to justify his possession of them. In all the picturesque annals of the studio there is nothing quite like it until you pause upon, say, the lives of such men as Rubens and Van Dyck.
>
> "When Sargent came as a youth to Paris, fresh from the impressions of old Italian art received in his Florentine home, he had talent enough promptly to win admission into the atelier of Carolus-Duran. He had not been there long before he showed that his talents were adequate to the eclipsing of his master. Americans may see in the Metropolitan Museum of Art that full length of the celebrated Parisian beauty, Mme. Gautreau, with which he astonished the habitués of the Salon. It proclaimed the advent of a pupil of Carolus who was also his rival, and a potent one. From that time the ball was at his feet. At a stride he achieved the supremacy in European portraiture. There were envious commentators then—and there are some to this day. They could accumulate a little evidence in his formative period. Inevitably, perhaps, he took over from Carolus a little of that fashionable craftsman's fondness for *étoffage*. The costumes and upholstery in some of the earlier Sargents are a trifle overdone. But to dwell on the circumstance is to miss the correct perspective in which to regard him. The preoccupation with *frou-frou* passed, and what remained was the easy strength of the great artist.
>
> "He was great, primarily, in his mastery over the instruments of expression. Since Hals there has been no one to beat him in technical virtuosity. He drew with great force and precision. His brushwork was of that instinctive and magical variety which we associate with men like Hals and Velasquez. In powers of design he fell short of that standard which is designated as 'the grand style.' His group portraits, like the one which came to be known as 'The Three Graces,' or that other one which he painted from the Hunter ladies, were impressive *tours de force* without quite reviving the serene perfection of his greater predecessors. But design as it could be exploited in the presentment of a single figure was emphatically his. He 'placed' the sitter with unerring tact and sometimes with an amazing felicity."

Those who sat to Sargent took risks, says the writer in *The Sun*, for "he could turn a white illumination upon the inner man which was sometimes merciless." Mr. Cortissoz, to whom we return again, takes up the same theme:

"The anecdote is familiar about the aid which a portrait by him gave to the physicians who had previously been unable to diagnose the affliction of the woman who sat to him. He, with uncanny clairvoyance, pierced to the center of the problem. Personal traits were to him very nearly as ponderable as the pigments he spread upon his palette. His portraits, when he was in the mood to make them, are merciless in their truth. He was not always in the mood, and latterly, in fact, he came fairly to hate the routine and various irritations of portraiture. To a visitor in his London studio he once declared in a half amused, half wrathful outburst, that he would paint no more portraits after he had once disposed of the half dozen he was at the moment engaged upon. 'Women don't ask you to make them beautiful,' he said, 'but you can feel them wanting you to do so all the time.' Nevertheless, he went on painting portraits, and it was lucky for mankind that he did so. It was lucky for him also, because despite other ambitions he was born to paint them."



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

MME. GAUTREAU

An early portrait by Sargent by which "he astonished the habitués of the Paris Salon." It hangs in the Metropolitan Museum.

He wanted to be a mural decorator, and "Boston is the proud possessor of many fine Sargents—the murals at the Boston Public Library, those at the Museum, the murals at the Widener Library at Cambridge, and many paintings in private collections," records *The Transcript*, but the New York writer's judgment carries here some qualification:

"The paintings in the Boston Public Library and the Art Museum of that city are there to show with what devotion he pursued this great interest in his life. They do hardly more than that. Though they contain some superb episodes they do not as a whole affirm his genius in an absolutely convincing manner. The peculiar constructive aptitude which is essential to the decorative designer working against an architectural background was for some occult reason denied him. It was as tho the fates, having been so generous to him, capriciously withheld the one gift he craved. Obstinately they threw him back upon his portraiture. But they were not altogether relentless. They gave him another string to his bow. Tho they would not let him excel as a mural decorator they richly endowed him as a painter of pictures.

"This phase of Sargent's artistic character is not widely enough realized; and it is a little odd, too, for he painted pictures far back in his career, and was always painting them. A phenomenal water-colorist, it was his habit in Italy, in the Alps, in the Holy Land, everywhere, to make innumerable travel notes. Working in oils, these were often but stepping stones to compositions of serious import. He could make a Venetian street scene or interior, a Spanish courtyard, a Florentine villa live again in glittering beauty. That was his function—to reproduce in enchanting form the picturesque charm of the visible world. He was no dreamer. It was not his wont to draw upon his imagination. But in registering the tangible fact he was magnificently proficient, adding to his record of the fact a beguiling note of style. He never in his life deliberately romanticized a theme, but he was too much of an artist ever to leave it exactly as he found it. The truth painted by Sargent was always truth raised to a higher power, made more interesting through the beauty of his art.

"For there was more to this virtuoso than the seeing eye and the accomplished hand. If he was not an imaginative man he was, on the other hand, a man of mind, an eager reader, an enthusiastic lover of music, and besides an indefatigable student of human nature. He painted the notabilities of the world, and in the process developed that intellectual insight which is the fruit of experience. He was literally a citizen of the world, an American through and through, who was, nevertheless, at home anywhere, a creature of cosmopolitan ties and initiations. When he went to work he painted with thought as well as with his diabolical dexterity, and the interest of that immense body of art which he has left behind him is not only esthetic but psychological. With all his equipment, his vivid contacts, his full and uniquely successful life, he remained shy and modest, one of the most modest men ever known. There is a pretty story of his watching one of the juniors, for whom he was invariably a helpful friend, at work upon a picture in a garden. Asked for some advice, he gave it, almost diffidently, and said in a deprecating way that he remembered once painting a garden picture of his own, speaking of it as though, of course, his interlocutor had not so much as heard of it. That was all that he could manage about the famous 'Carnation, Lily—Lily, Rose.'

"Whistler once alluded to that canvas as 'Darnation Silly, Silly Pose,' but it was a good-natured fling—and actually in Sargent's work, as in the man himself, there was never a trace of pose, of insincerity, or anything in the least meretricious. There was something very fine and manly about him, something of true greatness. It is difficult to think of the world's art without him, he has been for so long its central luminary. But there is a certain philosophy to be drawn from a time like this, so ruthless in its cutting down of men like Sargent, Metcalf and Bellows. Of them it may with sureness be said that their works do truly live after them."

A London dispatch to *The American Art News* (New York) gives a glimpse of his last days:

"Mr. Sargent's last work, upon which he had been laboring recently, and which death leaves uncompleted, is a painting of Princess Mary and her husband, Viscount Lascelles. Only Tuesday they sat two hours for him in his Tite Street studio, the exterior of which is one of the sights of the art colony in Chelsea.

"None of his contemporaries in the world of art ever was so signally honored by Great Britain's National Gallery, where his portraits of the Wertheimer family hang. They were the only paintings by a living artist in the Gallery."

WHERE LITERATURE WILL SPROUT NEXT

THE EXECRATIONS OF THE SOUTH and the laudations of Chicago were placed like a double crown on the head of Mr. H. L. Mencken not so very long ago. He seemed in the view of the crowners to earn these tributes by his persistent flagellation of the one and the literary deification of the other. Now it all turns around. "Perhaps the most significant phenomena to American literature to-day," he writes, "are the revival of the South and the passing of the Chicago school." He refrains from assuming credit for these changes, for one apparently balancing the other would bring his powers to an unflattering equilibrium. The fruits of the Southern revival, he says in the New York *World*, "are only a few books and a few *tendenz* magazines, but almost everywhere below the Potomac and Ohio there is an electrical sense of something better to come." Youth, he tells us, are "in rebellion against the stupidity and obscurantism of their elders." Chicago is quite another case, for, following the World's Fair he sees the Middle Western City "holding the leadership of the national letters for a quarter of a century." New York was left far behind and Boston was almost forgotten. This, of course, implies Mr. Mencken's standards of judgment, which have never been universally accepted. But to see what he has to say:

"At least half of the new authors of any genuine force and originality who appeared between 1895 and 1920 had some sort of relation to the Gomorrah on the lake. The beginnings of the latter-day American novel came out of it, and the first impulse toward the new poetry movement, and the earliest efforts to deliver the American drama from the Bronson Howards and Augustus Thomases. The town attracted revolutionists in all the arts and it somehow helped them to realize their dreams. Chicago was as much responsible for 'Sister Carrie' as Dreiser himself was. In the New York of 1899 the book would have been unthinkable.

"To-day, alas! Chicago produces next to nothing. The ambitious young literatus from the cow country no longer seeks its literary stockyards but goes on to New York instead or more often stays at home. Most of its old heroes, finding the old stimulation gone, have moved away—Sherwood Anderson to New Orleans, George Ade to his native village in Indiana, Dreiser to the catacombs of Manhattan. What remains is a sort of imitation Greenwich Village, peopled mainly by transparent frauds. There is vastly more literary talk than there used to be—try to imagine the Dreiser of 1900 posturing in tea-rooms!—but there is no accomplishment.

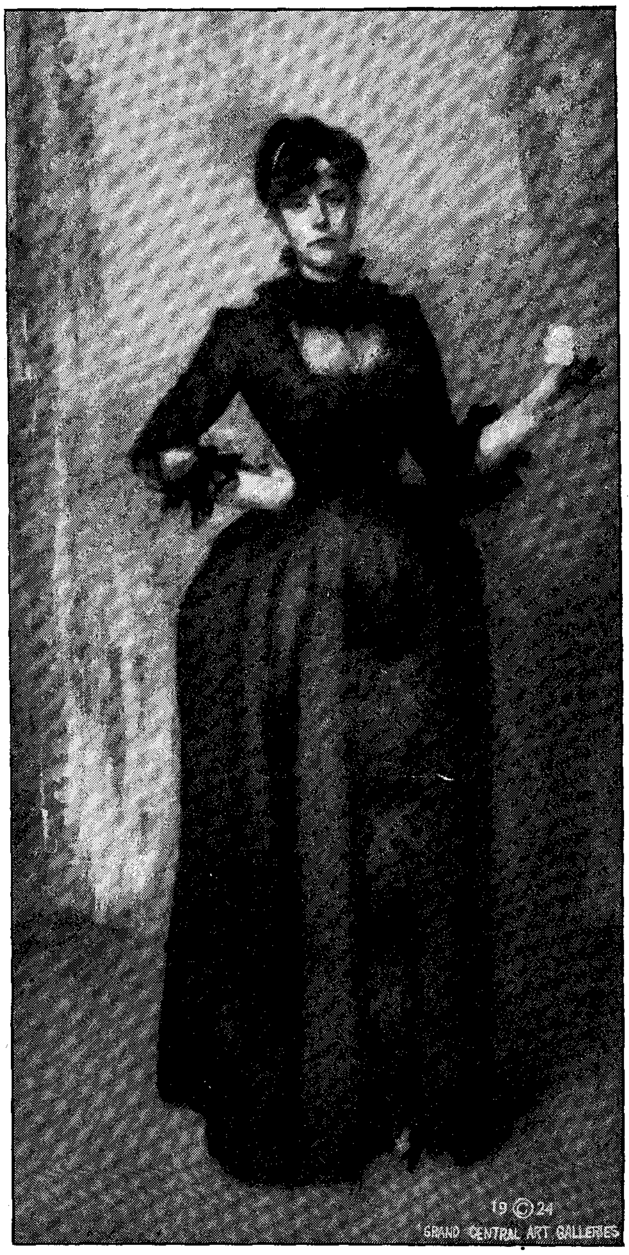
"This decay, I believe, is largely due to the fact that the Chicago dependencies during the last dozen years or so have lost their timorousness and sense of inferiority and now go it alone. In the closing years of the last century every literate youth between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, when he felt the quickening of an idea within him, almost automatically hopped the first freight for Chicago, for it was only there, in all the world he knew, that such things were esteemed. If he remained at home the chances were good that he would get into trouble. A poet, in the Iowa of that era, was scarcely more popular than a cannibal—that is, unless he wrote hymns or limericks.

"But university extension, *The Saturday Evening Post*, the movie, the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture, and other such cultural agencies have now so far changed the rustic that he no longer fears print and is even getting used to ideas. As a result, the literati of the black dirt States get police protection and stay at home.

"I point, for example, to Iowa. Twenty years ago, or even ten years ago, it was a cultural vacuum—almost another Hayti or Mississippi. But now it has in the *Midland* one of the most interesting literary magazines in America, and in Ruth Suckow it has a novelist whose first book put her into the very front rank. So with Michigan, to turn in the other direction. As recently as 1900 its horned cattle were more important than its people. But now even the University at Ann Arbor is growing civilized and such young men as Lee J. Smits are laying the foundations for a sound and vigorous native literature. Its writers as they arise will not have to go to Chicago. Detroit is ready to welcome them, and even, in time, to understand them."

Mr. Mencken sees signs of health in "this downfall of all the old literary capitals," San Francisco put in along with New York and Boston. Dogmas and coteries become broken up, and the artist consequently freed. Going on:

"Two generations ago, when the Boston Brahmins still ruled, such a poet as Robert Frost would have been sucked into their orbit automatically, and they would have converted him into a second Whittier. To-day it doesn't occur to him that he needs the Boston imprimatur. He remains a New Hampshire man—and a better poet than Boston itself has ever produced or housed.



THE LADY WITH A ROSE

Painted when Sargent was 26, from which, says one of his critics, it is easy to see, "the artist had nothing to undo."

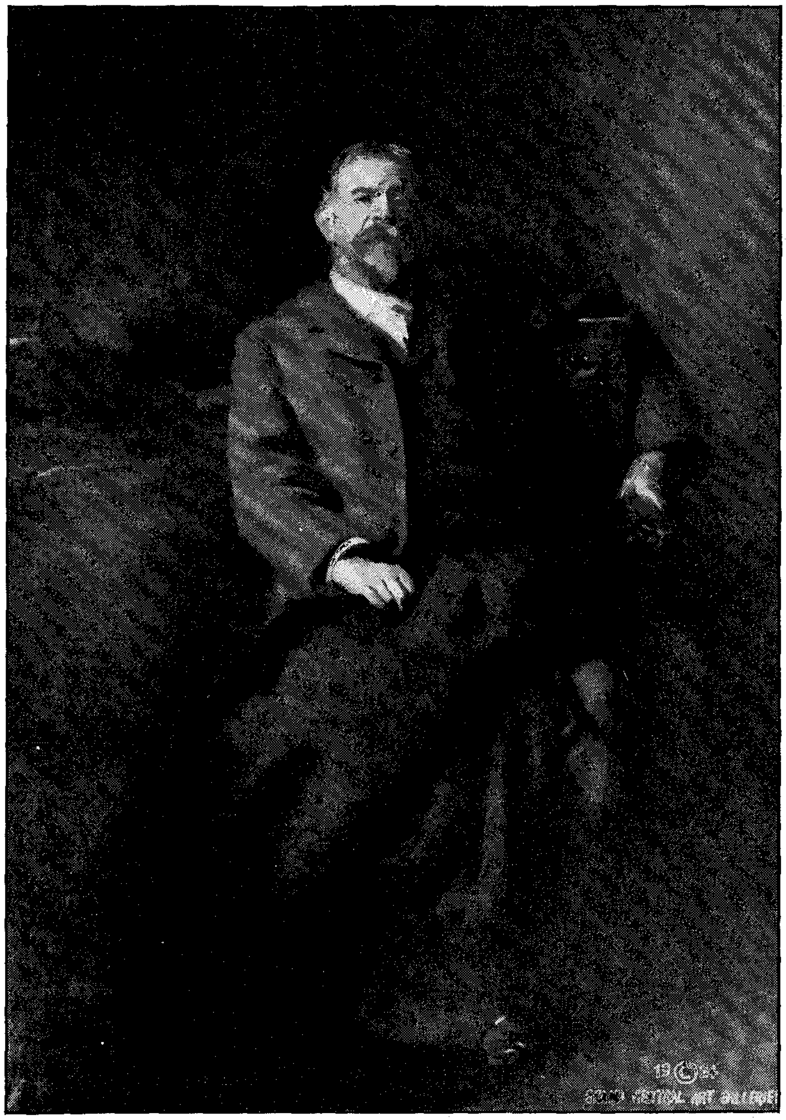
"It would seem absurd to-day if the news went out that James Branch Cabell had gone to New York to seek recognition. Cabell is a Southerner and belongs to the South, and there he remains. He would gain nothing by moving to New York, for he would find no equals there. Yet Poe moved, and so did Lanier, and so did Simms. The South in their time was still too barbarous to make a grateful setting for such men. Its talents were wasted in other directions; it had no taste for the fine arts and little respect for their practitioners. Things are far different to-day. The fact that Cabell is Richmond's first citizen is beginning to penetrate even to the Richmonders themselves."

Mr. Mencken is nothing if not prophetic, and he "guesses" that "the best writing of the next fifty years in America will come out of the Middle West with the South pushing it closely." Over other sections he sings a requiem in anticipation:

"New England is dead, intellectually and spiritually, and the romantic adventurousness which once made the Pacific Coast glow has now yielded to prayer meetings, Kiwanis, and the New Thought. New York is no place for artists; it is simply the market where they sell their goods. An artist can not live there without descending to prostitution; only publishers can meet the costs of existence. I doubt that any first-rate book has ever been written on Manhattan Island, at all events since the Mexican War. Even Herman Melville had to get out of the town to do his work.

"Life is easier in the South and Middle West. More, the writer is nearer to his materials and can investigate them with greater ease and diligence; in New York or Chicago, if he would study mankind, he has but one eye for his lens; the other must be kept on the traffic cop. Yet more, he is infinitely nearer than he could be in any metropolis to what is essentially American; he is in a better place to observe the little differences that separate the Americano from every other man. Here are the matters that properly concern an American writer. Here is the stuff that he must get into his books if he would have them read and remembered.

"Do I preach, then, patriotism in letters? I preach nothing of the sort. That folly is the monopoly of Ku Klux Kriticism. What I preach is simply the doctrine that art is at its soundest and greatest when it is most natural—that the exotic and the artificial are burdens upon it and do it heavy damage. An artist does his best work when he is most thoroughly himself; a false note gets into it the instant he tries to convince himself that he is some one else."



SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF COLONEL HIGGINSON

The subject, says Rose V. S. Berry, is "certainly typical of the American, imbued with high ideals, determination, untiring effort, and one who refuses to accept defeat."

WHERE THE LITTLE THEATERS STAND

THE LITTLE THEATER MOVEMENT in the United States has had its principal effect on the millinery side of the theater's activities. Mounting, lighting, costuming, if not on the score of lavishness, yet have made some notable revolutions in the course of the past ten years; but the acting has not kept a commensurate pace in this advance. "Metcalfe," who writes for *The Wall Street Journal* (New York), points out this state of affairs and shows the way to opportunities so far neglected.

"The little theaters find their patronage largely among very young people. These institutions do not represent a formal revolt against the theater as the older generation has known it, but they are supported to a considerable extent by a public of their own which never gained its ideas of writing, playing and producing in theaters which have made themselves so expensive to attend that they are killing the goose which laid their golden eggs. This new public is much less exacting than the old one. It endures amateurishness and crudeness without complaint, first because its standards of artistic finish are not high and second because of the propaganda against attaching too much importance to the mounting and acting of a play. The patrons of the little theaters are expected to approach the performances in the indulgent spirit of parents and relatives at a school exhibition. Cheapness of production is an essential and this is good in one way, because it is setting imaginations to work to create their own illusions.

"The little theaters in New York have managed in one way or another to get considerable money out of the public, and this prosperity is showing itself in some improvement, in housing and staging. One of the money lures has been the production of some plays with a dirty appeal, the theory being that in 'experimental' theaters things might be done without attracting the glare of publicity and consequent interference. In spite of the ridiculous failure of the authorities to clean up the New York stage, closer watch is being kept on the doings of the little theaters and their freedom in this particular is likely to be hampered. Nor will they be able to go to quite the extent they have in importing salacious material from the continent and in inciting their pet dramatists here to write plays of dirt and debasement. Therefore, the little theaters are coming up against the same poverty of good plays which affects their more pretentious competitors."

The field of revival is one recently preempted by the little theaters that flourish south of Fourteenth Street, and this is shown to be productive of various reactions:

"Following the example of the Cherry Lane Players, the Provincetown organization has gone back to William Congreve for an attraction. Educationally, this is not a bad thing. If those who have seen 'The Way of the World' and 'Love for Love' are honest, they will have to admit that the product of the most prominent of the Restoration comedy writers does not stand up against the work of the present day. Even the coarseness which might have been expected to have an especial charm for some theatergoers is disappointing because it is mere coarseness of speech which is far exceeded in some of the plays still permitted to run at up-town theaters. Take away the seventeenth century costuming, modify some of the speeches into their contemporary equivalents and it is entirely possible that even the horn-rimmed enthusiasts of Greenwich Village would find 'She Had to Know' a much better comedy than 'Love for Love,' and presumably much better played by Miss George and her company than Congreve ever was, even with Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle. The players in this cast of 'Love for Love' give an interesting performance, if we are not too particular and refrain from harking back to New York's old comedy revivals under Wallack and Daly."

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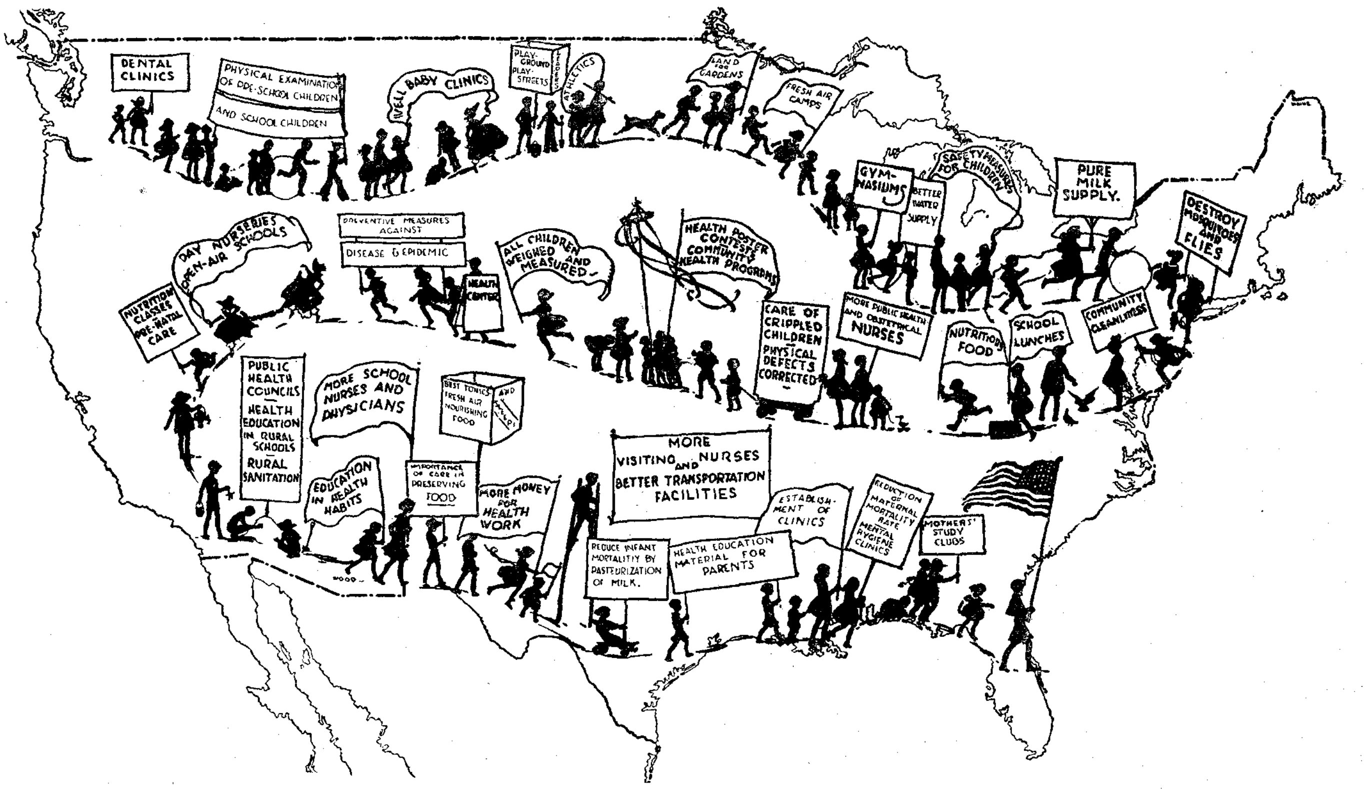
RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE


DENTAL CLINICS
PHYSICAL EXAMINATION OF PRE-SCHOOL CHILDREN
AND SCHOOL CHILDREN
WELL BABY CLINICS
PLAY-GROUND PLAY-STREETS
LEADERS
ATHLETICS
LAND FOR GARDENS
FRESH AIR CAMPS
GYM-NASIUMS
BETTER WATER SUPPLY
SAFETY MEASURES FOR CHILDREN
PURE MILK SUPPLY.
DESTROY MOSQUITOES AND FLIES
DAY NURSERIES OPEN-AIR SCHOOLS
NUTRITION CLASSES PRE-NATAL CARE
PREVENTIVE MEASURES AGAINST
DISEASE & EPIDEMIC
HEALTH CENTER
ALL CHILDREN WEIGHED AND MEASURED
HEALTH POSTER CONTESTS COMMUNITY HEALTH PROGRAMS
CARE OF CRIPPLED CHILDREN
PHYSICAL DEFECTS CORRECTED
MORE PUBLIC HEALTH AND OBSTETRICAL NURSES
NUTRITION FOOD
SCHOOL LUNCHES
COMMUNITY CLEANLINESS
PUBLIC HEALTH COUNCILS
HEALTH EDUCATION IN RURAL SCHOOLS
RURAL SANITATION
MORE SCHOOL NURSES AND PHYSICIANS
BEST TONICS FRESH AIR NOURISHING FOOD
AND SLEEP!
MORE VISITING AND NURSES
BETTER TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES
EDUCATION IN HEALTH HABITS
IMPORTANCE OF CARE IN PRESERVING FOOD
MORE MONEY FOR HEALTH WORK
REDUCE INFANT MORTALITY BY PASTEURIZATION OF MILK.
HEALTH EDUCATION MATERIAL FOR PARENTS
ESTABLISH-MENT OF CLINICS
REDUCTION OF MATERNAL MORTALITY RATE
MENTAL HYGIENE CLINICS
MOTHERS' STUDY CLUBS

By courtesy of the American Child Health Associatio

A PARADE SHOWING THE NEEDS OF OUR GREATEST ASSET—35,000,000 CHILDREN

Out of 2,000,000 babies born last year, it is estimated that 190,000 died from preventable causes, and we are told that hordes of others are doomed to suffering because of our heedlessness. New Zealand loses only one in twenty children during their first year.

A MOBILIZATION FOR CHILD HEALTH

THE MOST IMPORTANT HAPPENING in the United States last year was the birth of 2,000,000 children. The saddest fact was that too many of them died, or, because of malnutrition or some other preventable cause, entered upon their second year defective. It is to obviate these grim consequences of our national heedlessness that May Day this year, as it was last year for the first time, is observed as a child's health day, when the nation is asked to take stock of its most precious asset—its 35,000,000 children. In the concrete terms of Secretary of Commerce Hoover, appearing in a bulletin issued through the American Child Health Association, the observance is to lay stress on the child's bill of rights—"that there should be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions, that does not live in hygienic surroundings, that ever suffers from undernutrition, that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection, that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health."

May Day, then, becomes something more than a dance around a May-pole. The Child Health Association announces that twenty national organizations, with an aggregate membership of 10,000,000, are joining in the observance. Local programs to concentrate attention on child health have been arranged in thirty States. Our own cover, symbolical of healthy, innocent youth, is selected for its appropriateness to the occasion. It would hardly seem necessary to require a national movement to maintain interest in the paramount duty of conserving the health of the nation's children, but, according to a bulletin of the Association, in the thirty States within the Registration area—eighteen do not yet register their births—one child in every thirteen born dies during its first year. If the same ratio applies to the States which do not register, we are told that there is a total loss of 190,000 children a year. We are behind five nations in caring for our children. New Zealand, which keeps books on its children and regards them as its greatest asset, loses only one in twenty children during their first year. But there are other things almost as bad as death. There are children, the bulletin tells us, unfitted or not half fitted for life. Hordes of them are handicapped physically or mentally just enough to be drawn into the ranks of those who may labor long but receive little happiness or substance. Studies made in many communities indicate that millions of American school children suffer from malnutrition or physical defects, most of which can be prevented and many corrected. They range from 75 per cent. with dental defects to one-half of 1 per cent. with organic heart trouble, in between coming those with tuberculosis, defect of vision and other physical faults. Among mothers there is a terrible mortality. According to the United States Census Bureau, 17,800 mothers in the United States died in 1919. In 1920 the rate rose to eight per 1,000, while Italy, crowded as that country is, had a rate of only five lost mothers per 1,000. In an article in *McClure's Magazine* stressing the need for the conservation of child health, Secretary Hoover says, in part:

> "Figures of infant mortality have a rather sinister place in the picture of American child health. The World War killed—in action or as a result of wounds received in action—ten out of every thousand men in the American Army. But those whose

business is statistics point out that even No Man's Land in war was apparently safer than the cradle in peace, for out of every thousand babies born in the United States to-day, 77 die during the first year.

"We want to make May Day a national mobilization day for forces of child health. We want to enlist in that mobilization the Governors and State health authorities, men's and women's clubs, parents and teachers, chambers of commerce and labor unions, industries and theaters, churches and newspapers."

It was just a little more than a year ago that the idea of a national Child Health Day came to Mrs. Oren Root, of New York, and in six weeks, we are told, the work was done that launched the day into the calendar. According to press reports, she has interested the whole nation in her idea. President Coolidge endorses it, and such organizations as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Congress of Mothers and Teachers, the American Red Cross, the National Tuberculosis Association, the American Legion, the Retail Grocers' Association, the Laundrymen's Association, the American Institute of Baking, the Milk Producers' Association, and others are giving the program their assistance. In a bulletin issued by the Child Health Association, which is quoted in the press, Mrs. Root announces:

"On May Day we ask for a mobilization of all our forces, for our own children. Not that they may be saved from hunger but that they may be made impregnable to unnecessary disease and so safeguarded that they start life at the high level of health.

"From 1914 to 1924 great progress has been made in reducing the physical handicaps and the disease hazards of children, in establishing through an infinite number of channels—the schools, health centers, playgrounds—the hope of positive health. Science has made brilliant discoveries which sweep back the enemies to life. The proof of the progress is clear in the saving of the lives of approximately 23 more babies under one year out of every thousand born in 1924 over those saved in 1914. In twenty years our infant mortality has been reduced by half.

"A flame of hope has been flashed across the horizon of the oncoming generation. But what has been accomplished has been in irregular areas, results have been unequally distributed, science has been unable to make its discoveries generally available. We have, in short, had an aristocracy of health for children. In May Day we ask that the facts of this inequality be measured, be thrown upon the screen of our national consciousness—that we may enter upon a democracy of health in which each child, no matter where born or how, may have a sound start in life and adequate protection through the years of growth."

OUR COVER—It is quite in the spirit of the Italian painters of the best periods of the Renaissance that the artist of our cover—selected for its appropriateness to Child Health Day—presents his subject under the title of "The Virgin." Here are three figures, the central one representing a religious theme. They are recognizably types of to-day just as the Italians chose their contemporaries to express a religious concept that has had a significance since Christian history began. Without the title one might say the three figures represented the spiritualized essence of modern American life. Innocence is bearing itself in a world of fresh air and free fields, uncontaminated by sin and sordidness and the unnecessary sorrows to which, unfortunately, so many of our children fall heir and which May Day is intended to obviate. Their eyes look out at you with the frank, untroubled confidingness of youth, health and inexperience. The original of this picture hangs in the Frear Gallery at Washington and ranks as one of the masterpieces of Abbott Henderson Thayer, who was born on August 12, 1849, and died in Dublin, New Hampshire, May 29, 1921. Having secured his training in the atelier of Gérome in Paris, his tendency drifted naturally to figure painting and the theme which appealed to him the most was the ideal young female figure. Of this genre are "The Young Woman" in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, "Caritas" in the Boston Museum, and "Winged Figure" in the Albright Gallery of Buffalo.

METHODIST REUNION DOUBTFUL

REUNION OF THE TWO GREAT BRANCHES of Methodism in the United States seems to be in grave doubt because of Southern mistrust of some of the features of the plan of reunion, which one Southern Bishop is reported to have said "has not a ghost of a chance." As the Baltimore Annual Conference goes, it was said, so will go the South. The Baltimore Conference voted against reunion by 141 to 137, which does not tell all the story, since a three-fourths vote is required for adoption of the plan. The Cuban Conference, on the other hand, voted unanimously in favor of reunion. The other Southern Conferences will not meet until later in the summer. Among the Conferences of the Northern church, about twenty-five of which have already acted, the vote is about ten to one in favor of reunion.

Opposition in the South to reunion seems to be based on a combination of psychological causes—which are not easily understood by those not of Southern tradition—and purely technical objections to the proposed plan of unification. To the Baltimore *Sun* "it seems evident that it is not reunion to which the Baltimore Conference objected so much as to some details in the plan which had been formulated. Questions of jurisdiction create obstacles in the minds of some of the dissenters, not any lack of desire for cooperation and harmony." To the lay mind, says *The Sun*, the situation "suggests something like what is called local self-government and States' rights in the political realms." Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell, of the Northern Church, who notes that there is a spirited and, in some sections, an intense, if not bitter, controversy among Southern Methodists over the plan of unification, observes, however, that there are two consciences—one Southern and the other Northern—"which differ fundamentally on important issues between the sections." Among the technical objections to the plan of unification he lists in *The Western Christian Advocate* (Methodist) is the fear that the Northern church will extend its influence into the South to the detriment of the Southern Church. It is also complained that there is no provision to prevent "unholy rivalry" between the two Methodisms, that the plan legalizes the continuance of overlapping and competition, and that "these interpenetrating jurisdictions among the white people of the South would negative anything worthy to be called union." Other causes said to be operating against reunion are that the plan admits negroes into the College of Bishops, General Conference on administrative boards, as representatives of the 350,000 negro members in the Methodist Church, North; the fear that church property will be delivered over to a new denomination, and objection to the great authority vested in the Judicial Council, from whose decisions there is no appeal and for the removal of whose members there is no provision. And lastly, Bishop Hartzell writes:

"It should be remembered that American political policies as related to the Negro have been and continue among the deciding factors in Methodist unification. In the Southern States one Methodism is Democratic and the other is Republican; and when Bishop James Cannon said with emphasis, when addressing the General Conference at Springfield in May, 1924, 'I am a Southern Methodist; I am a Southern Democrat,' those who have really studied Southern sentiment with an appreciation of its candor, know that those words have a far-reaching significance. Southern Methodism, as is true of all Protestant churches in the Southern States, was loyal to every national and State policy which sanctioned Negro slavery as a divine industrial and racial institution, approved by the Word of God, and involving no moral obligation from the church, except Christian missions among slaves, so they might be satisfied and given spiritual comfort in their allotted place. On no other terms would such work among slaves have been tolerated. Since emancipation, the Southern interpretation of 'white supremacy' continues, and is defended, and so far has been the chief factor in defeating all efforts to organically unite Protestant churches in the United States having constituencies north and south. This is true of the Baptists, which rank with Methodism in numbers and national strength north and south. So with the Presbyterians. The two great bodies tried for years to unite and failed, as did the two smaller Presbyterian churches. The settled policy now of all these churches is mutual recognition and fraternal adjustments where the work of either two blend in any territory. Should not that be the policy of the two great Methodisms? The continuation of agitation and the perpetuation of commissions on unification, quadrennium after quadrennium, has proven expensive in every way and has failed. Here is a suggestion from a Southern Methodist layman, published in the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, who opposes any plan for unification now. He says, 'Both churches—North and South—need to put on a thorough housecleaning and genuine Holy Ghost revival of religion.'"

There is so much opposition in the South, says the El Paso *Times*, as to make success of the reunion plan now improbable. In the Southwest, where Southern and Northern Methodist churches have existed side by side for more than a generation, old sectional questions, we are told, are largely submerged in neighborliness and the members of the two communions are anxious to unite.

"But in the old South, where there are virtually no Northern Methodist congregations outside a few of the largest and newest industrial cities, obstacles of opinion and sentiment still remain. Doubts have not been fully cleared up about the position of the negro in the church organization. The natural conservatism of a smaller body contemplating fusion with a larger one troubles the Southern sense of expediency in some quarters.

"In the long run, it seems probable that the churches will decide, in cordial and mutual friendliness, that they are a little too different in non-doctrinal but important viewpoints to become one. There is no great harm in this, altho the reunion suggestion, even if now defeated, is fairly certain to arise again. Tho not formally united in an administrative sense, the two church bodies can nevertheless join, as they have done already on certain occasions, in numerous mutual aims and enterprises.

"Meanwhile they can preserve that difference in tone and opinion, in religious individuality as it were, which may prove more precious in our over-standardized American life to-day than would be more standardization through closer organization."

No matter what happens to this or that effort toward unification, the Macon *Telegraph* thinks enough unity of spirit and purpose will bring, sooner or later, unity of understanding and action. *The Telegraph* would rejoice at such a happy outcome, "but does not want to see brethren liking each other less because they are not agreed as to this or that step to the high goal."

"The Southern Methodists would not want an advantage against their Northern brethren; neither would the Northern Methodists want anything but the best interests of their Southern brethren. If the two bodies were together each side would seek each other's welfare as well as common welfare. Any other course would be unworthy and suicidal. Even Northern Democrats do not force objectionable race views and prejudices against Southern Democrats. Northern Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians should be counted on to measure up even better than secular politicians."

WE MOTHERS KNOW

By John Drinkwater

"PEACE," they have said.
Though the sad profit of our pain
We grieve till time is gone,
We shall not learn to build again
The bricks of Babylon—
Our sons are dead.

Stilled are the guns
Good-will, they say, shall heal, shall bless
The lands now, year by year,
But though the merciful possess
The earth, they shall not hear
Our little sons.

They were our friends;
Our thought, our breath, our blood we gave
To make them so;
They bought us peace, and in the grave
Is all the peace they know,
To make amends.

Leaders and lords,
Who in your pride decree that thus
Or thus shall scores be paid,
An age is building when with us
Your reckoning shall be made,
Who have no swords.

We mothers know;
By the world's hearths we sit and dream;
Again we watch them die;
They willed the peace that you blaspheme,
And, though you still deny,
It shall be so.

—*The Graphic* (London)

THE WORLD'S YOUTH QUESTING FOR GOD

CONTACT WITH STUDENTS OF FIFTY NATIONS, which he has recently toured, convinces Dr. John R. Mott, General Secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., that youth is testing the Gospel and turning from religious indifference to a study of the realities of religion. In the welter of new ideas on the campuses of the world he finds dissatisfaction and questioning as to the verity and efficacy of the Christian religion, but he accepts this as a challenge to Christianity and is refreshingly optimistic as to the outcome. In an address in the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, published in the New York *World*, Dr. Mott describes the colleges as "the great battleground in which ideas are being examined." What we would put into the life of the nation, he says, we must first put into the schools —"and this student world has by no means been brought under the sway of Jesus Christ." Rather, he goes on,

"The present generation of the undergraduates of the world do not yet adequately acknowledge his sway. It is keenly dissatisfied with the past in the life of mankind, and I fancy we agree with them. It is very much dissatisfied with the present, and again may we not place ourselves by their sides? They are also very critical—but is that not a much more hopeful sign than the older inertia and indifference and unresponsiveness of not many years back? They are examining all sources of authority.

"Are not these needed processes? They are asking questions that may lead into the greatest realities provided they have a sufficient number of wise guides and teachers. They hate sham and hypocrisy.

"All this affords the opportunity of the ages for the Christian religion to furnish a clear, a convincing and a satisfying apologetic. It is stimulating, as no other influence working among men today is stimulating, a study of the person and the teachings and the program of Christ.

"May we not thank God that we have a Gospel that will satisfy the penetrating passions that come forth from these multitudes of studying youth across the breadth of the world?

"We are on the threshold of the greatest war the world has ever known—a war against ignorance and poverty and disease and sin, against bitterness and hatred and strife. It calls for the highest order of heroism and self-sacrificing devotion. Therefore it is a matter of great significance that we have a generation filled with the spirit of adventure, standing ready to pay great prices; and the church can not afford not to have surging through her veins increasing streams of this tide of youth."

America's duty towards the 14,000 foreign students here is outlined in a report of the Commission on Survey of Foreign Students. In the New York *Times* we read that among these young foreigners there is a tendency to criticize American Christianity because it does not conform to the Christianity of the missionaries. "Much of this criticism," says the report, "is unquestionably sincere. Some of it comes from intolerance and from lack of energy in appropriating what is offered."

CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

STILL another new poetry magazine, *The Gypsy* (Norwood, Ohio), starts off with a high note from James Stephens. It is one of two poems "from a privately printed brochure, 'Little Things,' just issued by the Cincinnati bibliophile D. T. H. Howe."

LESBIA

By James Stephens

If she be fair
 Give her my love and duty:
If she be truly fair
 Give her my love.

Sweet and delicate and rare,
At the end of a wind-blown, fragrant bough
The apple swings:
If I,
Who fly no more,
Had wings;
Or if my wizardry knew how,
I'd wing
To where that sweetness swings
 At the end of the bough.

The quick breathing of the startled faithless one is in the lines of this poem from *The Nation and the Athenæum* and over it all seems to hover the genius of Robert Browning.

THE ANNIVERSARY

By Wilfrid Gibson

The clicking of the latch,
Then the scratch
Of a match
In the darkness and a sudden burst of flame—
And I saw you standing there
All astare
In the flare;
And I stepped to meet you, crying on your name.

But the match went out, alack!
And the black
Night came back
To my heart as I recalled with sudden fear
How upon your dying bed
You had said
That the dead
Return to haunt the faithless once a year.

In *The Century* is this skilful commingling of the story and the application, the outer and the inner truth:

FEUD

By Lew Sarett

Poor wayworn creature! Oh, sorely harried deer,
 What drove you, quivering like a poplar-blade,
To refuge with my herd? What holds you here
 Within my meadow, broken and afraid?

Tilting your nose to tainted air, you thrill
 And freeze to wailing wolves! Fear you the sound
Of the coyotes eager for a tender kill?
 Or yet the baying of the hunter's hound?

Let fall your anguish, harried one, and rest;
 Bed yourself down among your kin, my cattle;
Sleep unperturbed. No spoiler shall molest
 You here this night, for I shall wage your battle.

There was a day when coyotes in a pack,
 Wolves of another hue, another breed,
With Christ upon their lips, set out to track
 Me down and drop me, for my blood, my creed.

Oh, hunted creature, once I knew the thud
 Of padded feet that put you into flight,
The bugle-cry, suffused with lust for blood,
 That trembled in the brazen bell of night.

I knew your frenzied rocky run, the burst
 Of lungs, the rivers of fire in every vein;
I knew your foaming lip, your boundless thirst,
 The rain of molten-hammering in your brain.

Abide with me, then, against the wolves' return,
 For I shall carry on the feud for you;
And it shall be, to me, of small concern
 If the wolf-hearts walk on four soft feet or two.

Oh, let them come! And I shall burn their flanks
 With a blast of hell to end their revelry,
And whistle molten silver through their ranks,
 Laughing—one round for you, and one for me.

Voices (New York) celebrates a "Joseph Auslander number," and as he has appeared so often on this page it seems only fitting to join with a supplement. We find him musing among his favorite classical fields:

EURYDICE

By Joseph Auslander

Come, let us leave this place that shall hereafter
Bear a grim fruit, a dwarfed and acrid growth,
Where all night long a crazy cackling laughter
Shall hunt us both.

I beg you, snap the silly reed, the singing
Cover with decent clay; and love's eyes grown
Glassy shut with the final pennies, flinging
Death his bone.

What is there left that presses you to linger,
Look back, step trembling forward—and look back?
There was a singer once—there was a singer
In a hell as black.

There was a singer once . . . O frightened eyes,
Poor agitated hands, why must we be
A sagging lute, a sick and slowly wise
Eurydice!

The hurt that the war laid on some poets' souls resulted in bitterness. This one is, one hopes, overcoming and lighting on calmer, if gray, days. The *New Republic* (New York) prints this:

POETRY

By Siegfried Sassoon

An image-dance of change
Throngs my dim-sighted flesh.
To Music's air-built mesh
Move thoughts forever strange.

I am so woven of sense
And subtlety uncharted
That I must vanish hence
Blind-souled and twilight-hearted,
When death the hooded lover
Visits my house of clay
And life-lit eyes discover

That in the warbling grey
I have been early waking,
And while the morn was breaking
Have stolen afield to find
That secrecy which lies
Beyond the streams and skies
And cities of the mind.

Till then only I strive
That, living, I may not lose
The wonder of being alive,
Nor Time's least gift refuse.
And, though the end be night,
This wonder and this white
Astonishment of sight,
Make hours of magic shine
And heaven's a blaze and bloom
Of transience and divine
Inheritance of doom.

Perhaps to clean up dubious reputations or to indict mirth makers of to-day—we take it as the latter in these lines in the *English Review* (London).

TO THE MAKERS OF LAUGHTER

By F. W. Harvey

Though life with sorrow's woven,
And Hope be liar proven,
Yet Laughter shall remain
And, deeper than man's reason,
Acquit the earth of treason;
The heavens of disdain.

A toast to you, old Francis
Rabelais, whose spirit dances
Like light upon the wave
Of trouble tumbling round me,
For surely had it drowned me
But for your jesting brave.

Dan Chaucer, hail! Your dirt is
Than our soap cleaner. Surtees,
Your clumsy English jig
Is lighter than our dancing,
And merrier. Set them prancing—
John Jorrocks, Huntsman Pigg!

You sit there broadly grinning,
And often maybe sinning;
Yet kings o'er all the rest
Whose solemn looks of yearning
Disgust the saints; whose learning
Is lighter than a jest.

All praise, high-hearted shakers
Of hell! Good laughter makers,
Earth's salt you are, and were!
Who seeing clear life's sorrow
Yet mock it down, and borrow
Strong courage of despair.

Since we are all becoming more or less modernists we quarrel less with subjects that purists would call unpoetic. If any baseball fans read our page they will approve this in the Wichita *Beacon:*

A BASEBALL BALLADE

By Kirke Mechem

Once more the seasonable year
 Makes green the diamond with its dews
And like a wandering voice we hear
 The gathering fans—loud sing cuckoos!
Sport columns bloom with spicy news;
 Taboo are mat and court and ring;
Sing we the pennant, faithful muse,
 We all are champions in the spring.

A crack of bat on gleaming sphere,
 A blur of sox and cleated shoes,
A speeding fielder, not too near,
 Yay! Come on home, you buckaroos!
Now even the umpire gets his dues;
 Grim death long since has lost his sting;
We've got a team that can not lose;
 We all are champions in the spring.

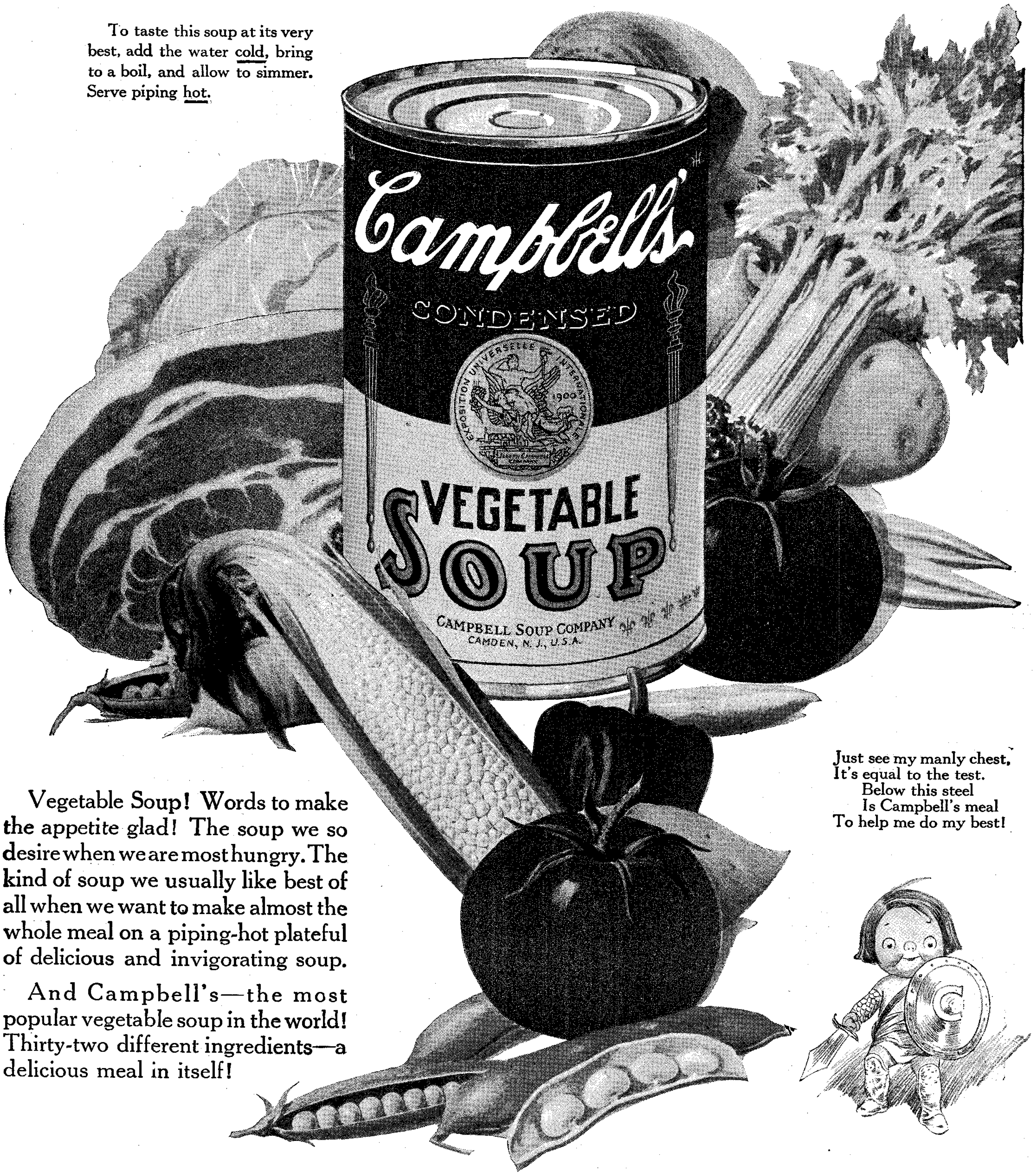
What if the dopesters are austere?
 What if we know the race subdues
Seven out of eight with pace severe?
 He still may win who still pursues.
Tho Fortune flatters him who woos,
 Her arms are thrilling while they cling;
She lingers long in her adieus;
 We all are champions in the spring.

ENVOY

Hail, happy season that renews
 Youthful delight in everything!
Laurel's a gift that's good to use,
 We all are champions in the spring.

No wonder it's so nourishing!

To taste this soup at its very best, add the water cold, bring to a boil, and allow to simmer. Serve piping hot.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LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

HOW JOHN L. LICKED JOHN BARLEYCORN

THE BIGGEST BATTLE of John L. Sullivan's career, according to his latest biographer, was the fight he waged against his passion for drink. "Steadily, as the years passed, he had guzzled more deeply, more frequently, and more enthusiastically," we are told, "and he gravitated more and more naturally toward saloon-keeping." Besides, he had a theory that it "was most foolish of him to pay out such enormous sums for liquor without making some money in the same way as he was squandering it." He said to himself, "Why not kill two birds with one stone: sell liquor and keep prosperously drunk on the proceeds?" In the newly published volume, "John L. Sullivan: An Intimate Narrative," Mr. R. F. Dibble remarks, "Such was the pleasant vision that beckoned, and he had followed the gleam." Continuing, Mr. Dibble says:

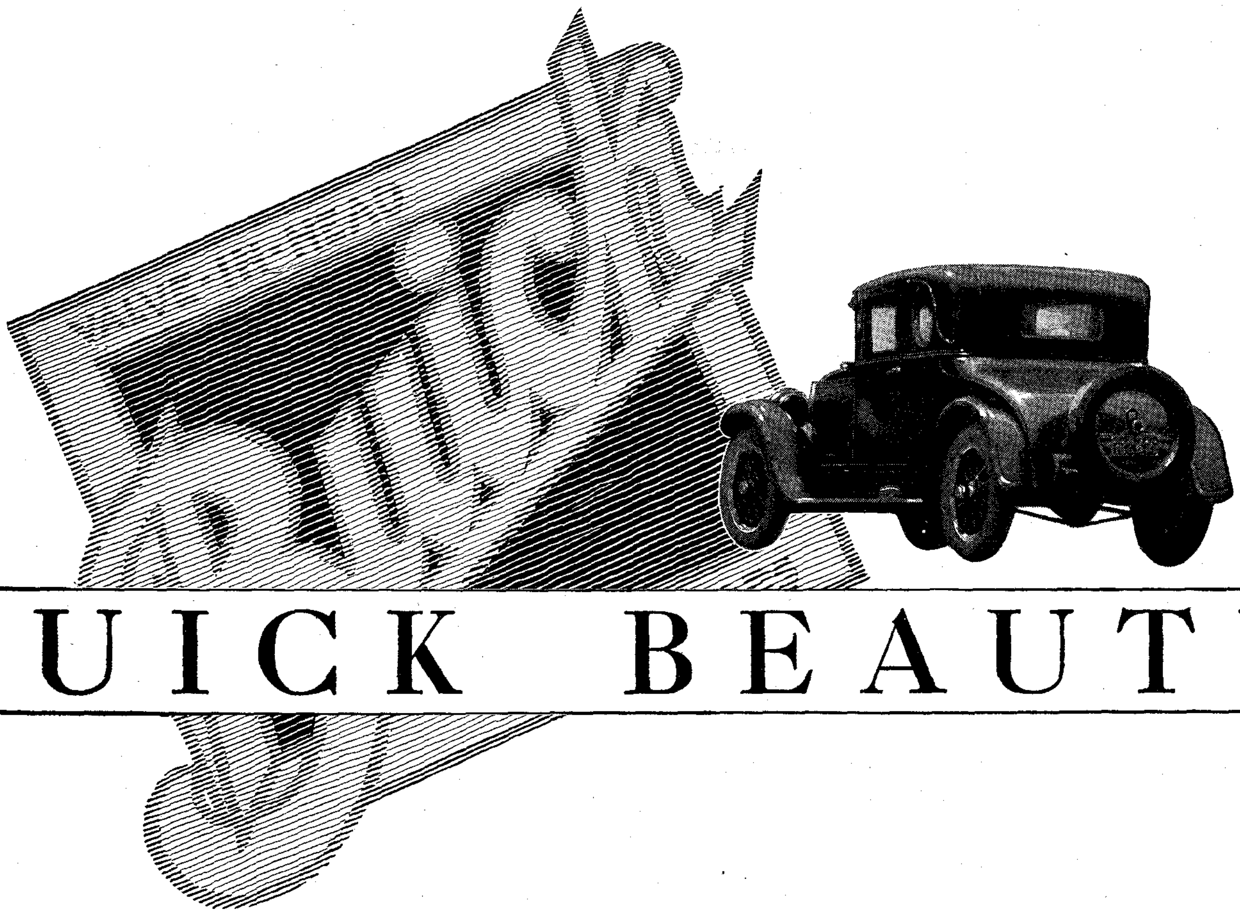
"I WAS A BOOZER

For twenty-five years," said John L., "and John Barleycorn it was who knocked me out."

> Even in his fighting days, John had owned part interest in several saloons; but, generous and easily deceived as he was, he had eventually discovered he was paying far more dividends—in the shape of the drinks he purchased—than he was receiving. Around 1895, he formed a saloon partnership in Boston with Mike Clarke. For a time all went well; then Clarke discovered that despite the patronage the business did not prosper. John's generosity and thirst led to a dissolution of partnership.
>
> When Mike (who had once been an actor) was later asked to describe what had happened, he looked rather sheepish, and vaguely replied, in his most sepulchral tone, "Let us draw a veil over what occurred." Certain eye-witnesses, however, were more loquacious, and from them we learn that a pitched battle took place, in which poor Clarke was inevitably defeated. Within twenty-four hours, the gaudy sign "Sullivan & Clarke" was mere kindling wood, and John was looking for another partner.
>
> He had, of course, but little difficulty in persuading several other victims to join with him; but, in fairly rapid succession, they all became as thoroughly disillusioned as Clarke. Besides, Sullivan had now become a relentless and ruinous toper. By 1900, or perhaps a little later—for accurate statistics concerning saloonkeepers are exceedingly hard to find—John had learned that, tho his friends were still legion, they all fled the moment he touched upon the subject of partnership in any business whatever.
>
> Meanwhile his funds were very low, and he was becoming more and more irritable. One day, so the story goes, he called upon a friend who had collected a marvelous menagerie of wild animals. The friend was slow in appearing, and John, in spite of the fact that he had just gulped down a pint of whisky, found that the time dragged most wearily. Suddenly his glance fell upon a wildcat that seemed to eye him almost as contemptuously as Charlie Mitchell had done. Stung to uncontrollable fury by that bitter memory, John leapt toward the cage, opened the door, seized the beast by the tail, yanked it out, and growled, "Come on, Charlie, you coward—London Rules and no holds barred!" "Charlie" responded with a will; but in less than a minute John's iron fingers had closed around its throat and choked its life out.
>
> On another occasion when he was, as he afterward moaned, "slopped to the ears," he essayed to criticize the fine art of painting. In 1900 an artist, known to fame as the manufacturer of a portrait of Dante's "Inferno" that hung on the wall of a New York saloon, had painted a picture of John, who agreed to pay $135 for it. But when it was finished, Sullivan swore that it did not look the least bit like him, absolutely refused to pay for it, and was therefore sued by the artist for damages. When the case came up for trial, Sullivan was called to testify, and in the course of his alcoholic remarks he spoke thus: "Say, I could paint a better picture of myself with my feet than that fellow done with his hands. I'm the one who had ought to have the damages. He put me in a dress suit with a diamond as big as a cobblestone in my shirtfront. Did you" (and he looked appealingly at the judge) "ever see a real gent drest like that? And the hands—say, look at my hands. Do them hands look like a lady's paws, or" (holding up his enormous fists) "like hams? Do *them* hands in the picture look as if they'd ever knocked out four men in one night? They look as if they belonged to a dude. The whole thing makes me tired; it's plain rotten, that's what it is. Imagine a duck painting me in a dress suit about to enter the ring, with a diamond as big as a headlight—and them awful hands! Say, that picture looks a h—l of a ——" At this point the judge ordered him to be silent, but the decision was in his favor.

All this while Sullivan was getting more and more deeply into debt, and Mr. Dibble tells us:

> A monster benefit, staged for him at about this time in Boston had been but a temporary boon, for within a few weeks all its proceeds had disappeared down his insatiable throat. In November, 1902, he was finally compelled to file a petition of bankruptcy. His liabilities, which consisted chiefly of unsecured promissory notes for an extraordinary variety of liquors, were stated to be $2,658, while his assets, mostly clothes, were sixty dollars. All his creditors chased him for several months, in the vain hope that they might retrieve something; but by February, 1903, even the most optimistic ones had succumbed to the inevitable, and the case was therefore discharged. When the court rendered this welcome decision, John gave the judge a speech of thanks which closed, as all of his formal addresses invariably did, with the valedictory, "I thank you one and all very kindly. Yours truly, John L. Sullivan."
>
> All public officials, however, were not so kind. Toward the end of 1902, he wobbled up the steps of the New York City Hall, and informed the officer at the door that he wanted to see his "personal friend and kind companion," the Mayor. The lordly sergeant, failing to recognize the distinguished caller, disdained even to reply to him and calmly blocked the entrance. Then red-eyed John became even redder-eyed, and blazed out, "What'r y' standing there for? Get out of the way! I want to see the Mayor P. D. Q." Viewing him with supreme contempt, the impassive official sneered, "You can't see him! Go home!" Sullivan then tried to lurch past his opponent, but he was immediately pushed away and backward so that he bumped and rolled down the steps. Then, partially sobered by his thumping descent, he rose painfully and, balancing himself unsteadily and blinking solemnly up at the triumphant sergeant, he forced out the hoarse query, "Say, is they a pinch coming to



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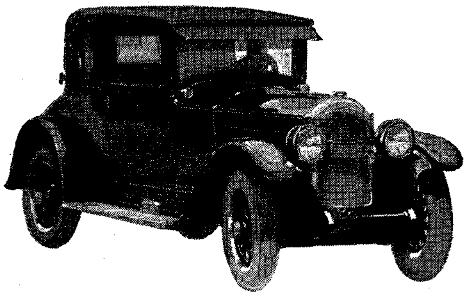

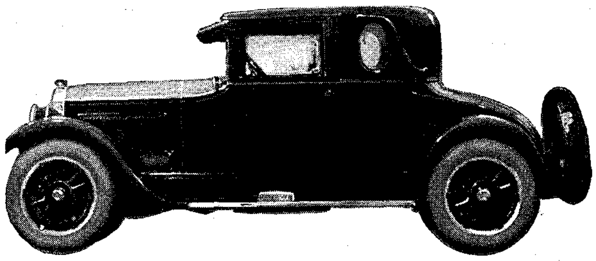

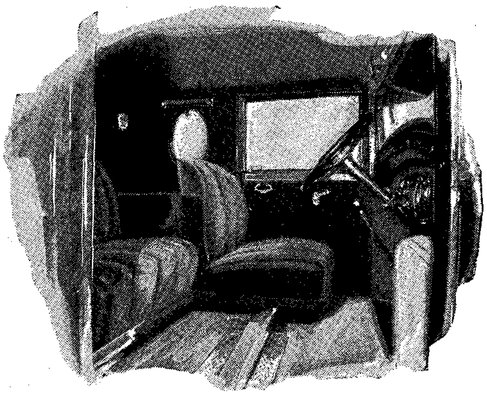

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

> me for this?" "No, not if you go away," replied the officer, whose victory had made him generous. So John staggered off, sadly muddled in mind and bruised in body, but rejoicing at his narrow escape.
>
> In Boston, a little later, he was charged with pounding a horse with his fists and kicking it three times in the under ribs. So he was haled to court, where two policemen testified that they had seen him do this dreadful deed. "Now, look here," John complained to the judge, "do you really think I'd do a thing like that in my own home town, where my friends could see me? I've got too much respect for Boston and her residents, horses and all, to rare around that way. Besides, judge, that balky nag had runned away with me and throwed me out, and if I mebbe did kick her once or so, well—I leave it to *you*, judge, hadn't she ought to of been kicked?" The stern official, however, was unable to agree with the culprit; he said that it was a clear case of wanton cruelty and imposed a fine of $100.

As Mr. Dibble goes on to relate, Sullivan was so staggered by this verdict that, "after a friend had settled for him, he immediately went out and started on a fresh escapade." The details follow:

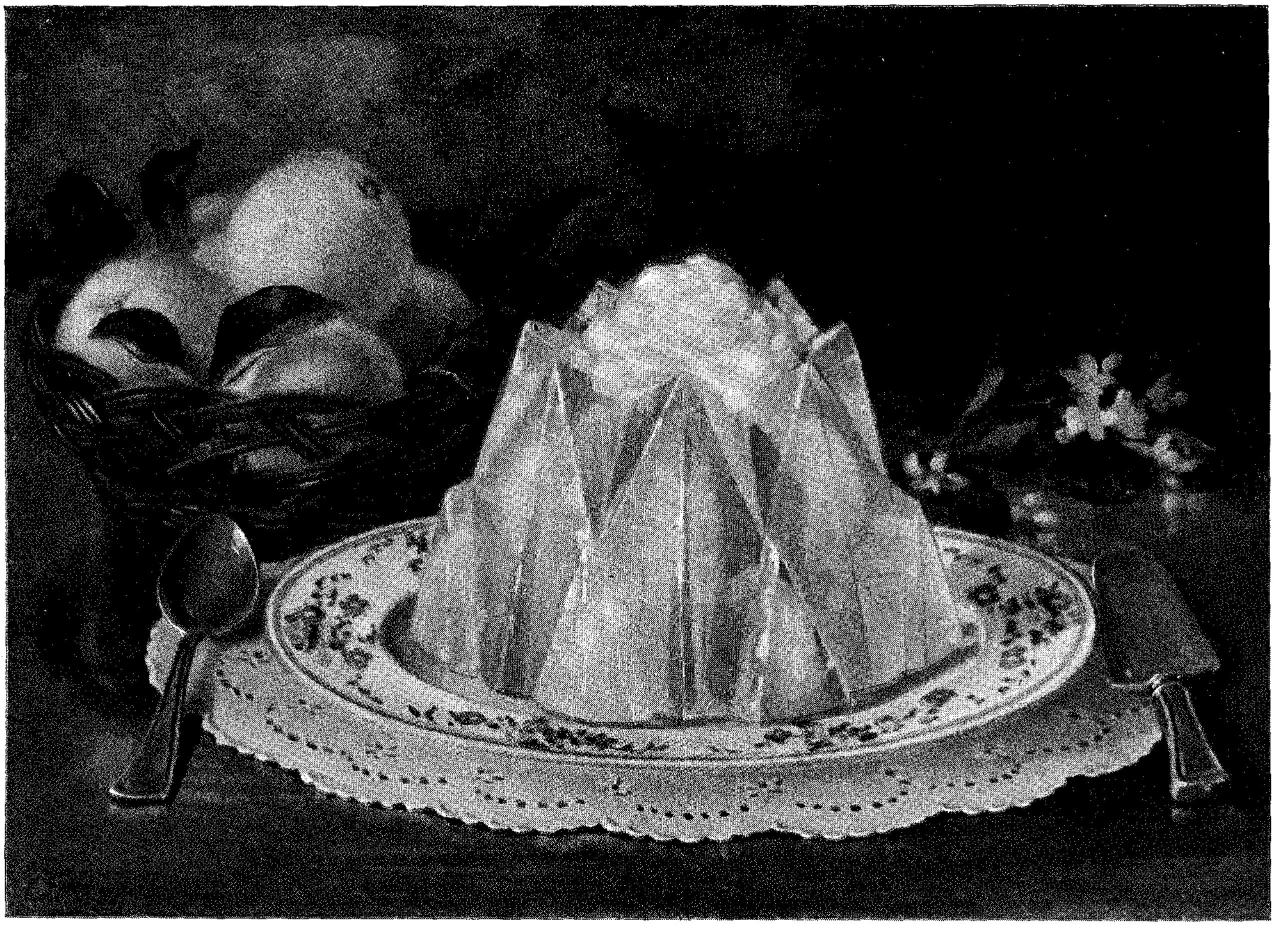
> Late in the evening he came to one of his favorite hotels, where his credit was still fairly good. "I'm the best that ever happened!" he shouted, as he whirled around in the lobby, looking for some one to take up his challenge. But nobody did so, and this changed his moderate good humor into definite irritation. For some time he gazed around, looking for some victim on whom to vent his spleen. Suddenly he took a dislike to a young man who was wearing a brown derby. Smashing his fist down on the offending hat, he yelled: "Your hat's out of style!" But this deed softened his mood, and with the remark, "Don't get mad; there, buy yourself a new hat," he handed the youth a five-dollar bill.
>
> By 1905 he had reached a point where ordinary liquors tasted like milk, and had almost as little effect on him. Nothing but whisky would do now, and several pints of it were necessary before his saturation point was reached.
>
> Finally, after a classic debauch, he awoke to the realization of his condition. "I know I don't deserve to be as well as I am," he exclaimed, "but I guess the Lord's keeping me fit as a fiddle for some reason I can't see through."
>
> He was right. An unaccountable but all-seeing Providence had doubtless foreordained the course of his life so that it should not be spent wholly in vain. He *had* been kept fit for a definite reason: the ex-champion pugilist and the champion drinker was destined to become a champion reformer with a Messianic mission—to go around and tell the story of his life as an awful example and a warning to those who were in danger of sin. John had changed in many ways, mostly for the worse, during the last twenty years, but he was soon to make the most complete change of all. He would not merely *stop* drinking—thousands of ordinary men had done that—but he would become a temperance lecturer: one of the chief pillars of the Anti-Saloon League.

According to Mr. Dibble, it was in 1905 that Sullivan reformed. He was staying at a Terre Haute hotel, "flat broke and feeling rotten," as he phrased it. The time had come, and the story of his reformation begins in his own words:

> "All I can remember of the week before I quit was that one day I went into some drug store for something. I was boiled from Monday until Saturday. I was pretty near down and out. And I was thinking. That's the kind of a time when a man will think—when he's got a head that feels like it weighed a ton, and is busted, and no one seems to care for him. A heavyweight head is the best temperance lecture in the world, only most folks won't listen to it. Then I says to myself, 'John, you're the champion d—n fool of the world; you're the original million-dollar rum-hound.'" Descending to the bar, he asked for a glass of wine, which he raised as if to drink a health to the onlookers. They stood waiting for the speech he was accustomed to deliver on such occasions—a speech that was habitually given in an ironically penitent voice: "If I ever take another drink I hope to choke, so help me God!" The words were spoken as usual, but this time their tone was entirely serious, and after he had uttered them John poured the wine into a spittoon, adding, as he did so, "I'll live to be a million years an angel before I touch another!" Everybody guffawed—what else could such low brutes have been expected to do?—but John kept his word. The stars in their courses had decreed that the day on which he made this great decision was March 4, 1905—the day that also witnessed the inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt.
>
> At first, of course, John had a very hard time. It was known that he had made plans to give a series of addresses on various topics; but lyceum agents were afraid of employing his services—they feared that they might become identified with the cause of temperance and thereby lose their jobs. But Sullivan thought that this was very silly of them. "Why, them fellows is overlooking a big bet!" he exclaimed. "They'd ought to read up their Barnum. Remember how P. T. advertised his show as the 'great moral show' and always made a play to get the preachers to attend it? Barnum knowed the game and he knowed that the churchgoing crowd was the crowd that he wasn't getting and needed for his business. He had the other crowd, anyway. Now, I don't say this because it hits me, but if these fellows knowed anything they'd make a play to get just the kind of people talks like mine would get into the theaters—I mean church folks that now stay away so much. The other gang, why, they've got 'em anyway, and *I'd* never drive 'em away—not on your life! Next to my friend T. R., I can reach more of the plain, rough-and-ready people than any other man they can put out. I talk their man's language and the young fellers, the chaps with red blood, will listen to me."
>
> In another way, too, his reform caused him much trouble. Hundreds of the cronies who had unsuccessfully tried to best him in swigging bouts, constantly put powerful temptations in his pathway; but he always conquered, for right was on his side. "No, I won't join you," he would tell the tempters. "It's nothing but cold water for yours truly after this. I'm going to be a pattern for every boy in the land. Proud mothers can safely tell their sons to follow in John L.'s footsteps. It's going to be a sad day for the Whisky Trust from now on."

Still, it was a great struggle, we are told, and the story runs on:

> "I got a stiff neck from turning my head away from saloons," he admitted. "If I entered 'em, I'd say to myself under my breath, 'I'll be d—d if I take a drink!' But I had to swear at myself a good deal before I licked the desire." Finally there came the wonderful day when he succeeded in conquering temptation without cursing himself at all; he merely turned the tables and swore at his tempters. A few months after the Terre Haute miracle, a jolly inebriate, who had often accompanied John on his wildest debauches, met him in a hotel lobby, slapped him most familiarly on the back, and proposed a joint bottle of wine. "No more of the happy suds for me"—John's voice was stern—"I've sworn off for keeps." "What's a swear-off between friends, John?" urged the enticer. "You cheap chump!" John flashed out; "You're trying to make a liar out of me! Get the h—l out of here, you ——!" And in less than ten seconds the evil counsellor was down and out. "I guess I must of hurt him some," John commented later, "for he had a pained look on his mug when he got up and limped off. I yelled after him that, if he tried to make me rush the can again, I'd throw him out of the top window."
>
> When, after a year's complete abstinence, Sullivan had demonstrated to himself and the world that he had definitely reformed, he began to fulfil the decree of destiny by going around on the lecture platform. At first, to be sure, his addresses were not concerned with any special reform movement; he merely attempted, as hundreds of newspapers sagely repeated, "to give lectures that were both instructive and entertaining." He began his platform career, logically enough, with a rambling, reminiscent speech entitled "Half Hours With Pugilists," in which flamboyant stereopticon views played an overwhelming part. This was followed by another hodge-podge of autobiography, called "This Merry Old World," which was so deficient in merriment that he was soon talking to empty houses. It thus became clear that something of a different sort was necessary, and John went into temporary retirement to meditate on the choice of a new selection.
>
> So, after a brief period of rest, he entered the employ of the Anti-Saloon League, and once more sallied forth, to wage platform battles against his own arch-enemy. In the triple character of a reformed pugilist, a reformed drunkard, and a muscular Christian—an irresistible combination—he traversed the nation from shore to shore, recounting the gaudy sins of his youth as a warning to the younger generation.
>
> The burden of his addresses was this: "I was a boozer for twenty-five years, and John Barleycorn it was who knocked me out as a fighter. The only way you can beat old John is to climb out of the ring." His peculiarly personal rendition of "Ten Nights in a Barroom" brought forth sobs of sympathetic anguish from tens of thousands; his somewhat inaccurate array of lurid facts and bristling statistics that showed the horrible strength of the hydra-headed monster, alcohol, drew resounding cheers from the same multitudes; but it was his story—his *own* story—that roused the greatest enthusiasm. That story, variously called "From Fistic Supremacy to Alcoholic Degeneracy," and "How John Lawrence Sullivan Knocked out John Barleycorn in One Glorious Round," became the chief topic of conversation



Orange Jell-O

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WE Americans have a way with desserts that is all our own. It is an Anglo-Saxon trait to eat a heavy pie or pudding that is a meal in itself after a hearty dinner; and we alone of all people discourage the flow of gastric juices by generous servings of frozen ices and creams as a last course. The ideal dessert is one that is light, not too sweet, delicate and not an added burden to digestion; a dainty, for a gracious "farewell," not a substantial course.

Dishes that have gelatine as a basis have just these characteristics. They melt in the mouth, they are chilled without being frozen, solid without being hard, and they furnish nutrition in the way of protein and sugars, supplemented by the whipped cream or fruit that is added to them. Plain or with cream, they make an ideal dessert for children, giving a sweet taste without an undue amount of sugar.

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JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert

A beautiful Jell-O Book which describes the many uses of Jell-O in desserts and salads will be mailed free on request.

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STRAWBERRY
PURE FRUIT FLAVOR

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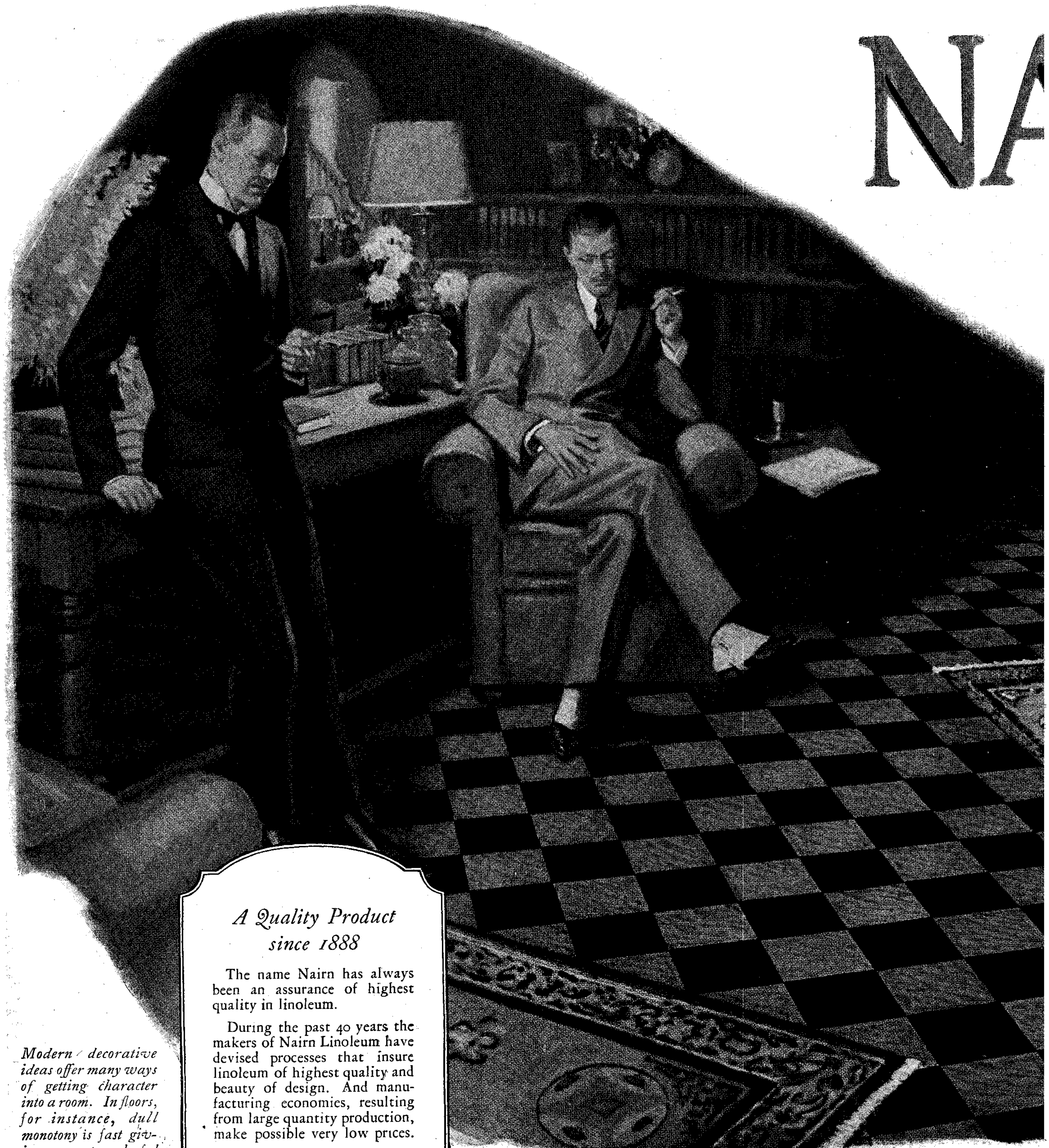


Modern decorative ideas offer many ways of getting character into a room. In floors, for instance, dull monotony is fast giving way to colorful Belflor Inlaid. This rich design is Pattern No. 2047/6.

A Quality Product since 1888

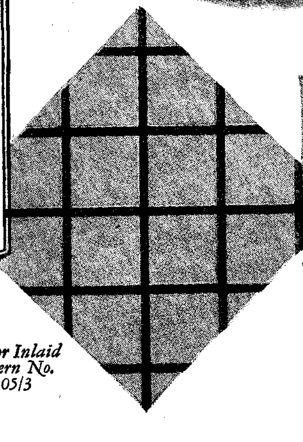
The name Nairn has always been an assurance of highest quality in linoleum.

During the past 40 years the makers of Nairn Linoleum have devised processes that insure linoleum of highest quality and beauty of design. And manufacturing economies, resulting from large quantity production, make possible very low prices.

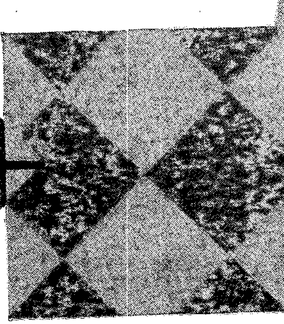
Congoleum-Nairn Inc. are the largest manufacturers of Inlaid Linoleum in the world.

In addition to the new and exclusive *Belflor* Inlaid, the company makes Straight Line and Moulded Inlaids, Battleship and Plain Linoleums, Cork Carpets, Printed Linoleums, etc.

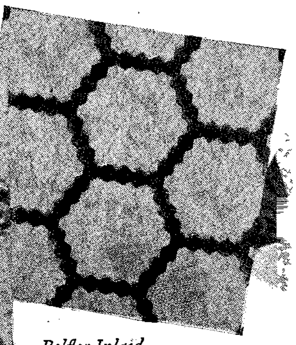
Whatever your floor problem, Nairn Linoleum will solve it.



Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 2105/3



Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 2047/5



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IRN *INLAID* LINOLEUM

"A Quality Product Since 1888"

"I thought this floor was expensive until Bess showed me the bill"

CERTAINLY nothing could be more luxurious and beautiful than this newest of Nairn floorings. Yet moderate price is one of *Belflor* Inlaid's notable features.

Enough *Belflor* Inlaid for the average size room actually costs less than a small upholstered chair. And think of the joy of having a floor whose colors harmonize with your rugs and other furnishings. *Belflor* Inlaid *decorates* a room—so different from cold, commonplace wood.

Belflor quality is of the highest. It measures up in every particular to the standards that for nearly forty years have distinguished all the other Nairn Inlaid Linoleums.

Belflor Inlaid is easy to put down and keeps its beauty for years. The colors are permanent, they go clear through to the burlap back. An occasional waxing keeps them fresh. Refinishing is unnecessary.

Let colored floors beautify *your* living-room, sun-porch, kitchen, dining-room. In *Belflor* Inlaid you'll find just the designs and color-combinations you want, and at small cost.

Ask to see *Belflor* at your Nairn dealer's. Or write us for folders showing patterns in full colors.

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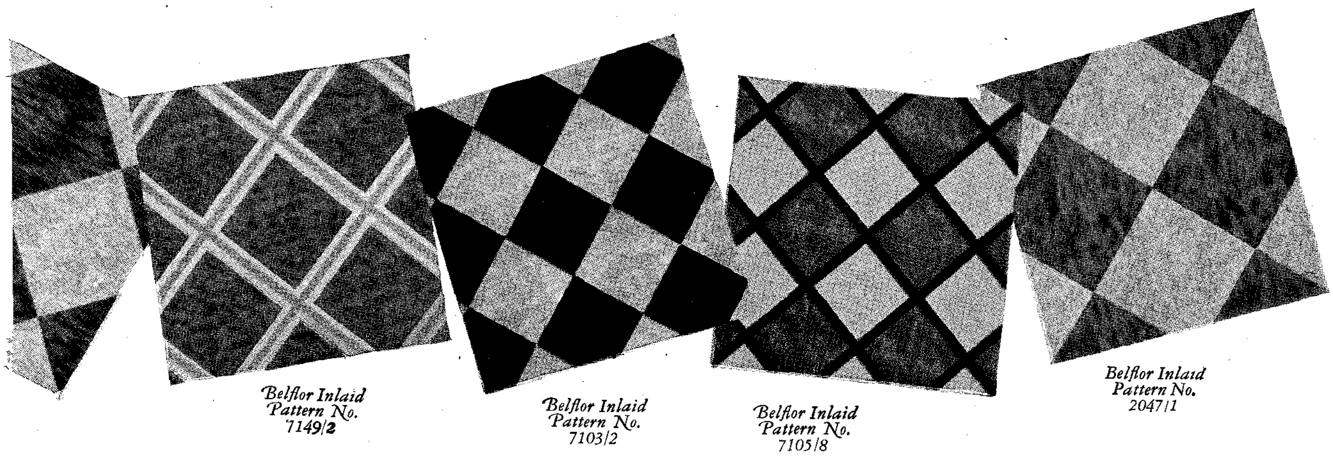


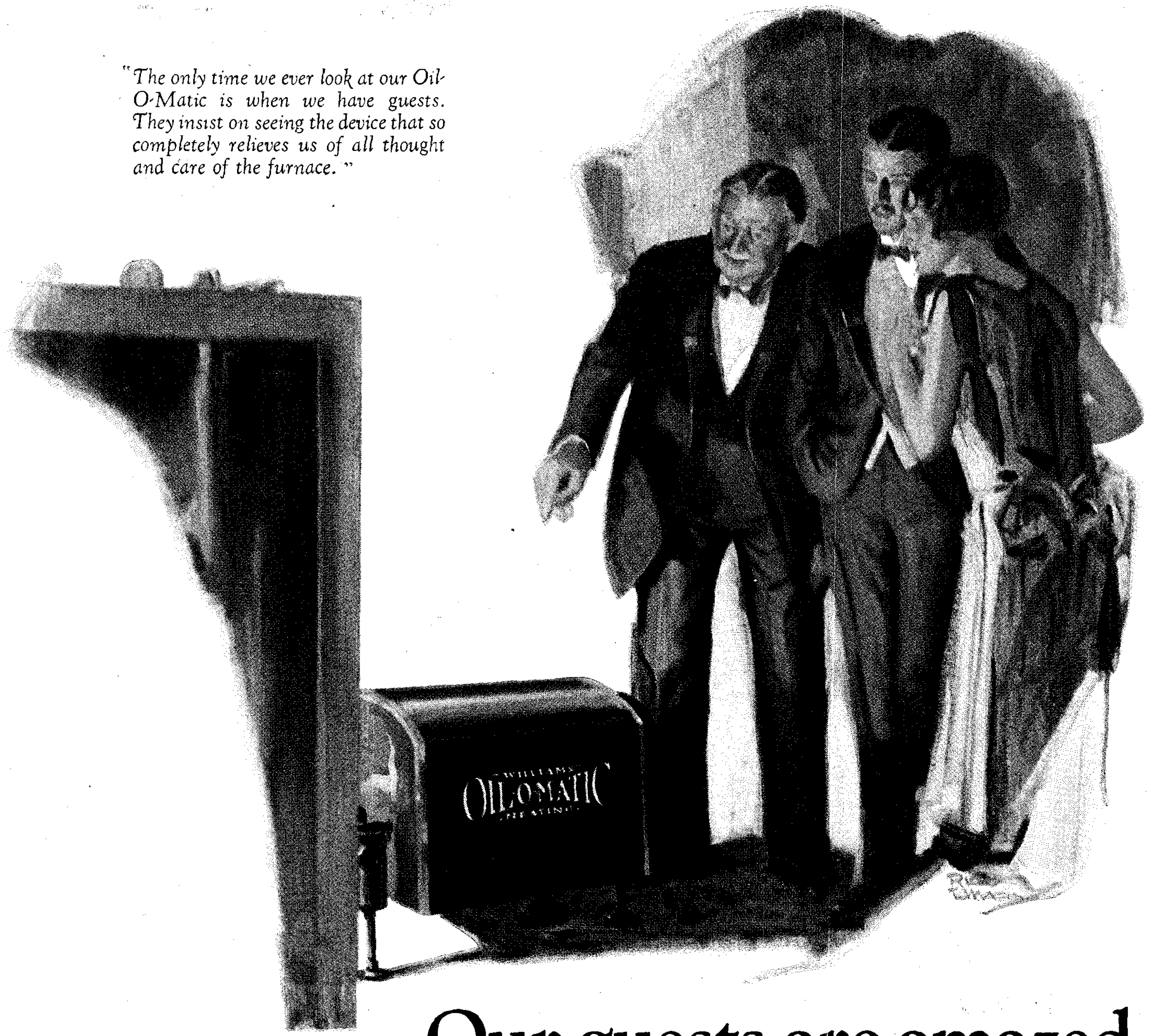
Belflor Inlaid
Pattern No.
7149/2

Belflor Inlaid
Pattern No.
7103/2

Belflor Inlaid
Pattern No.
7105/8

Belflor Inlaid
Pattern No.
2047/1

"The only time we ever look at our Oil-O-Matic is when we have guests. They insist on seeing the device that so completely relieves us of all thought and care of the furnace."



Our guests are amazed

that we never have to think of our heating plant

"There can be only one right way to heat with oil. All other ways, no matter how good, must be partly wrong. But no oil burner can ever be made to work right, if its principle is wrong."—W. W. WILLIAMS

THIS is to people who loathe coal, but continue to use it. Who want an oil burner but are slow to accept them. Particularly to those who do not realize that the oil burner problem was solved six years ago.

Everyone once thought that oil heat was an experiment. But now Oil-O-Matic has given people a new conception of oil heating

Proved for six winters

In more than 20,000 homes, Oil-O-Matic holds the same balmy temperature from fall to spring. Sudden zero blasts register no decline on their indoor thermometers. All this without their giving it a thought. Their homes, they boast, are brighter and cleaner. No odor pervades their homes. No unpleasant noise is heard.

This is what Oil-O-Matic offers you and everyone with any type of good heating plant. In any size home or building.

Six years ago our engineers found four principles that were being disregarded. These explained the difficulties others were having in trying to heat with oil. The four natural laws of oil combustion are vital to successful operation.

Then we built Oil-O-Matic. It was the first to make use of these laws. It cost us $250,000 before we installed a single one in anyone's home. But now it has proved these laws for six winters. Not one single important change has ever been necessary.

The four laws demand this

No hot plates are used because oil must be nebulized, not vaporized. No part is inside the firebox because oil must burn in suspension to avoid forming soot. There's no manual control of dampers because an exact amount of air must be supplied. We line the firebox with brick because reflected heat assures better combustion. The four laws demand this.

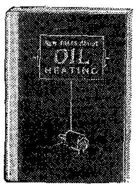
There's no continuous pilot light—it has no place on a modern oil burner. No adjustment is necessary if you change from one grade of oil to another. No worry about the oil not lighting or blowing out. Nothing but constant, automatic heat, pure and simple.

Every installation guaranteed

So Oil-O-Matic is unlike any other device that burns oil. It will interest you to see this burner that has finally solved the problem.

There is an authorized dealer near you. Let him give you a demonstration He guarantees every installation he makes.

Oil-O-Matic is sold and serviced by trained heating men in about 800 cities. Most of them are graduates of the Williams Institute of Heat Research. They have experience, facilities, organization, and financial responsibility. They are backed by the largest producer of automatic oil burners in the world.



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Our heating plant is ☐Steam ☐Hot Water ☐Hot Air

WILLIAMS
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HEATING

> among temperance circles. However, it was believed that neither of these captions sufficiently emphasized his complete conversion; so another title was invented which tersely summarized both his fall and his rise: "From Glory, to Gutter, to God." Everybody rejoiced in his pat illustrations, his homely infelicities, his ingeniously ungrammatical diatribes, and even in his frequent lapses from recognized good taste—he was just a great big diamond in the rough, and besides, he was *so* easy to understand! Ladies' Aid societies, local literary clubs, organized drives for money in various churches, and many less notorious organizations, strained every nerve to persuade John to tell them his harrowing tale. And John himself was rejoiced beyond words: his lost youth had returned; the sweet howls of the mob once more filled his capacious ears; he was still the champion of champions.

So he "waxed ever more valiant in his crusade," and Mr. Dibble gives us a sample of Sullivan's rhetoric:

> Thus cheered and lauded to the skies, he waxed ever more valiant in his crusade. "The only way to get a crowd on the water wagon so they'll take a long ride, like I'm taking," he would shout, "is by showing them how much easier it is to get along without the dark-brown taste and the morning-after head. Dozens of my friends tried to hoist me upon the front seat by force, but I always fought it. Not till I had a rep that would scare the scarecrows did I beat it for the water wagon. I've throwed three men downstairs and smashed the hats of fifteen others who tried to get me to get off, and the next one that tries it'll get a swim in his own suds."
>
> He was especially zealous in warning boys to be good, and would often speak pointedly to them. "Now, you youngsters, listen to this," he would say. "That rum ain't wrecked my constitution is due to the strength of my constitution, and ain't any argument in favor of drinking." Then, thrusting out an accusing finger at some lad whose sallow complexion made him a likely-looking victim, John would say, "You chop out them cigarets and keep away from booze. If any of the other kids ask why you quit, tell 'em John L. told you to."
>
> When he dealt with alcohol's most recent and most disgusting triumph—tippling ladies—John often allowed himself to shed solemn tears. "I've had a lot to say, especially to young men, about cutting out all kinds of booze, but something had ought to be passed along to the women who drink. I've seen New York women come out of fashionable cafés hardly able to navigate to their autos, and in the West I've seen respectable-looking women do the same. Thank God"—and a devout finger shot aloft—"Boston's fairest ain't hitting it up that way yet so much as the rest of the nation is. It's a fright, that's what it is, and, as much of a rounder as I've been in my time, I can't see these sights without getting all broke up"—and then John and his audience would break completely down. His vast bulk, his gray hair and moustache, his huge, round, expressionless face, his expansive wing collar and black flowing tie, his conventional black suit, and—most impressive of all—his enormously protruding paunch: all these combined to make his look marvelously respectable and commonplace. He might have been a bishop, a senator, or even a President.
>
> Occasionally, he would discuss other matters besides temperance. He would refer with complete disgust to the "tango, rag-chewing pugilists" of the time; and during the early years of the war, he would remark, "Colonel Roosevelt is the only man in America the Kaiser is afraid of." He was very sorry, he affirmed, that he was unable to go overseas "to help the Kaiser get whipt good and plenty and for all time." But he often spoke for the cause of Liberty Loan drives, and once, while advising his hearers to save their pennies and buy War Savings Stamps, he explained why it was that he did not try to enlist. "I'm willing to leave that sort of bunk to Jess Willard and William J. Bryan," he expounded. "It don't fool nobody, this telegraphing to the President, and it ain't quite my idea of the right thing, this trying to get into the limelight by kidding the President. I'm too old to fight and I know it. But I can do my bit, and I'll help the President by urging young men to enlist Now that we're in it, we must hit early and hit hard. Carry the fight to them—that's *my* idea."

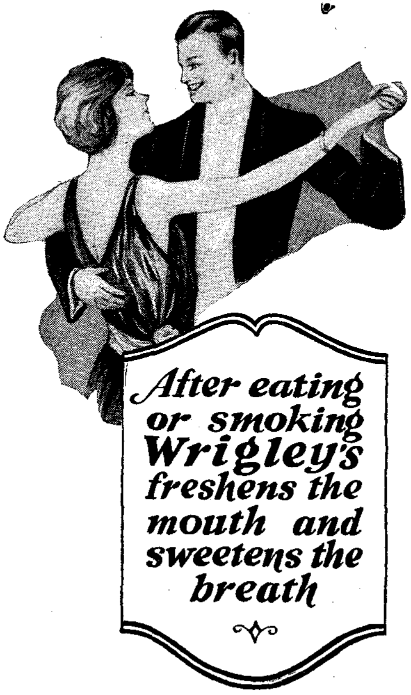
But, as Mr. Dibble points out, "the cause of temperance remained his forte," and sometimes he would back up his arguments by reading letters written to him by drunkards. A characteristic one ran thus:

> "The first time I met you was in the Jamestown, New York, Opera House about twenty years ago. I was then a young blood, with about $50,000 behind me. I won money on nearly all your fights and won considerable, dropping only a hundred on your go with Corbett. It's the old story, whisky got the best of me. My friends left me when my money was gone, and last December, after hoboing from Boston, I finally reached this place, the ——— county house, a wreck. I've been three months without booze and am done with it. I ain't as husky as I used to be, but I think I can win out if I have a little change to keep me while I'm looking for a job. This is straight business, John L., and I know you never hesitate to help a poor devil if he deserves it. If you should use the enclosed envelop, you would have to stamp it, as my last copper goes to mail this to you."
>
> John would then comment thus on the document: "Here's enough material to pad out a dozen temperance sermons, and the parsons are welcome to use it. I've got a barrel of the same kind of hard-luck stuff, with booze at the bottom of it."
>
> Only twice did he experience any trouble in his labors for righteousness. One evening, while he sat in a box at a burlesque show—for, alas! John still retained some of the vices of his early days—one of the comedians tried to poke fun at him because of his Anti-Saloon League activities. Pointing a finger directly at Sullivan, the actor shouted, "There's John L. Sullivan, retired champion and Anti-Saloon whooper-up, who's still suffering from the effects of a severe operation which cut out his booze." John rose at once and tossed this conundrum to his tormentor, "What's the difference between a bad actor and a fish?" The comedian, taken aback by Sullivan's unexpected challenge, shook his head in negative dismay. "Well," chuckled John, "there ain't any difference, not if the actor's in vaudyville and the fish is a lobster."
>
> His second encounter was far more serious. General Nelson A. Miles refused to address a temperance convention at Atlantic City when he heard that Sullivan was to be one of the speakers. For an instant the unrepentant John L. of old lived again, and burst out with this inflammatory utterance: "The only difference between Miles and me—except that he was a ribbon clerk and I was a plumber once—is that I've read the Declaration of Independence, which it seems he ain't. There's four words that stick out all over that famous document: all men are equal." He continued his attack by sending the chairman of the convention a telegram in which he called Miles "an arrogant, prejudiced, self-centered, strutting old peacock." The final lines of the message read thus: "I have never been jealous of any fighter. Why should Miles be jealous of me? Yours for temperance, John L. Sullivan."

It is generally believed that the second Mrs. Sullivan's influence was a great help to John L. in his fight to stay sober, and Mr. Dibble gives us some account of her along with a note on the first Mrs. Sullivan. As we are told:

> In 1883, John had married a Protestant chorus girl named Annie Bates—a union which, as he himself admitted, "was strenuous in every way while it lasted." As a matter of fact, it lasted only a short time; for Annie soon appreciated to the utmost her husband's dictum on matrimony: "It's a scrap for life, London rules, no rounds without a knockdown, and a fight to a finish." So, since she had a roving nature, she took abrupt leave of her husband.
>
> After many years of dubious bachelorhood, he decided to please the members of the Anti-Saloon League by making a touchingly romantic marriage with a youthful sweetheart, Kate Harkins, of Roxbury. But he had never been divorced. Therefore, in 1908, he brought suit against his first wife on the grounds of desertion. John argued his case with an even more fervid oratorical display than was usual with him. "When a man ain't lived with a woman for twenty-five years," he told the judge, "he don't want to call her his wife. I don't want that woman to have my bones. She may outlive me, but if I die first I want a Catholic burial by blood relatives. I've always fought shy of divorce courts on account of my religion, but there's a time when the torture's too strong. I was young and foolish, and didn't use judgment in my choice." Completely persuaded by the force of these arguments, the judge at once made out papers in John's favor, and so he was free to fulfil his cherished desire.
>
> On the evening of the wedding, a host of friends came to serenade the happy lovers, and before the guests departed John favored them with a speech. "A man can get along without money and be O. K., but without some one to love him no man can be happy—I *know*." (Cheers.) "Living in hotels like I've done is all right, but a little home and a woman's smile for John L. from now on. They say I'm a rough-and-ready chap, but I've got another side. I'm gentle as a kitten in the presence of women, God bless 'em!" (A voice: "Oh, you kitten!") "In conclusion, let me tell you I've saved enough money for a nest-egg—but not for myself—just to make my little wife happy; and so, yours truly, always on the level, John L. Sullivan." Thus, blessed with a union that satisfied all his deeper longings, John settled down to enjoy a peaceful and ripe old age.

A Sweet Breath at all times!



After eating or smoking Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath

Odors of dining or smoking quickly disappear - throat is refreshed - the stomach relieved and digestion aided.

Wrigley's is more than a sweet - it's a positive benefit

Many doctors and dentists recommend it.

WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"

WRIGLEY'S
JUICY FRUIT
CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT
F73

THE BOWERY NOW HAS A WOMAN BOSS

AS TAMMANY LEADER of the old Fourth Ward, Mrs. Thomas J. Nolan is the first woman to rule the Bowery, where "Big Tim" and "Little Tim" Sullivan once reigned, and more recently the lamented Tom Foley. "Surely the woman who has inherited their battle-scarred mantles must be regarded as a symptom, a beacon, an extraordinary, almost incredible result of changing times," writes Kenneth Andrews, who asked himself before meeting her, "What sort of woman could possibly wield the power which this exacting office would place in her hands?" In his expectation, "undoubtedly she would be some sort of feminine counterpart of the bluff, leather-necked, hard-fisted old war horses of the past, who almost invariably began their careers as saloon-keepers or blacksmiths." As he discovered, she is "not that type at all," and in the New York *World* he tells us:

> I found Mrs. Nolan in her home at No. 9 Madison Street. She received me graciously—with a friendly formality that was almost quaint—in the old-fashioned living room of the solidly dignified, old-fashioned house where she has lived for twenty years. She was born in Tom Foley's old district in the house which stood at 39th Street and Lexington Avenue.
>
> She suggested at once the quietly efficient mistress of a gently run household; it seemed all at once a little grotesque to think of this modest and placid little woman as the political boss of the city's most important district.
>
> Yet as she talked I think I got a hint of the secret of her hold over Tammany's followers in this stronghold of Tammany. For her leadership has been accepted with enthusiasm. She was appointed temporarily to the post; but so natural and willing has been the acknowledgment of her that there is every possibility that she will remain as the permanent leader. The hint as to the reason came more from her manner than from anything she said.
>
> There was something maternal in her attitude toward the people in the district where she has spent so much of her life. The old mansion on Madison Street might have been a feudal manor house. Mrs. Nolan might have been its mistress, toward whom the tenants of the estate looked quite as a matter of course when they were in trouble, or when they wanted favors.

She talked to Mr. Andrews about her work:

> "It seems sort of funny for me to have this position for I have always regarded politics as man's work. I scarcely realize even yet that I am really trying to carry on the work started by Mr. Foley. I never even took part in the fight to get the vote for women. I wasn't either against it or for it. It just didn't interest me. I have two daughters and a husband and this house. And I have lived here so long that I know nearly everybody and have always been busy in the church and with our social gatherings.
>
> "I see now that there is a big field for women in politics—or at least in what I mean by politics. There are things that women understand better than men, and there are things—little troubles—that a woman will bring to another woman when she would not bring them to a man. I am a sort of go-between. Some of the difficulties that people bring to me I can adjust myself; but almost always I ask the advice of the men.
>
> "People from the district come to me with everything. There are at least ten or twenty a day. They may need coal—and, through the club, I can get them tickets to the coal yard. They may not have the next month's rent. And if they are deserving—and we always know if they are—I can arrange to have it paid.
>
> "A young man was in here yesterday who wanted to get a license as an undertaker. I may be able to help him. A young Italian boy came to me recently and said he wanted to go to Europe, but was afraid he could not come back because he did not have his final citizenship papers.
>
> "They come to this house as a sort of headquarters whenever anything goes wrong. And I do what I can to help them.
>
> "That is what my work mostly is, humanitarian. There is no political rivalry down here—except to see who can get to the polls first.
>
> "We are like a little village, where everybody knows everybody else, and where families have lived for years."

It is in many respects a happy village, and Mrs. Nolan says:

> "We don't have the troubles that people in other parts of the city do. The landlords haven't raised the rent, except just a little to meet the increased taxes. People, I think, are more comfortable and better off than they have ever been in the twenty years I have known about conditions in our section. It is my job to keep them that way, if I can. That is all my job is.
>
> "We don't have any 'younger generation' problem, either. Our girls hardly ever go uptown to the gay restaurants, and they don't carry flasks or go on motor rides. They have their good times here in the neighborhood. We have social meetings right along in church. They are content to have their fun there, with the girls and boys they have known all their lives.
>
> "I think I can help in keeping our people comfortable and contented, and if I do that I feel that I shall be worthy of the responsibility which was so surprizingly given me.
>
> "The work does not interfere with my home duties. I don't see why public work should interfere with any woman's making a good home.
>
> "I think she will make a better one if her interests are broadened. It is so easy for one to become swallowed up in the routine, and I don't think that is the way good wives and mothers are made.
>
> "When my husband comes home"—her husband is Justice Thomas J. Nolan of Special Sessions—"I say, 'Well, sit down. There's lots of work to do.' Then together we go over all the cases of the people who have come to me during the day. He tells me what to do with each, or else he tells me where to go for advice. And I think it is splendid for a woman to come into contact with so many other lives.
>
> "It seems natural for people to come here, for they always have. They know there has never been a lock on our door. We are like a big family in our district. I shouldn't be called a 'boss' at all."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

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The wise executive seeking to economize on costs will first make sure of the efficiency of his lubrication.

Why? Because correct lubrication bears directly on economical operation.

In a hundred dollars' worth of your finished products, your lubrication expense will amount to only a very few cents.

A few dollars' apparent saving in lubricating oil may easily cause you thousands of dollars' worth of waste, distributed among such items as

—wasted horsepower—at upwards of $60 per h. p. per year;

—shortened life of your machinery; this can easily run into high figures;

—interrupted flow of your production, through stops for machine repairs;

—wasted time and wages of men who are waiting for the repairs to be made.

The sum total of these wastes is a very real burden to production costs.

On the other hand, the most efficient lubrication obtainable costs relatively little.

It is our business to manufacture and apply oils which eliminate the wastes and dangers of incorrect lubrication. We know of no industry in which we have been unable to effect striking cuts in manufacturing costs.

With the cooperation of your plant operatives we will gladly assume full responsibility for the correct lubrication of your entire plant. In effect, the plant which engages the Vacuum Oil Company adds the facilities of an immense lubrication laboratory.

If you will address our nearest branch office, we will get in touch with you.

New York (Main Office), Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Rochester, St. Louis, Springfield, Mass.

IF the Vacuum Oil Company lubricates your plant, you use an organization which has specialized in lubrication for 59 years, whose engineers and field men visit over 200,000 plants yearly, whose treatises are recognized engineering text books. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are approved specifically by 225 foremost machinery builders, and lubricate industries the world over.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
for
Plant Lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company

NEW YORK

THE DOUGHBOY WHO STAYED AND GOT RICH

AFTER DRUDGING AND SCRIMPING to cram a high-school course into a single year, a New Jersey farmer boy went to France during the War, and now, at thirty, is a rich French agriculturalist, we read. By name Charles Van Riper, he has caught the attention of Mr. Russell Lord, who says of him in *Farm and Fireside:*

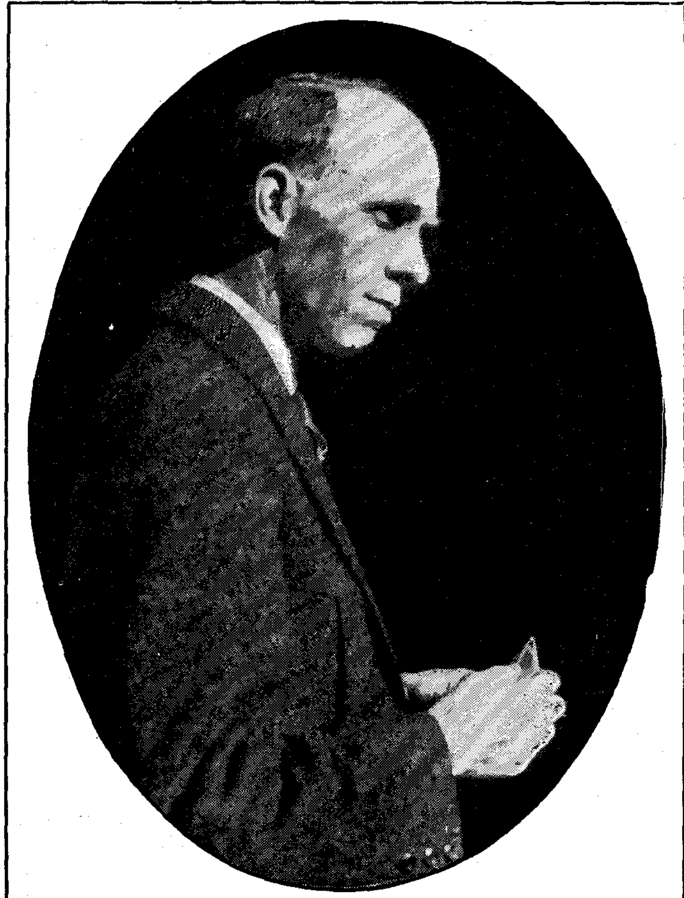
Few more interesting stories have come our way than the story of how this boy, uninterested in his father's sign-making business and the chores about their small truck farm down in New Jersey, wandered west, rather despairing of ever amounting to much, took any work he could get up and down California, day-labored his way partly through the forestry course at the State university, went to war, fell in love with and married a French girl, returned to the University of California and graduated in agriculture, returned to France with his bride only three years ago, and has since made over that old French farm on an American farming system and put it on a money-making basis by unheard-of methods that the superstitious French peasants swore would bring death and destruction to them all.

He was the laughing-stock of the local land barons and the fear and despair of the peasants, with his crazy foreign notions—until those notions began to pay dividends. Now it is different.

Charles Van Riper is making his 165 French acres, impoverished by war, support his family in a manner to which few American farm families would be accustomed.

Around his home—the Château de Saint Christeau, near Puch—are five acres of formal gardens, walks, parked woods and waterways. Three house servants attend them, bringing stuffed livers from their own geese and wines from their own cellars to a table gleaming with silver and white napery at the center of an immense dining-hall, serving them coffee and liqueurs in the drawing-room afterwards.

It "all comes out of the farm," and Mr. Lord remarks:



By courtesy of *Farm and Fireside*

AN AGRICULTURAL LOCHINVAR

Charles Van Riper, an American doughboy, who came out of the West with the A. E. F., won a French heiress, and made her lands pay richly by working them *a la Americaine.*

I know it sounds like a fairy story. You sleep in a high, deep feather-bed in one of the seven guest-chambers, rooms so immense, all of them, that you need field-glasses, almost, to find your shoes! At six, or later if you like, the house boy brings chocolate and rolls to your room and opens the shutters so that through the wide windows you can see the sunshine on the château groves and gardens and hear soft Gascon voices chattering in the servants' quarters.

Thus at the Château de Saint Christeau begin the days that pass one into another with all the ordered beauty and tranquillity of an old song. The three days I spent there last summer I shall remember as long as I live—not as any mere dream of beautiful living, but as a sort of momentary share in the complete success, under extraordinary handicaps, of a remarkable American boy.

Charles Van Riper has that sort of tall, wiry vigor one associates with forest rangers, together with the shrewd, calculating steadiness of mouth and chin that marks our master masons, carpenters and farmers; very much the gentleman, with his erect carriage, soft voice, California sombrero, and gloves when he goes to town; unalterably American in belief that one man is as good as another until he proves better, and that, while success is not happiness, there can be no happiness without success.

An arresting figure, far from home, striding in sombrero and riding boots over holdings centuries older than America! More strangely still, he fits. I could not understand it, nor place him anywhere in time and space, that first day I was with him. He showed me the château armory, where men at arms once brought shield and buckler for repair; then his new open-front poultry-house, California model; then the medieval carvings and barred turrets of the château tower; then experiments in adapting dent corn; then on to the winery, where each fall his four laborers and their wives tread out with their bare feet from 16 to 18 barrels of wine; finally his farm office back of his great billiard hall, lined with books such as Warren's "Farm Management," Hunt's "Cereals in America," and "Songs of a Sourdough," by Robert W. Service.

He loves his land: to plow it, to walk over it, to crumble it in his hand so that you may see that "it breaks up like cinders." He loves to touch the plants that grow out of it, and the fruit they bear. "There's no better land anywhere," he says, "if you give it a chance."

A hundred miles back from Bordeaux, on the South Central "prairie" of France, Van Riper runs three farms of fifty-five acres each, and Mr. Lord says,

I call it prairie because it is as flat as that, turns as beautifully to the plow, and is to all appearances as vast. But those far stretches and stark outlines our prairie people know here have been broken by a network of parked, winding roads and canals, by villages packed as tightly together as stone can touch stone, by woods and pastures and groves and cottages. A man from Iowa or from California might feel lonely here, cramped, held in on all sides by things come to stay through all the years known to history.

The greatest outward difference lies in the small fields. Mere strips, we'd call them, of one or two acres. Here wheat, there tobacco; then forage, and the same thing repeated endlessly. No fences, unless the row of vines or of prune-trees between each strip can be counted as a sort of cropped fence. Van Riper told me he planned, when he came, to rip these rows out and to throw his land into fields of working size. "But the prunes alone, from these strips, brought me in 7,000 francs the first year, and 7,000 francs is $1,400 at normal exchange. With the swivel plows we use here we lose little time in turning on our back-and-forth furrows, and the little time we do lose is rest for the teams. When your fence rows bring in a good part of your farm income this talk of the farm-management men about the extra labor of small fields doesn't bother you much."

He told me his story bit by bit as we walked over his farm, but not until my second evening under his roof did he go back to the beginnings. We sat in his office, our feet on his desk, smoking our pipes. I will put his story into his own words as nearly as I can remember them.

"It didn't seem when I was little," he said, grinning, "that I would come to any good. My father was a sign-maker in New Jersey, and he wanted me to learn the business or else go to college. I didn't want to do either; I hated high school even, and managed to make it agreeable to everybody, including the principal, that I leave after the first two weeks. My father's eyes had gone back on him, and he'd bought a little farm—too little, with too many small jobs to interest me. I'd always liked to make things, so I got together some tools and did carpentering round about. It didn't make me much, but I was living at home and had something to save for. I wanted to be a forest ranger.

"I don't know just where I got the idea, yet nothing would do but that I be a ranger. Then somebody told me you had to have a college education, and that was discouraging; but I was determined to get out West and talk with some real rangers, anyway.

"When I got $200 I hit out for the coast, and the first thing I *for Economical Transportation*

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Commercial Chassis	$425
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ALL PRICES F. O. B.
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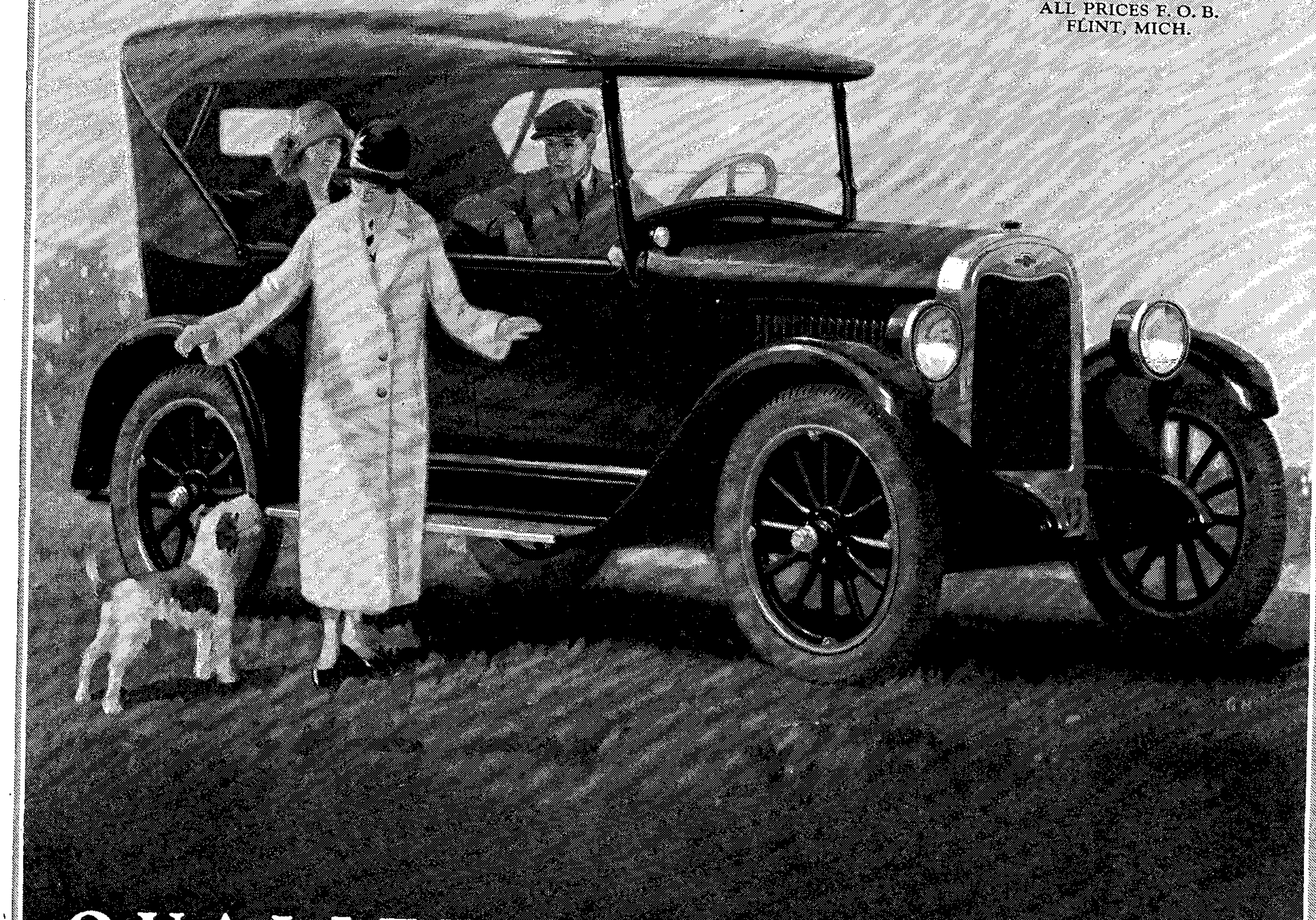
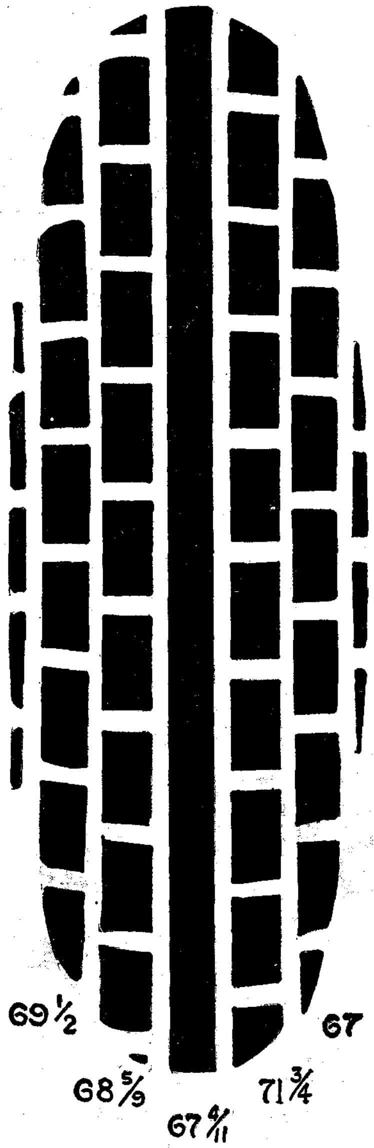
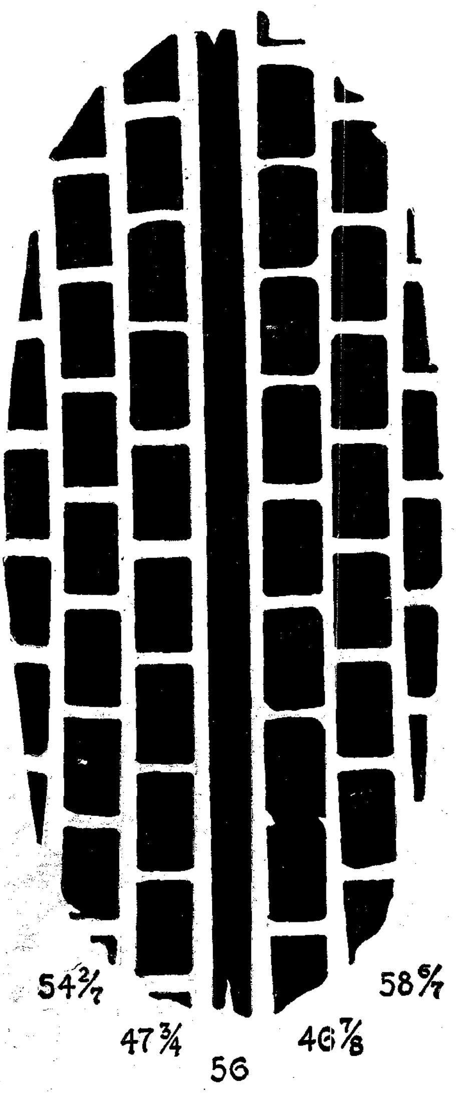


QUALITY AT LOW COST

Why the United States Rubber Company's New Flat "LOW-PRESSURE TREAD" Prevents Early and Uneven Tread Wear on Balloon Tires


69½
68 5/9
67 4/11
71¾
67

Imprint of a round tread Balloon Tire


54 2/7
47¾
56
46⅞
58 6/7

Imprint of the new, flat "LOW-PRESSURE TREAD"

Compare these two tread imprints— they tell the whole story of Balloon Tire performance on the road

What actual scientific measurements prove about load distribution on the New "LOW-PRESSURE TREAD"

Compare the two tread imprints on the opposite page. Note the figures opposite each row of tread blocks. They represent the average load in pounds carried by each tread block in that row. They show how the new flat "Low-Pressure Tread" lessens the pressure on each tread block.

Here is a Balloon Tire designed specifically to give maximum wear and service with the ideal low air pressure.

It is the complete answer to all arguments for higher air pressure in Balloon Tires in order to prevent quick and uneven tread wear.

THESE tread imprints were made by two Balloon Tires of exactly the same size. Both under the same load. Both inflated at the same air pressure.

Yet one shows 22% more road contact than the other.

Here you see one of the outstanding advantages of the new flat "Low-Pressure Tread" one of the greatest achievements ever contributed to Balloon Tires. And exclusive with U. S. Royal Balloon Cords.

This tread is designed properly to conform to the action of a Balloon Tire on the road.

It is designed specifically to operate at the low inflations necessary to give real Balloon Tire cushioning.

This means that now you get the full ideal Balloon Tire comfort without sacrificing mileage.

This 22% greater area of road contact distributes the load better—lessens the weight on the individual tread blocks—reduces tread wear and movement, and does away with early, uneven and disfiguring tread wear.

It means that you do not have to over-inflate your tires to prevent this early tread wear.

It establishes a new standard of low pressure inflation.

It gives you better cushioning and longer service.

It gives better traction, easier steering and greater stability.

It gives better non-skid protection because the flexible outer row of tread blocks is now brought into full contact with the road.

Specify U. S. Royal Balloon Cords—the "Balloon Tire principle at its Best."

Trade Mark

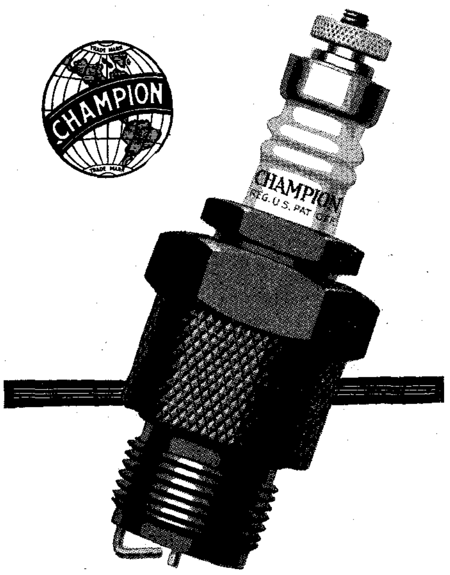
United States Rubber Company

The New "LOW-PRESSURE TREAD"

exclusive with

U.S. Royal Balloon Cords

Built of Latex-treated Web Cord



NEXT WEEK

Put in a New Set of Champions

Soon you will put in a new set of spark plugs about every 8,000 miles, or at least once a year, because you will have found that it is genuine economy.

Next week, more than 95,000 equipment dealers will assist the swing toward greater economy with a special Champion Spark Plug week.

Begin now, with a new set of Champions, to give your engine a real chance to deliver its full power, pick-up and efficiency.

The seven Champion types provide a correctly designed spark plug for every engine. Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents.) You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed sillimanite core. Champions are fully guaranteed.

Champion Spark Plug Co.
Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company
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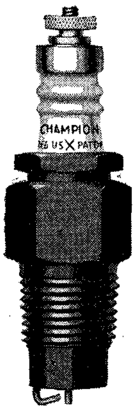
CHAMPION
Dependable for Every Engine



PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

did when I got there was to make a pack and go up and sleep in the big woods. I met a couple of rangers, tough old codgers but mighty nice to me. It was plain they weren't college men, and I thought to myself that what they could do I could do. So I went down out of the mountains to make a start. I had my tools and got a day job under a contractor there.

"I wish I knew where all the boys are who worked with me there. They were the very best. Once I was sick and in my hall bedroom for three weeks. There wasn't a day but one of them, or more, would come in with fruit and so on.

"I was especially friendly with the fellow who kept the books in the boss's shanty. One day he came to me and asked, 'How old are you, Charley?' I told him, 'Nineteen.'

"'Gosh!' he said. 'I told the boss you were at least twenty-six. Don't let on. Ever keep books?'

"I said I didn't know a debit from a credit.

"'Well, I'll show you how,' he said. 'I'm quitting and would like for you to have the job.'

"We sat up three nights studying his books. He had a system he'd made up himself. By writing him questions almost every night, the month after he left I managed to get on to it. Two years later, when the boss guessed low on a job and ordered an audit, I knew those books by heart. The highest priced auditor in Los Angeles said it was the craziest bookkeeping system he'd ever seen, but offered me a job on the strength of my memory."

As remembered by Mr. Lord. Van Riper's story runs on:

"By this time I'd taken several correspondence courses in contracting and was anxious to strike out as my own man. I had been saving my money, and could do it. Soon I did. At the end of a few years I had a thousand dollars, and a lawyer friend of mine gave me the idea of going to college.

"I took my thousand and went up to Berkeley. They told me the A to Z Preparatory School was the best in town, but exclusive. I went to the lady principal and told her I had a kit of tools, the clothes I stood in, a thousand dollars and a determination to do four years' high-school work in one and enter the University of California the next fall: how about it? She said it was refreshing to see somebody who really wanted to learn, and that maybe we could arrange it. We did. I went into the forestry school in the fall of 1915 with high marks, no conditions and no money. I carpentered, washed dishes and beat the kettle-drums in a dance orchestra to make my way.

"Somehow, tho, I slumped. My grades were fair but I didn't take any real interest in anything until the war came along. I enlisted in the Forest Engineers, and was shot over to France as sergeant over a bunch of lumberjacks. I used to swipe the major's horse and ride over to this château to see the girl who is now my wife. Her only brother had died for France. There is a gate on this place that will never be painted but will be left always as it was when I came riding up in the moonlight and tied my horse there. We were married here at the château shortly after the Armistice. If I outlive my time and am left alone I may some day tell more of the story of our romance—not now.

"We left the place as it was, the fields choked with weeds from war-time neglect, and went to California. I changed over to agriculture, specializing in farm management under Prof. R. L. Adams, who helped me a lot in working out a farming plan for this place. We took a small cottage near the campus; my wife did the cooking and housekeeping. We had many friends. It was a wonderful two years and at the end of it I put on a cap and gown and went with a thousand other graduates to the Greek Theater. My wife took a picture of the ceremonies just at the moment that I was taking my diploma from the president; that's an enlargement of it there on the wall. Graduation doesn't mean much to most college students but to me it was the proudest day of my life. I was graduated with the class of '21.

"Then we came back here to start farming, and that was when I found myself up against it.

"On the face of things I had an even break. My land was choked with wild oats, the result of peasant 'rotation'—wheat and tobacco, or wheat and corn, or wheat and forage, run hit or miss during the war and really rotating only about one field in ten. All the machinery I had was a rusty swivel plow, a hay tedder and a wooden harrow. I had to lay out $4,000 for machinery, and that left me so I simply had to make a go of it the first year; there wasn't another cent to go into the place.

"But my land was good, there were three good barns to take my crops and I had a beautiful home so big that I could pick twenty-two rooms to live in and still have space to store 50,000 tobacco plants indoors. Of my three families of war-time tenants, one was leaving, which was that much good riddance. I had a fair enough chance except for one thing—I was a foreigner."

A serious handicap, this. Mr. Van Riper knew perfectly how serious it was, and he observes:

Suppose an Italian, speaking fruit-stand English—that's fairly comparable, I guess, to the doughboy French I spoke at the time—suppose such a foreigner should come as master to one of the Southern plantations where, as here, the countryside had always given allegiance to the master of the mansion and had required in return his sympathy, protection and aid. Suppose, further, this foreigner was all fired up to farm American land by Italian methods. You can imagine that such an intruder would be mocked and feared and hated.

"That is about what I hit here. I could feel it on the back of my neck as I went around. To put it into the American language, my people thought I was a boob and had nothing on the ball. They did just about as they pleased the first two months while I did nothing except pace off my land and make a map and watch the ways of my neighbors.

"A lot happened in those two months to my beautiful paper plan of revolutionizing French agriculture by the ingenious modern methods of the U. S. A. I decided to let the fields stay in strips and to continue to take the grapes and prunes from the rows between. I decided not to replace the work-cows by a tractor and horses—gas costs around forty cents a gallon here, and the peasants fear horses, and won't work with them.

"From what the fence-row prunes

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Greater Vision - Greater Safety
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A chassis that has proved its quality to over 250,000 owners

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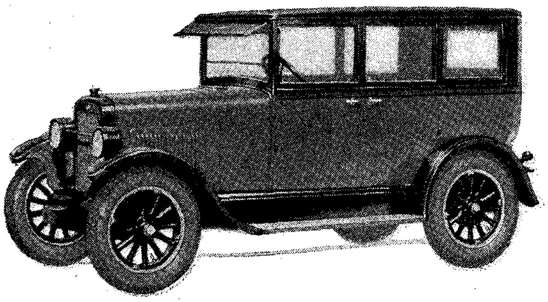
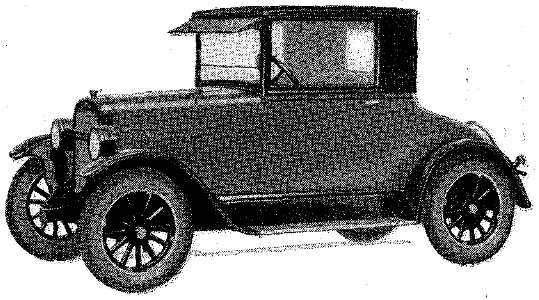


New All-Steel OVERLAND SEDAN

By public acclamation the unrivaled leader in the low-priced closed car field. $110 lower than the nearest competitive car. *All-Steel* body, greater safety, greater vision, greater strength, longer life. Duco finish. Four doors.

$715 F.O.B. TOLEDO



New All-Steel OVERLAND COUPE

A better-than-ever closed car for professional men, salesmen and small families at a lower-than-ever price. All-steel body, Duco finish. Extra wide doors. Extra large luggage compartment in dust-tight rear deck.

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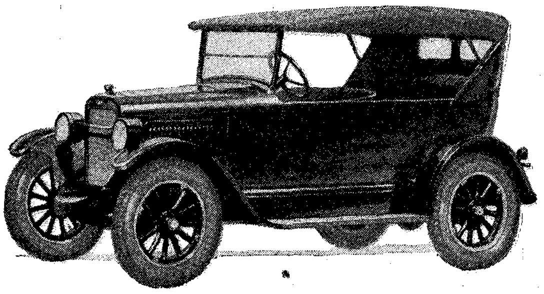

New All-Steel TOURING CAR

Lustrous baked-enamel finish, *permanently* beautiful . . . big power . . . *patented* Triplex Springs . . . rugged axles . . . disc-type clutch . . . reliable . . . extreme economy . . . lowest insurance rates.

$495 F.O.B. TOLEDO

OVERLAND

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Have you DANDRUFF?
Is your hair TOO DRY?
—TOO OILY?
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IF you have any of these common troubles which tend to rob the hair and scalp of its natural life and health, you will find authoritative suggestions for the proper treatment in the Packer Manual, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp."

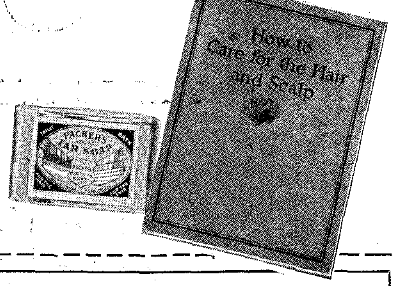
The Packer Manual is a 36-page illustrated booklet giving dozens of helpful hints on how to keep the hair healthy, bright, lustrous. All the treatments are based upon the best modern thought in the care of the hair and scalp.

As you employ Packer's Tar Soap with the Packer treatment that fits your individual hair condition, remember that you are using a safe, pure, gentle and efficient shampoo soap. Remember, too, that Pine Tar in a shampoo soap has been recommended for years in the care of the hair, by foremost authorities.

You'll appreciate the added advantage of the metal soap box in which each full-size cake of Packer's now is packed.

10c brings you
sample half-cake and our Manual

You will find Packer's at drug and department stores everywhere. But, meanwhile, simply fill in the coupon below and mail to us with 10c (stamps or coin)—we will send you a liberal (half-cake) sample of Packer's Tar Soap and a copy of the Packer Manual.



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

brought that fall I paid $700 for the first pair of plow horses ever seen in the neighborhood and plowed nearly a hundred acres while I thought things out. My plowing was another shock to them and to the aristocratic owners of neighboring chateaux, but I was beginning now to get my bearings and to enjoy life again. They were beginning to regard me as good entertainment and I had managed to get my fall wheat in along the general lines of my present rotation.

"This rotation is a cross between the one I made in college and the practise of the best local farms. It runs six years, with wheat and tobacco the cash crops, crimson clover following the wheat, a winter fallow and as many as four spring plowings and harrowings preceding the tobacco and the rest of the circuit in corn and in such patch crops as pumpkins, green corn and potatoes, with a rotation within rotations governing the placing of these patches on the field.

"All forty-eight of my strips are now under this plan, and you can see what it has done for them. Four plowings for a crop may seem a lot; the peasants call two or three enough, but they still have weeds and I haven't. Those pumpkins I showed you out there by the road—I plowed that piece five times!

"I just made our living that first year. Every time I'd sell even as little as a bunch of asparagus that money would go back into the place. You have to give your hands a year's notice here, so it was that long before I got the kind of people I wanted. Some of my neighbors say I pay too much, but admit I get real help. These little Gascons only come about up to my chest, but I've seen them lift a hectoliter sack of wheat (160 pounds), trembling like aspens, then steady and trot it up-stairs into the granary. They work from 3:30 in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening, when the rush is on, and don't complain.

"I hire them in pairs, a man and his wife, paying the two about $700 a year in francs, with that much more again in the form of groceries, a 350-pound pig, 17 sacks of wheat, and 4 barrels of wine—about a glass a meal the year through.

"The hail took our tobacco the first year, but compulsory insurance, a part of the governmental monopoly plan, covered us there. The next year, having studied the life cycle of the tobacco worm, I plowed in January and planted before my neighbors had broken ground—this in the face of a rimed saying that early plowing 'shuts in the cold.' Boy, didn't the countryside buzz! But the worms got its tobacco, as happens about every third year, and didn't get mine. I sold 450,000 leaves of Driac filler tobacco that year. This spring I noticed a couple of others sneaking it in early. It surely was a grand satisfaction to me!

"I'm over the hill now. This year is the first one really to show the advantages of my plan, and the first one that most of my neighbors have considered me sane and human. I'm making a fine living and living a wonderful life, with lots of real friends. And the better part is still before me. I showed you those peach seedlings out in the garden. My dream is to have a lot more land some of these days, and to be the biggest peach-grower in all France. You don't get rich farming back home, but I believe you can here, with all of continental Europe to take your stuff. I guess [concluded Charlie Van Riper, filling his pipe with the villainous French tobacco he has already learned to love]—I guess my tough times are about over."

AMERICAN WRITERS LEAD IN ORIGINALITY

AMERICAN author are becoming the leaders in contemporary fiction, Dr. Clifford Smyth states editorially in the April *Literary Digest International Book Review*. The writers in this country are gradually gaining a lead on their British cousins because they are unhampered by the fetters of past literature and are expressing originality, Dr. Smythe says. Humor is the one quality all American fictionists lack, he adds:

> The young American writer is more eager for fresh forms into which to pour his imaginings, and he is more successful and original in the use of these forms than his English contemporary. Originality there is, certainly, in these novels of to-day, and it is originality of a high order, backed by a fine insight into character and a mastery of technicalities that go to the telling of a good story.
>
> Exceptionally interesting for this originality of outlook and treatment are some of the "first novels" making their appearance this season. Of these, three are the work of young men who have served an evidently valuable apprenticeship in literary criticism, from which they have emerged with their own ideals of creative literature matured and individualized to a degree not always attained through this kind of experience.
>
> One quality they all lack, however, and it is the quality that inevitably belongs to the great, enduring novels of life and manners—humor, the ability to soften the mordancy of a too gloomy realism by some flashing mockery, some gleam of a lighter humanity.
>
> Sinclair Lewis has this quality. In the last and greatest of his novels, "Arrowsmith," he has it to perfection. Lewis puts humor in his novels because it is in all human life, even the most poignant, and he has the genius to recognize it there, while other and lesser novelists fail to detect its presence at all.
>
> The humor of an age, as well as its sordidness! That is left for the few great novelists to discover and combine—for Fielding, for Dickens, for Thackeray, for Trollope, for Irving, for Mark Twain. England, for the nonce, seems to have lost this art that goes to the making of great satire. But here in America it carries on famously in "Main Street" and "Babbitt,"—and to-day again, with a new lease of life and a more international application than either of these, in "Arrowsmith."
>
> The best of the English novels of to-day are well-nigh faultless in their technique, belonging, more or less, to an older period. They are eloquent of the truth that art is old, but cautious of assimilating the further truth that art is ever young.
>
> With the English novelist the method of the accepted classic is painfully followed, with the American this method is joyously thrown aside in favor of some new experiment in the adventure of creative writing. And it is along this line that the American writer seems to be forging ahead to something like leadership in contemporary fiction.

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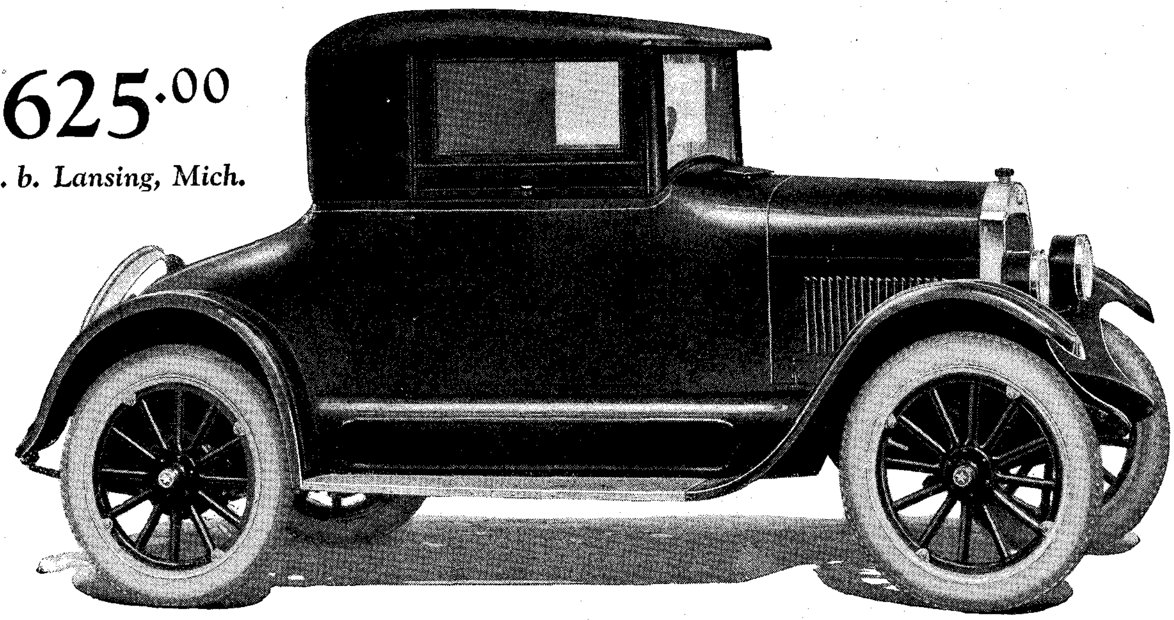

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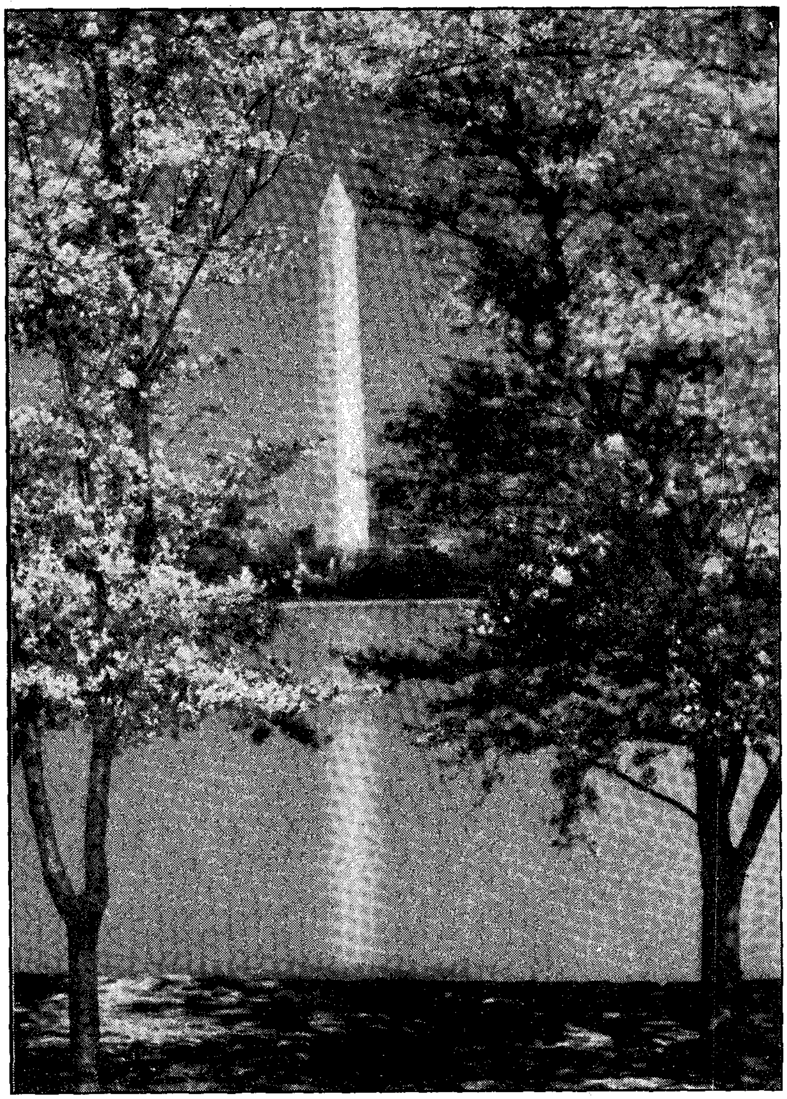
BEASTS - BIRDS - AND - TREES

AMERICANIZING THE JAPANESE CHERRY

BY THE PRESIDENT'S ORDER this is American Forest Week, and in his proclamation he says, "We must learn to tend our woodlands as carefully as we tend our farms. Let us apply to this creative task the boundless energy and skill we have long spent in harvesting the free gifts of nature." Creative in great measure the task will be; for precisely as the farmer has added to our native food plants a number of varieties artificially introduced, the forester knows how to import and acclimatize foreign trees, and an especially charming one now thrives in the forest city where the President lives. If you ask when is the best time to visit our National Capital, eight out of ten Washingtonians, according to Mr. Paul Russell, will reply, "Come when the Japanese cherry-trees are in bloom." There are three miles of cherry-trees bordering the driveway and shore-line of Potomac Park, and Mr. Russell tells us in *American Forests* (Washington):



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WASHINGTON'S NEW CHERRY-TREES

The Monument as it may be seen through the branches of Japanese importations.

> These trees, when in flower, are one of Washington's "showiest places." And they have made themselves perfectly at home, which leads to the query, will America Americanize the Japanese cherry-tree? Why not? The flowering cherry in its many varied forms is closely interwoven with national customs and literature of the Japanese people. The development of the many beautiful and distinctive varieties is one of their proudest horticultural achievements. If these varieties are adapted to the soils and climates of considerable areas of the United States, why, indeed, should we not make the most of a tree so remarkably beautiful and outstanding in its decorative artistry?
>
> Twenty years ago there were but very few of these trees known in America. These had been obtained direct from Japan or through European nurseries. In 1906 Dr. David Fairchild imported twenty-five varieties and planted them at his home, "In the Woods," near Chevy Chase, Maryland. The successful establishment of this collection has proved conclusively how admirably even the most delicate kinds could thrive in the United States.
>
> To-day there are several other flowering cherry collections in good condition at various locations in the eastern United States. Besides the one in Potomac Park, Washington, there are a large number of varieties growing at the Arnold Arboretum, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. These were brought together mostly by Mr. E. H. Wilson, Assistant Director of the arboretum and author of "The Cherries of Japan." At Highland Park, Rochester, New York, a good-sized collection, including many varieties, has also been established. A number of the better forms are now offered in the trade by three or four of the Eastern nurseries, and as a result scattered trees may be found here and there throughout the greater part of the eastern United States and also on the Pacific coast. There is no reason, however, why these charming oriental trees should not be much more widely grown, not only as park trees, but also in small private grounds. Extreme heat, cold, and drought, however, are unfavorable to the flowering cherry, and they should not be expected to succeed under such conditions. However, they have proved hardy at the Arnold Arboretum, in eastern Massachusetts, where proximity to the ocean tempers the severity of the winters, and at Highland Park, in western New York, where also the winters are made milder because of the influence of the Great Lakes.
>
> The character and beauty of the flowering cherries is distinctive. Unlike many of our more common woody ornamentals, the flowering period is of relatively brief duration. Early in the spring the bare boughs are suddenly clothed with myriads of white or pink, often fragrant, flowers, which, after we have enjoyed their glory for a week or so, disappear almost as suddenly as they came, leaving only pleasant memories behind. In the autumn, however, many of the varieties make themselves again conspicuous by the unusually brilliant coloring of their foliage.

As Mr. Russell points out, it is important to give these cherry-trees a proper setting. He tells us that—

> If not used for lining avenues or parkways, they will show up to very good advantage when planted among evergreens, thus affording the greatest possible contrast for the delicate pink or white flowers in early spring, when many of the broad-leaved trees are bare. As may be gathered from the photograph here printed, it is doubtful if a more beautiful setting can be found in this country than that in Potomac Park.
>
> To Miss Eliza Scidmore, the well-known authority on Japanese subjects, is due the credit for the cherry plantings in Potomac Park. The suggestion was made by her during an afternoon's visit to Dr. Fairchild's home. Through arrangements made by Miss Scidmore with Mrs. Taft, then in the White House, the Mayor of Tokyo, and Dr. Jokichi Takamine, shipments of trees were sent from Japan, and the three miles of flowering cherries now bordering the Speedway and the Tidal Basin were planted. This was in 1912, and the two thousand trees then planted have found a very congenial home.
>
> The usual time for the appearance of the first flowers of the

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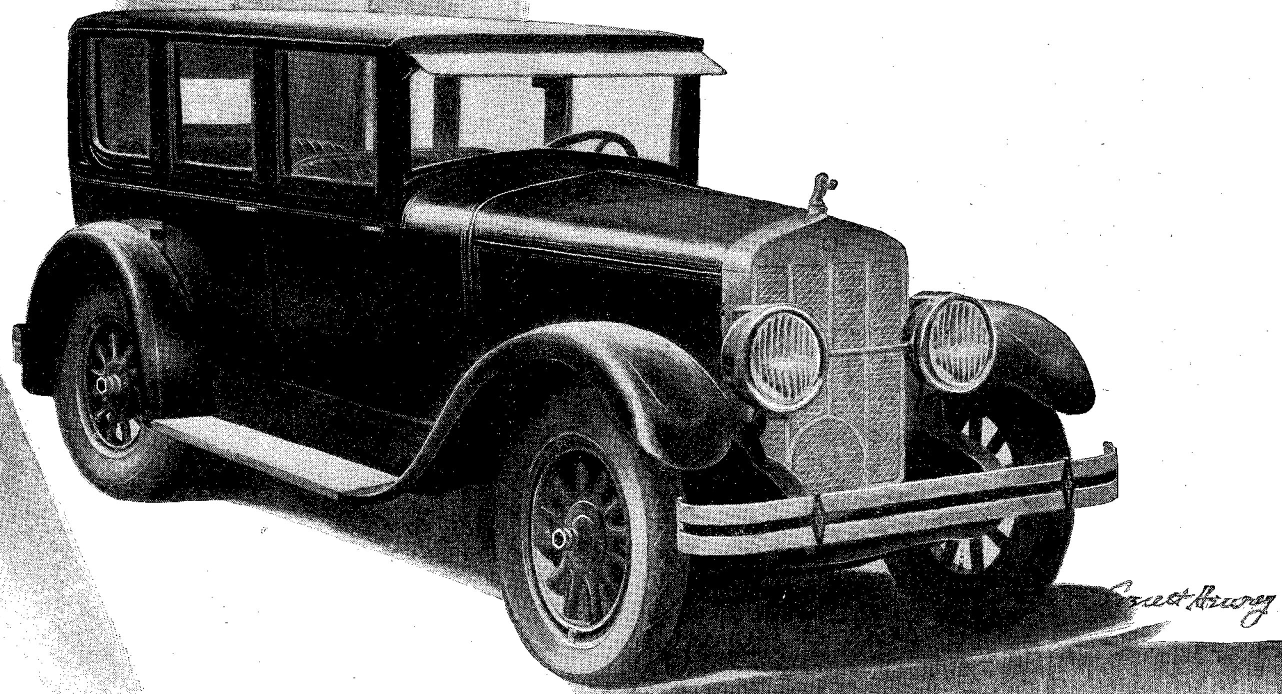

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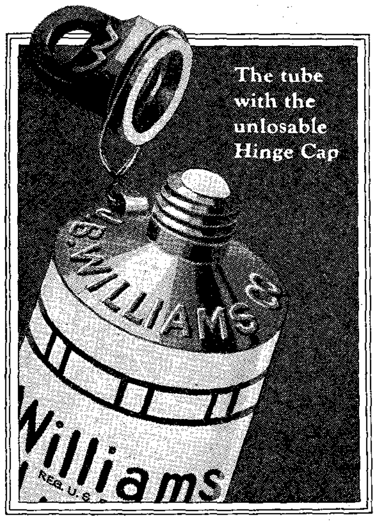

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

earliest blooming variety is early in April, but the beginning of the flowering period varies from the last week in March to the middle of April or after, depending on the seasons. About the time the first variety begins to drop its petals, others, including the double-flowering varieties, begin to open their flowers, and not until about the first week in May has the flowering period practically closed.

There are twelve varieties in the Potomac Park cherry collection, and they differ greatly in color and degree of doubleness of flowers, habit of growth, and time of flowering. All of them, however, are beautiful in their own way and represent the best of the large number of varieties known to Japanese horticulturists. Each year, during the early spring months, when they are in full bloom, an ever-increasing multitude visits Potomac Park for the pleasure of seeing these huge bouquets of bloom.

Dr. T. Tanaka, an eminent Japanese botanist, made an intensive study of the Potomac Park cherries a few years ago, and the varietal names given in this paper are based on his conclusions. An excellent reference book is Mr. E. H. Wilson's "Cherries of Japan," which is a systematic treatment of the several species of Prunus to which the flowering forms are referred.

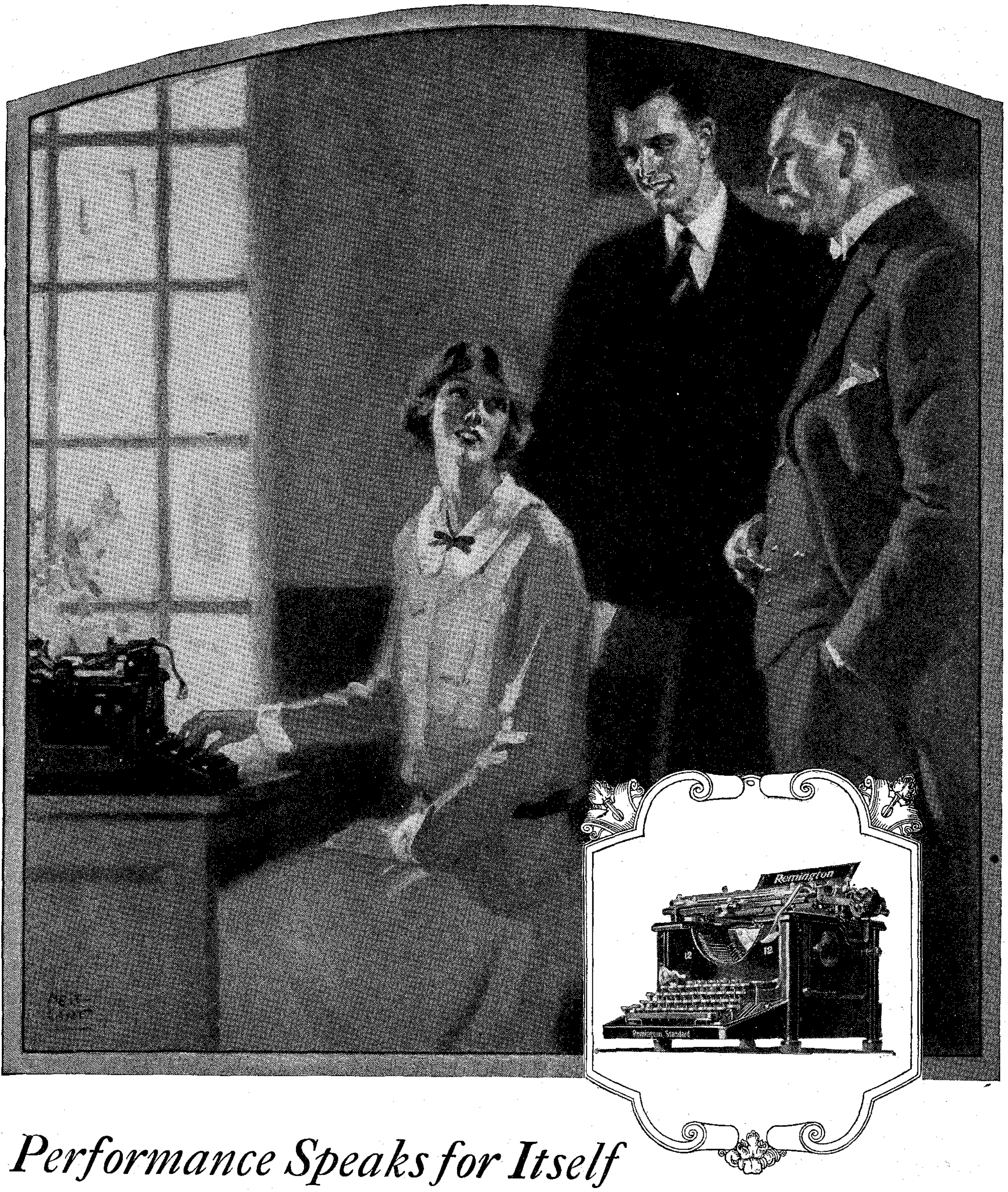
The usual method of propagating the several varieties is by budding or grafting. In Japan the stock commonly employed for this purpose is the *Mazakura*, a single-flowered, white flowering variety which roots readily from cuttings. The trees in the Potomac Park collection are probably grafted on this stock. While the double-flowered varieties do not mature seeds, the single-flowered forms often produce a few, and they may be propagated in this way if desired.

As already mentioned, these cherries vary considerably in time of flowering. One of the most popular, and the first to bloom in Potomac Park, is the *Yoshino*, of which over eight hundred trees form an almost unbroken circle round the Tidal Basin. The contrast between the light-pink, single flowers and the leafless gray branches is exceptionally charming. The tree is quick-growing, 25 to 45 feet high, and of wide-spreading habit, with thick branches and pale-gray bark. The leaves, strongly nerved and sharply serrate, are hairy beneath when young. The slightly fragrant single flowers, usually appearing before the leaves, are in clusters of three to five and vary in color from white to pink. The fruit is globose and shining black. In a normal season the *Yoshino* flowers late in March or early in April, and the flowers remain attractive for about two weeks.

In the vicinity of Tokyo, Japan, there are said to be more than fifty thousand trees of this variety planted in the streets, parks, and cemeteries, and its flowering is made an occasion for a national holiday by imperial decree.

Owing to its vigor and rapidity of growth, the *Yoshino* should prove one of the most popular of the flowering cherries for most sections of the United States, except where scanty rainfall or extremely cold winters are the rule.

Four or five days after the *Yoshino* has reached the height of its flowering, the hundred trees of *Shirayuki*, planted mostly along the east drive, have begun to bloom. This variety resembles *Yoshino* in a general way, altho the tree, about eighteen feet



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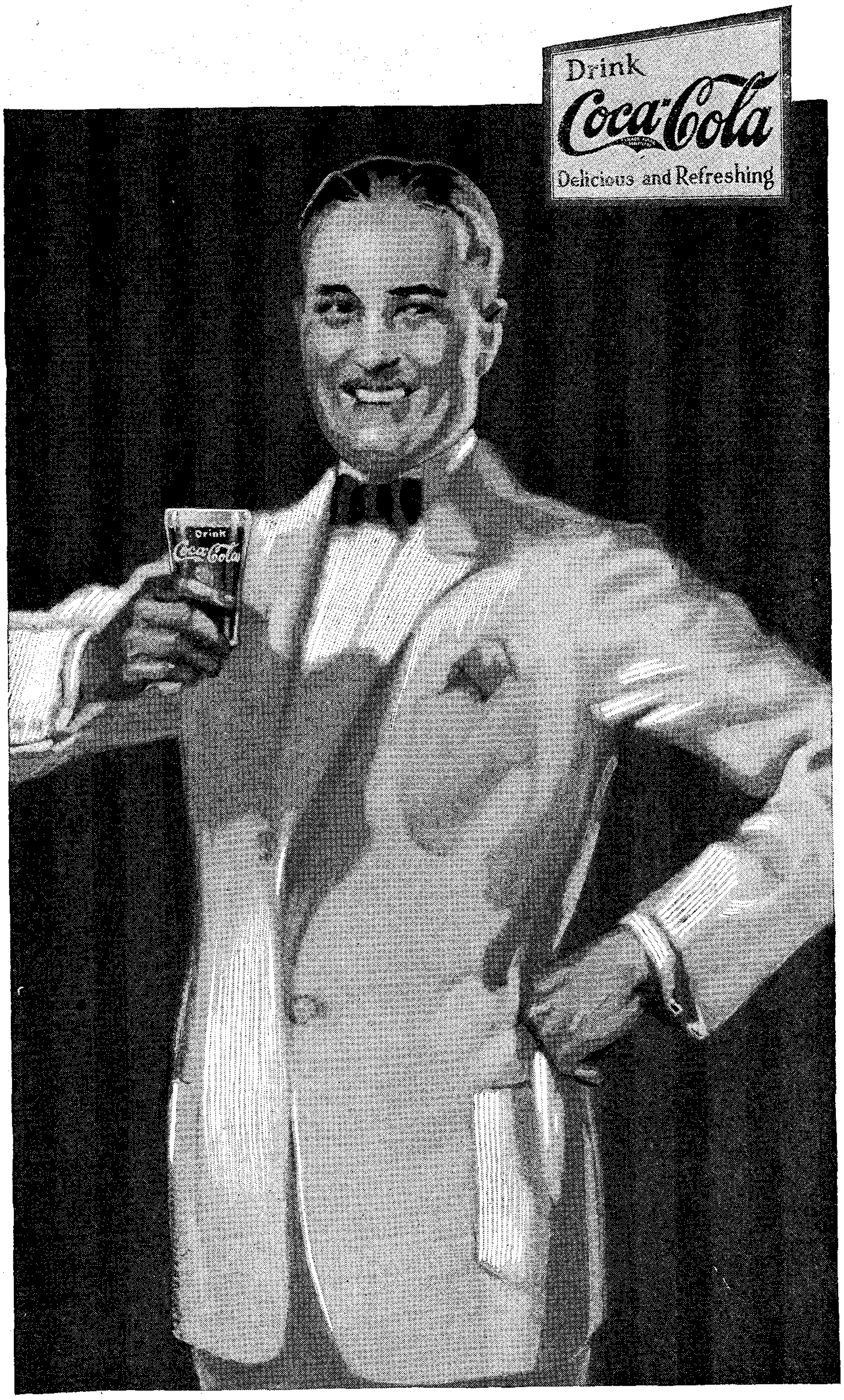

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

high, is of erect habit, with dark, brownish-gray bark, and the flowers are pure white, single, cup-shaped, about 1½ inches wide, two or three in a cluster, with hairy peduncles. With its characteristic habit of growth and numerous flowers, this makes a particularly attractive form.

The *Ariake*, another variety, is represented along the east drive by sixty or more trees, and Mr. Russell tells us:

> Unlike the two already considered, this variety develops its leaves at the same time as the flowers. The tree is nearly twenty feet high, upright-spreading in habit, with gray bark, and the young leaves are greenish bronze. The single or semi-double flowers are fragrant, white with a rosy tinge, about two inches wide, and borne in threes. The effect of the bronze-colored leaves among the rosy-white flowers is most pleasing.
>
> Resembling the *Ariake* in general, but with a more upright habit, is *Mikurumugaeshi*, which blooms about the middle of April, just after *Ariake*. In Japanese this name signifies "looking back from the carriage," implying unusual beauty. Fifteen trees of this cherry are scattered along the east drive. They are about twenty feet high, upright in habit, with dark-gray bark marked with numerous reddish-brown areas. The pinkish-white flowers, single or nearly so, are very numerous and 1¼ inches wide; they are borne in threes, on long drooping stems. They are certainly very handsome trees. It is said that there is a road in Japan which makes a deliberate loop in order that travelers may have another look at a long row of this cherry growing on the walls of an old castle.
>
> A rather odd variety, *Gyoiko*, also along the east drive, comes into bloom nearly as early as *Mikurumugaeshi*. This cherry, of which there are nearly thirty trees, has greenish-yellow flowers; it was formerly very rare and even now is not common. The tree is not quite as high as the preceding variety and is upright-spreading in habit, with bronze-green young leaves. The semi-double flowers, 1¼ inches wide, are greenish-yellow with reddish stripes, becoming pink just before dropping. While at first sight this does not seem to be of great horticultural merit, it has a charm of its own which grows with more intimate acquaintance.

One of the most beautiful of all the Japanese flowering cherries, the *Fukurokujo*, blooms in Potomac Park just after the middle of April, we are told, and—

> There are about forty trees scattered along the east drive and also near the Lincoln Memorial. The tree is of upright habit, with gray bark and branches from about six feet above the ground. The young leaves are bronze-green, appearing with the flowers, but almost hidden by them. The abundant double flowers are nearly two inches wide, whitish with deeper pink margins, and clustered at the ends of the branchlets. The tree when in full bloom suggests a huge, tight bunch of roses and deserves to be much more widely grown than is the case at present.
>
> Over a hundred trees of the *Ichiyo* cherry are planted along the east drive; they are generally in full bloom by the third week in April. This is an excellent

double-flowered form. The tree is upright or slightly spreading, about eighteen feet high, with grayish bark. The young leaves, appearing with the flowers, are bronze-green. The semi-double flowers, borne in threes, are nearly two inches wide and pale pink, becoming nearly white with age. The pistils are characteristically leaflike. This is a very attractive and free-flowering form.

In the opinions of at least two horticulturists who have worked extensively with these cherries, the *Kwanzan*, or *Kanzan*, as it is often called, is the handsomest of all the double-flowered varieties. There are nearly two hundred and fifty of these planted in Potomac Park, especially in the vicinity of Hains Point, where they bloom just after the middle of April. The upright-spreading tree is fifteen to twenty feet high, with gray bark. The leaves and flowers appear simultaneously; the young leaves are deep bronze-green. The buds are red, and the double flowers, about two inches wide, are produced in threes and fours and are deep pink with reddish-green calyxes.

In rather sharp contrast to *Kwanzan* is *Takinioi*, a modest little white variety whose free-flowering habit is reflected in its native name, which signifies "flowing cataract." This is represented in Potomac Park by fifty trees, scattered all along both drives. The tree is of spreading habit, with brownish-gray bark. The single, white flowers, a little over an inch wide, are very freely produced and very fragrant and are borne in clusters of three or four.

MOSQUITOES THAT BREED IN PALMS

"ROCK-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top" may be properly sung by the East African mosquito to her young, it having been found that these insects, including a large number of species, breed to a considerable extent in lofty coconut palm trees. Dr. W. E. Haworth, medical officer of health for the town and district of Tanga, Tanganyika Territory, made this important discovery in 1920, we are told by *The Lancet* (London), which thus narrates the story of it. We read:

> In spite of vigorous anti-mosquito measures it was noticed that the number of mosquitoes in the European houses of the town increased to an alarming degree, and that the insects for the most part were of the genus *Culex*, of which the corresponding larvæ could not be demonstrated in any surface water in the town at the time. These observations suggested that some uncontrolled breeding-place must exist, and suspicion fell on the tops of the coconut palms which adorn the picturesque town. An expert climber having been procured, he proceeded to climb the highest palms with ease by walking up the stem. Armed with a bottle and the hollow leaf-stalk of the pawpaw, he sucked the water which collects between the axil and the stem. In order to do so he had to sit astride the swaying leaf and force its stalk away from the stem—a highly sensational and perilous proceeding. In this manner no less than 10,382 palms were examined along the East African coast. Twenty-seven species of mosquito were found breeding in palm water. The predominating form of mosquito was not the same at all stations. Possibly in some places the dangerous malaria-carrying *Anopheles* may abound. The number of mosquitoes proceeding from

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

this source are most certainly a source of danger to the community. Granted even that only a few perfect insects emerge daily, the total number thus produced must be a very considerable one when the number of palms, which may exceed 70,000 in one township area, is considered. What has been demonstrated for one portion of East Africa probably holds true for all coconut-growing areas throughout the tropics, and the importance of this subject from a public health point of view can hardly be over-estimated. Dr. Haworth is to be congratulated on a piece of work which suggests that the task of eradicating the mosquito in tropical districts is more difficult and complicated than has been apprehended.

WHAT THE WALRUS LIKES FOR DINNER

"OLD BILL" may have been very fond of oysters, but when he had them for dinner he turned up his nose at them. Of course "Old Bill," being a walrus in the London zoo, had not much nose to turn up, but the curator of the mammals in the garden knew that "Old Bill" much preferred to have a tender bit of seal blubber. Some naturalists feel sure that a walrus likes mollusks better, but perhaps the fact that "Old Bill" was really of the female persuasion, and should have been properly named "Little Alice," had something to do with it, says Mr. W. P. Pycraft, F. Z. S., in *The Illustrated London News*. Mr. Pycraft remarks that "what a walrus likes for dinner" has been a settled subject, supposedly, but now new light has been cast upon his diet, with the assistance of some interesting notes sent to Mr. Pycraft by Mr. W. Jobson, who from his vantage ground of a trading station in Baffin Land was able to glean much information from the Eskimos. Mr. Pycraft writes:

Tho ungainly in movement and uncouth in appearance, the walrus is yet a singularly interesting beast, no matter from what point of view we may contemplate him. Just now I am particularly concerned with the matter of his food. His fondness for oysters, which he displayed in that memorable feast shared with the Carpenter, most of us have never forgotten! But when we descend from fiction to hard facts, we seem to be, strangely enough, on less certain ground. Up to the present moment, all the books—and they are books written by men who ought to know—tell us that the walrus feeds upon mollusks and crustacea, and some add to this menu star-fish and sand-worms. In his search for mollusks, he sorts out "those of the largest size," as we have been taught to expect would be the case; and these are furnished by one of the clams, known to the conchologist as *Mya truncata*, also known as the "gaper," which is to be found in great abundance in Arctic waters. Like the ostrich, it buries its head in the sand, and so falls an easy prey to this hulking beast whenever he chooses to go rooting about the mud and sand with his great tusks to find a "square meal." One of the "boring-shells" is also eaten,

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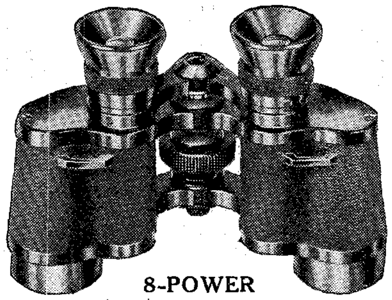

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and this is found by hunting at the roots of seaweeds, to which they moor themselves by a silken rope. The crustacea which make up part of his diet are not specifically named, save the shrimps are mentioned. I should like to see a walrus chasing a shrimp!

For long years, "what the walrus has for dinner" has been regarded as settled beyond dispute. But it would appear that the last word on the subject has not yet been said. One of my most faithful and interesting correspondents, Mr. W. Jobson, who has a trading-station in Baffin Land, has sent me some extremely interesting notes, gleaned from Eskimos and from whaling captains, which seem to show that the appetite of the walrus is by no means appeased by juicy mollusks, sand-worms, and shrimps. On the contrary, I am assured that he prefers a far more solid and satisfying diet of seals. Seal meat and skin have, I am told, been taken from the stomachs of this mighty hunter, and he cites a case where an Eskimo had just landed a fine seal on an ice-floe, when a hungry walrus, without more ado, climbed up beside him and bore away his prize!

Circumstantial as the evidence seems to be, I must yet venture to ask for more. And this because, after carefully examining the skull of a walrus, I can not, for the life of me, see how such a feat as eating a seal can be accomplished. The tusks of this animal, in both sexes, are formidable weapons, for they may measure as much as thirty inches in length, and as weapons of offense are to be avoided as much as possible. They are also used, it is said, as digging implements and as grappling-irons, to enable their possessors to climb out of the water on to ice-floes, or slippery rocks. They are certainly used in fighting between rival males for the possession of the females which the stronger has managed to round up. They would certainly make short work of a seal which came within their range: but, being killed, how is it to be demolished?

The walrus is even worse off than the extinct saber-toothed tiger, which apparently overreached itself by increasing the length of its "tusks," even tho, by a special mechanism of the lower jaw, it was able to open its mouth wider than any other animal, either before or since its appearance on the earth. But the saber-tooth had sharp incisor-teeth in the front of its jaws, and particularly effective cheek-teeth for slicing up flesh. The adult walrus has but one incisor and three cheek-teeth, and these lie closely packed within the mouth on the inner side of the great tusks. Now, it is just possible to insert one's fist between these tusks, but in front of them there are *no* teeth. More than this, the tusks lie so far forward that the jaws must be quite incapable of obtaining a grip on any such solid body as the carcass of a seal; they seem designed, indeed, to prevent any such use, even tho the lower jaw may allow the mouth to open as much as six inches.

There is, however, one possibility which must not be overlooked, remarks Mr. Pycraft:

> The lips of the walrus are enormously thick, and beset with huge bristles, as thick as porcupine quills and quite as resistant. No one has yet assigned any use to this singular armature, but it may play not merely an important part in transferring mollusks from the sea-floor to the mouth, for such spines may serve equally well to thrust the loose skin of a slain seal sufficiently far into the mouth to enable a

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G. Washington's Coffee Apple Filling 1 pound apples, pared and grated, 1 pound powdered sugar, rind and juice 3 lemons, ¼ pound sweet butter, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon G. Washington's Coffee, 1 cup *finely chopped pecans, (optional)*. Put apples, sugar, rind and juice of lemons with butter into upper vessel of double boiler, place over hot water over moderate fire, and when butter is melted add well beaten eggs and cook until thick—about 15 minutes—stirring frequently. When cooked add the G. Washington's Coffee, dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water, and the pecans if used. When cold spread between layers of cake.

G. Washington's Coffee Frosting ¾ teaspoon G. Washington's Coffee, dissolved in ¾ cup boiling water, grated rind 1 orange, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1½ cups brown sugar, ½ cup butter, ¾ cup thin cream, 1 egg yolk. Cook together all ingredients except egg yolk until a little tested in cold water forms soft ball. Cool slightly, add beaten egg yolk and beat until thick enough to spread.

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

vice-like hold to be taken by the bony nippers formed by the extreme ends of the upper and lower jaws. Once such a hold was obtained, the skin and blubber might be wrenched off the still warm body, and a certain amount of flesh might also be seized in like manner. And just as an otter may be content with one or two good bites out of a fish, so a walrus may be content with a few mouthfuls from a seal. I feel quite positive that he could do no more. When "Old Bill" is old enough to grow a decent pair of tusks, the powers that be at the "Zoo" may be able to provide a seal as a test. May I be there to see!

There is another matter to be mentioned. The single incisor and the cheek-teeth already referred to are indistinguishable one from another, in so far as their shape is concerned. And all alike, in the adult, are worn down to the level of the gum, presenting tabular, slightly concave surfaces. These are quite consistent with a diet of shell-fish, since they would form admirable crushing pads, and their state of wear indicates that it is as "grindstones" that they are used; they certainly bear no evidence of being used for tearing or cutting up flesh.

As touching the number of the teeth in the walrus, the books, again, need revision. In some adult skulls, tiny sockets, sometimes even containing teeth, are found in the front of the upper jaw, tho they do not cut the gum.

ARE INSECT NOISES MEANINGLESS?

THE plaintive love-song of the cricket, the cheerful fiddling of the katydid, and all the other insect sounds that make summer nights in the country so romantic—and often so unbearable—may have no meaning at all to the insects themselves. Dr. Frank E. Lutz, curator of insects in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, speaking recently before the Entomological Society of America and the Ecological Society of America, challenged the idea that every sound that an insect made had its meaning. He said, as quoted in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

> Judged by human ears, the best insect-musicians of to-day belong to rather primitive orders. The more advanced groups, such as ants, bees, flies, and butterflies, make no sounds that we can hear or else, at most, what seem to us to be nothing more than faint squeaks, buzzes, hums, or clicks. However, it is entirely probable—indeed, practically certain—that insect sounds are not made for the purpose of being heard by human ears. Whether the insects themselves hear these sounds is the important question and one that has not been—possibly can not be—determined beyond all doubt. In this connection it should be remembered that, in man's affairs at least, many sounds are made without intention and even contrary to desire—for example, sneezing and snoring. No part of the success of a certain popular kind of automobile is due to the various and often loud noises emitted by the machine in action. Using an illustration more applicable to the present subject, the armor of the knights of old creaked and rattled as they

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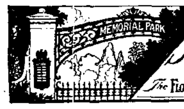

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moved. Their fellows were able to hear these sounds and reacted to them. A rough spot in a particular joint increased the sound made by the moving of that joint. Now, if the armor-maker purposely designed these joints to creak or if the wearer purposely creaked his armor, even if for no other motive than to tickle his pride (as has been the case with wearers of squeaking shoes), then the creaking of the joint had a significance analogous to that usually claimed for certain sounds made by insects—there was an adaptation of structure to sound production. But, considering now the sounds made by insects, if they are merely incidental to friction between parts of their body, analogous to unintentional squeaks and rattles of knightly armor, then those sounds have no biological significance, except as they may betray the insect to its enemies.

A CLAM THAT USES A TOOL

THE use of tools by so lowly a creature as a clam is certainly rather remarkable. A case of such use is described by Dr. David T. Marshall, of Hollis, New York, in *Long Island Life* (Brooklyn). Much has been written by the evolutionists on the beginning of our civilization, he notes. The first use of tools and of weapons has been the subject of much thought. We are told that certain of the monkeys make use of a stone to break open nuts which they wish to eat. This is instanced as the most primitive use of tools. But, he goes on:

> There is a species of clam called a Piddock, of the genus *Pholas*, which bores holes in hard clay and soft rock and spends its life in the cavity so made. The Piddock burrows its home in the rock by constantly turning its rasp-like shell in the cavity. This explanation of the Piddock's method of boring is all very well after the hole is well started, but how about the beginning of the hole before the Piddock could get in to turn round and round?
>
> The Piddock begins the hole by rubbing the surface with its foot, or, as one may as accurately describe it, with its hand; in which it holds a handful of sand grains. Is not this just as much making use of a tool as the action of the housewife who uses a handful of sand to scour out a pot? After the Piddock has made a hole for a house he never moves out. He occupies the inner end of his burrow. His only connection with the outside world is through his siphon. This is a double tube. Through one tube there flows a constnat current of water to the Piddock. In this water is borne all his oxygen for breathing and all the food for his nourishment. His food consists of microscopic animals and plants and the small eggs of various small sea creatures together with decaying organic matter. The waste water and waste from the Piddock is carried out through the other tube.
>
> The ship worm, so called, is not a worm at all. It is a species of clam which bores into submerged timber for the purpose of making a safe dwelling-place, not for the purpose of eating the wood. *Teredo navalis*, the ship worm, is provided with a siphon, as is the Piddock, and in fact all the clams. The young Teredo swims free for some days after birth and then settles down on some wooden pile or ship's bottom and there bores a tiny hole and later, after effecting an entrance, the hole inside is enlarged to make room for the growing animal. The pinhole entrance is never enlarged. The

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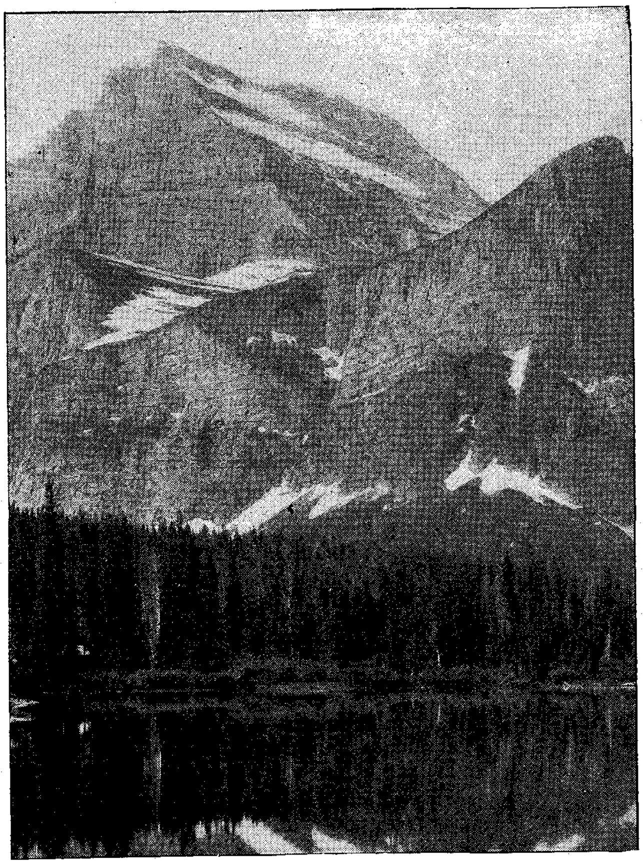

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

burrow of the Teredo is lined with shell material secreted by the occupant. In temperate waters Teredo grows to a length of six inches. In the tropics it may attain a length of two feet. Its diameter is about that of a lead pencil. All the connection with the outer world is through the tips of the two siphon tubes which are thrust out through the pinhole opening and may be withdrawn inward in time of danger.

Our ordinary stem clam, or soft clam, *Mya arenaria*, which lives in the mud of the bays and creeks of Long Island, has a siphon about one foot long when full grown. This siphon always extends upward into clear water and brings in oxygen and food and carries out waste.

In the Philippine Islands there is a mollusk living in the sands which has a tube sometimes six feet long.

FLYING MOUNTAINS OF GRASSHOPPERS

TWENTY-FIVE trillion grasshoppers; forty-four million tons of them, covering an area of 2,280 square miles and all day long passing a given point. These are the figures given for a swarm making its migration from Africa to Arabia across the Red Sea, on November 25, 1889, and the British naturalist, Dr. G. Caruthers, who observed the flight, adds that it was not one of the largest swarms. He fails to furnish the figures on a really big one, perhaps because of inadequate facilities for taking a census. Says Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, Director of Science Service, in its *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

> The swarm that passed over Pretoria on May 25, 1891, is more generously and more accurately, or at least more definitely, estimated as composed of 130,842,144,000,000 individual insects. This swarm is said to have filled 12 cubic miles of space in the air.
>
> The swarm that invaded Algeria in "the grasshopper year" of 1866 is estimated to have totaled 50,000 tons live weight on the wing. Apparently the insects were not counted in this case, but a count of the natives who died of starvation in consequence of their devastations is reported as 200,000.
>
> On the Island of Cyprus in 1883, the lady locusts laid five billion cases of eggs. I don't know how many eggs constitute a case, in this case, but the total weight of the lay is estimated at 4,000 tons.
>
> No statistics are given as to the number of those who constituted the eighth plague of Egypt, but the Bible tells us that "they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened."
>
> I believe all these stories, and I would believe bigger ones if I could find them in any book at hand, for I can remember the grasshopper year of 1876 in Kansas. I can not give the number of these Colorado tourists, because I was then too young to count over a billion, but I know that they darkened the land like a storm cloud and did eat every herb of the land and sent back to live with wife's folks thousands of hopeful young settlers in the western commonwealth. We called them "grasshoppers," not "locusts." I ought to know

what they are, since I have seen and swallowed them, and I am pleased to note that the Encyclopedia Britannica confirms our western term.

I can add a detail of the grasshopper plague not mentioned by the author of Exodus, that they were so numerous as to stop the trains by greasing the track. Nowadays grasshopper grease is being used for lubricating airplane engines, a use we never thought of in 1876. It was recently reported that eighteen tons of dried locusts were shipped from South Africa to Holland for the extraction of the oil, which is said to retain its liquidity at very high altitudes.

It is nothing unusual to find great quantities of insects, especially grasshoppers, buried in snow fields and glaciers in the mountains. A very notable example of this is Grasshopper Glacier, in the Absaroka Mountains, a few miles north of Yellowstone National Park. The face of this glacier is marked with stratum after stratum of grasshoppers, and there are places on its surface where one can dig down a few inches with fingers, and literally bring up solid handfuls of legs, heads, and other parts of grasshopper shells. Presumably great swarms of insects attempting to cross the glacier have been chilled and trapt, and subsequent falls of snow have incorporated their bodies into the ice.

The most amazing thing to a chemist is the gigantic scale and swiftness of this production of grasshopper meat. The estimate given for the weight of the Red Sea swarm is some seventy times the weight of all the copper mined in America in a year. That is to say, it would take us seventy years to produce copper enough to balance the grasshoppers produced in seven weeks in this locality alone.

A NEW THEORY OF ANIMAL COLORATION

ANIMAL romance has been the accepted explanation of the well-known fact that the males of many species of birds and butterflies are more brilliantly colored than their mates. But Mr. Austin H. Clark, of the United States National Museum, tells us in *The Scientific Monthly* that to him this explanation has never seemed quite plausible. His belief has always been that eventually the observed differences would be interpreted in terms of the different environments of the sexes. He now believes that he has obtained a clue to what these differences are; consisting essentially of the greater activity of the males, taken in conjunction with the fact that the enemies of species showing dual coloration are mostly birds, insectivorous and predacious types that hunt by day. Creatures subject to the attacks of mammals and lizards, on the other hand, develop a so-called cryptic, or protective, coloration; because the eyes of mammals and lizards are very different, optically, from the eyes of birds. Here is Mr. Clark's explanation of the differences, and the application to his theory of animal coloration:

> As is well known, birds have the most extraordinary vision.
>
> A bird's eye differs chiefly from a mammal's eye in being built about a lens of shorter focus. The image projected by the

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

lens of a bird's eye therefore lies all in one plane or nearly so, resulting in the equal definition of all the objects in the field of vision. This is quite necessary for an insectivorous bird catching its prey upon the wing or for a predacious bird. Distance means little to them, detection of their victims everything.

To a predacious or an insectivorous bird a landscape would consist of a clear-cut patchwork of myriads of fragments of all sorts of colors and of sizes. Each stick and stone and leaf would stand out sharply, no matter how distant it might be.

Against a background of this kind those objects would be least conspicuous which were most boldly colored in the sharpest contrasts, dark and light, more or less regardless of what the colors were. For instance, a brown butterfly broadly marked with red and yellow would appear merely like a quiver, not like a butterfly, for at any given time one or other of its colors would grade into a similar color in the patchwork underneath it.

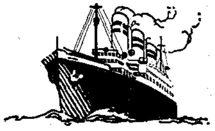
In the relatively long focus mammal eye and the corresponding lizard eye sharp vision is only possible in a single plane, which is continually shifting back and forth. Beyond this plane the landscape becomes blurred and tends to be reduced to the average color of all its various elements.

Thus the creature least conspicuous to a mammal or a lizard would be one most nearly like the *average color* of the background against which it would ordinarily be seen, and not adorned with sharply contrasting colors, dark and light, matching the *details* of that background, as in the case of birds.

The difference in the sight of birds compared with that of mammals and of reptiles would easily explain the brilliant colors of most butterflies when on the wing contrasted with their cryptic colors when at rest; the brilliant colors of many flower-rock-and-fence-frequenting insects; the bright colors of most male tree-top birds and the dull colors of their mates, unless they lay in holes or covered nests or live in regions like the Lesser Antilles, where there are (or were till introduced by man) no predacious mammals nor bird-eating reptiles.

It would also easily explain certain anomalies of coloration, such as the conspicuousness of skunks, which have no mammalian enemies but are frequently the prey of great horned owls, and the brilliant coloration of the truly arboreal squirrels of the tropics and of certain tree-top monkeys.

Probably also it explains the assumption by the males of many of our migratory birds in winter of the female plumage. With us the males of tanagers, orioles and similar birds live in the tree-tops, continuously exposed to the attacks of hawks but immune from the attacks of mammals and of reptiles, while the females are more or less immobilized at or near the nest or young and are less often seen. In the winter both sexes are the same in habits and are more or less retiring like the females in the North, bringing them within the range of mammals and of reptiles. Some of our birds, like the little redstart, have the same habits in their winter quarters as in their summer home, and in these the same plumage is retained throughout the year.



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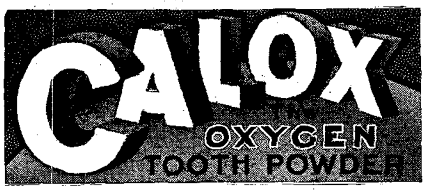

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3 ASK YOUR DENTIST

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

THE JIFFY AND THE MU MU

MODERN science seems capable of transforming almost anything and of changing our ideas about the rest, declares Mr. T. E. Stewart, in the New York *Herald Tribune*, and he goes on to illustrate the point by noting that our old colloquial friend, the "jiffy," has been singled out for definition and measurement, giving us a new unit of time that is thirty billion times shorter than the second; and that commodities in the physical laboratory are measurable in mu mu units, each representing the millionth part of a millimeter—that is to say, the trillionth of a meter. His treatment of the subject is whimsical, but highly informative. Witness the following:

Heretofore the jiffy had been pleasantly variable. It might be the period of time in which your best girl would "be right down" when you called to take her to the cinema, or whatever space must elapse before your mother "tended to you." But if science has its way the friendly old jiffy is to be circumscribed and limited.

A professor at the University of California, G. N. Lewis by name, has proposed to his fellow scientists adoption of a new term for the measurement of an infinitely short period of time. This term he would call the jiffy and the period of time for which it would stand would be that which it takes light to travel one centimeter.

Physicists tell us that light travels 186,000 miles a second. A scientist whom I am perfectly willing to believe, inasmuch as we belong to the same lodge and draw our pay checks from the same source, informs me that 186,000 miles is the equivalent of 30,000,000,000 centimeters, the centimeter being, of course, the hundredth part of a meter, which, in turn, is approximately thirty-nine inches. Light travels, then, 30,000,000,000 centimeters a second. Remember that the next time you light a match in the dark. And a jiffy, being the distance required for light to travel one centimeter, therefore, is the thirty-billionth part of a second.

Swiss watchmakers, residents of Elgin and the timers of Paavo Nurmi's races please take notice. You may think you are doing a good deal when you catch a dash man in fifths or tenths of a second, but on the scale of Mr. Lewis's jiffies "you ain't seen nothin' yet."

Will science accept the jiffy as a name for this infinitely brief period of time? It remains to be seen. Jiffy doesn't sound particularly scientific. That will work against general acceptance. It's rather a homespun term at best.

Science revels in terms that are all its own, ranging from square feet, with which babies trifle in the elementary stages of arithmetic, up through cubic yards, which is also relatively old stuff, up to mu mu.

Now almost any one can pretend to understand cubic centimeters, for which the term is c. c., of which, as every freshman remembers, empty test tubes are always full. But when it comes to a discussion of mu mu, the layman had best watch his step. It should be written in Greek, like this: Greek character μ, Greek character μ.

The mu mu is a millionth part of a

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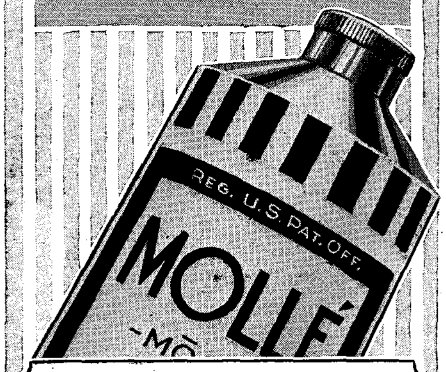

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

millimeter, so if you have a millimeter handy, squint along it. See what I mean?

The mu mu is being popularized by a branch of science known as colloid chemistry. Substances are in the colloid state when they are in a condition of infinitely fine subdivision. The particules, or whatever scientists call the infinitieth part of a particle, which come into the colloid mass are those which range in size from one mu mu to one-tenth of a mu. At most, 25,000,000 of them would stand along the edge of a one-inch rule.

The preparation of rubber and photographic films, the manufacture of soap, alloy steels, adhesives, the making of plastic substances and the churning of butter all require an understanding of the action of matter in the colloid state. Paper-makers deal with colloids, which are also important in sugar-making, throughout the cereal industry and in the manufacture of Portland cement, dyes, leather and jellies.

One of the things for which the knowing now look to colloid experts is the development of a gas mask to match the new and terrible gases which rumor says are being discovered in the laboratories of the great Powers. Colloid experts made the first gas masks, so it is natural for us to look to them for the necessary improvements.

Another thing. Poison gases are not absorbed by the charcoal in gas masks, as many have believed. On the contrary, they are adsorbed. The difference is this: in absorption the entering substance is soaked up and actually mingles, molecule for molecule, with the substance that receives it. In adsorption the entering substance merely finds lodgment on what are called interfaces. It sounds vague, but is simple. Altho the openings are extremely minute, there are tiny spaces between the layers that make up an apparently solid piece of charcoal. The gas lodges on the edges of these tiny openings between the charcoal layers. It is adsorbed.

But to return to our muttons, let no one think that science, having evolved the mu mu, is satisfied with that degree of smallness. One can go on down as much further as he wishes. He can describe its size as "ten to the minus eight," which is the same as saying that it should be multiplied by point-seven-ciphers-one, which is .00000001. It takes a whole lot to make an experienced newspaper man feel as small as all that.

If these few and simple examples in smallness leave the reader unsatisfied, let him read what follows and get an idea of the size of the atom.

There are 50,000,000,000 atoms of gold in every drop of sea water. It would take 2,000 tons of sea water to yield one gram of gold. The process would be considerably more expensive than that by which quicksilver has been changed into gold, even if they knew how to get the gold out of the sea water.

Or try this one: If you poured a glass of water into the river, with every molecule tagged for identification (provided that were possible), and if you then waited until that glassful of water had been spread equally among all the waters of the earth—and if you then drew a fresh glass of water anywhere in the world, the last glassful drawn would contain 2,000 of the molecules that were in the original tumbler.

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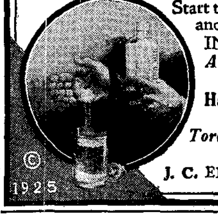

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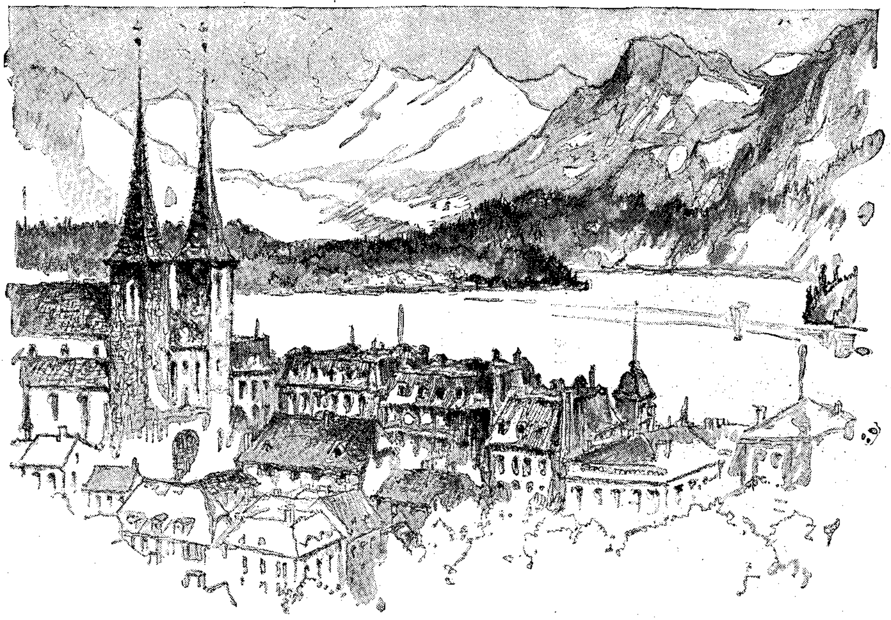
point of water, and divided it equally among all of the 110,000,000 people of the United States, each one would have one-fifth of a cubic millimeter of gas. Then if each person were entitled to cash in his gas for one cent a million molecules of its amount, each person would have $50,000,000 coming to him.

Has this particular method of attaining great wealth been brought to your attention before? And remember, if scientists agree, the jiffy will be 1-30,000,000,000 of a second, the time it takes light to travel one centimeter.

HOW TO TEST YOUR ABILITY

OF THE making of many intelligence tests there is no end; but the tests most exploited require the cooperation of trained psychologists or efficiency experts. It remained for the Kansas City Teachers' College to devise a kind of rule-of-thumb test that each individual may apply to himself or herself, without the embarrassment of publicity. The method, as published in the Kansas City *Star Magazine*, consists of answering a series of simple questions, or groups of questions, ten in number, giving a grade of three for each group if you are above the average; two if you are average; and one if you are below the average. Thirty would therefore be a perfect score, and twenty an average score. The cogent objection might be made that one's self-analysis may be vitiated by egotism or by undue modesty. We do not see ourselves as others see us. It might be helpful, after one has answered the questions, to have some intimate check the answers. Here are the questions:

1. Neatness—Are my habits of personal cleanliness the best? Do I dress suitably? Do I keep my personal effects orderly?
2. Broadmindedness—Am I ready to recognize worth in others? Have I respect for the opinions and beliefs of others? Have I the ability to consider both sides of a question?
3. Courtesy—Do I try to manifest a real spirit of thoughtful, kindly helpfulness? Do I avoid practises that make me conspicuous?
4. Dependability—Am I punctual in meeting all engagements and agreements? Am I trustworthy about meeting obligations to the best of my ability?
5. Loyalty—Have I a sense of responsibility for the welfare of the business with which I am connected? Do I make my personal interests secondary to my business interests? Have I a real respect for my occupation?
6. Cooperation—Have I an ability and willingness to work with others? Have I a real desire to be helpful in all situations?
7. Leadership—Have I the ability to plan and carry out projects of various sorts? Have I the ability to win the allegiance and cooperation of others?
8. Honesty and Sincerity—Have I the strength to be honest under all circumstances? Am I straightforward and unaffected?
9. Perseverance—Have I the ability to stay with a task until it is finished? Have I a tenacity of purpose, even against great odds?
10. Self-Control—Have I the ability to



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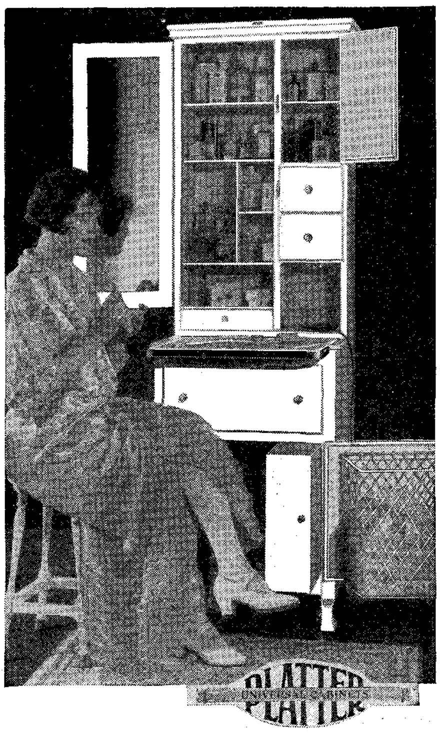

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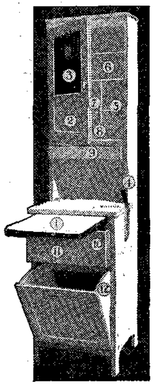

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

hold the mastery of myself under trying circumstances? Have I the ability to be pleasant and considerate, even tho others are unfair or irritable?

WHAT THE ECLIPSE DID TO RADIO

THE total eclipse of January 24th was undoubtedly the greatest experiment ever made in radio, in the opinion of the experts who officiated at the observation station of *The Scientific American.* But we are also assured that probably many months must elapse before all the data gathered can be correlated; and until then it can not be definitely known just what the eclipse did to radio. A preliminary report is made, however, by Alfred P. Lane and F. X. Walsh, who predict that the facts learned will be of the utmost importance to the theories of radio transmission and possibly to the practise of radio as well. The eclipse observations prove that the sun directly affects radio; and that *something* in the upper air—whether or not it be what has been conceived as the "Heavi-side layer"—does affect the progress of the radio waves. These conclusions are based on the reports of more than two thousand radio listeners who registered with *The Scientific American.* In presenting certain details, the experts state that their interpretations are tentative, tho based on as careful a study of data as time has permitted. We read:

> Our own registered listeners may be divided into three groups,—(1) those where the listener and the broadcasting station were on the same side of the shadow path; (2) those where listener and station were on opposite sides of the shadow path; (3) those where both the listener and the station were within the shadow path. By "shadow path" we mean, of course, the path followed by the spot of totality as it swept across the United States. Let us now consider what these groups of listeners heard.
>
> There are many variations and contradictions. Some of these may be due to local disturbances or to accidental faults of the receivers. Some may have a deeper meaning which will be discoverable, doubtless, on further analysis. Ignoring these, for the present, and taking merely the rough average of the reported results, we find:
>
> 1. When listener and transmitter were on the *same* side of the shadow there was a gradual *increase* in signal strength, beginning about twenty minutes before totality and falling off again about ten minutes after totality.
> 2. When listener and transmitter were on *opposite* sides of the shadow there was a *decrease* in signal strength beginning a few minutes before totality and lasting until well after totality.
> 3. When both listener and transmitter were *within* the shadow there was a relatively sharp *increase* in signal strength practically coincident with totality at the transmitting station. This fell off rather quickly after totality was over.
>
> When both the transmitter and the listener were very close to one side of the shadow path, altho not actually within it, or when one was inside and one outside of the shadow, the results appear to approach, in general, to the type of group 2; that is, there was a *decrease* in signal strength as the shadow of the eclipse became nearly total.
>
> This effect is illustrated by the results at *The Scientific American's* observing station, at Easthampton, Long Island. This station was well within the shadow. Transmissions were observed at intervals from WBZ and WOR, but the effect in question appears most definitely from the records on WGY. This station was just north of the shadow path, so that the waves from it to Easthampton passed mainly through the area affected by the total shadow.
>
> Received signals from WGY were recorded at Easthampton automatically. A Grebe Synchrophase receiver was tuned in on WGY early in the morning and was connected to a phonographic recording apparatus.
>
> It had been expected that the effect of the eclipse between these two stations would be the usual effect of darkness, that is, an increase of the signal strength. That did not happen. What we did record was a decrease of signal strength. At approximately 9:35 A. M., twenty minutes after totality was over, the signals came back slowly to approximately normal daylight strength.
>
> A possible explanation for this behavior emerges from the instrumental results of Mr. Pickard, as reported in preliminary manner before the Institute of Radio Engineers on February 4, 1925, and somewhat more completely by subsequent private communications to ourselves.
>
> Radio engineers have suspected for some time that the normal transmission of radio waves is over a dual path. One of these, called the "direct path," or the "ground-wave path," is along the surface of the ground or of the water. This corresponds to the older "gliding wave" theory of radio transmission—the theory that assumed all transmission to be by a wave attached more or less firmly to the earth's surface, just as the waves of "wired radio" are attached to the wire along which they travel.
>
> The other path believed to be followed by a part of the radiation is the so-called "indirect path," or "upper-wave path." This part of the energy is supposed to travel through the upper part of the earth's atmosphere; bent around the earth, perhaps, by the right combination of electric properties in this part of the atmosphere.
>
> It has been found by Mr. Pickard, not only in this experiment but in many earlier ones, that the signal strength of a distant station, particularly at night, shows a great many momentary fluctuations, representing a short-period "swinging" or "fading." These are believed to be due to transient alterations in the length of the transmission path along the "upper," or "indirect," route of the wave. These variations cause the indirect part of the wave alternately to reinforce and to oppose the direct part of the wave. Thus the audible or recordable variations are produced.
>
> The eclipse occurred at an hour in the morning when these fluctuations were still prominent, and in the instrumental records obtained analysis shows that the indirect part of the wave was apparently affected more than was the direct part. The upper, or indirect, wave suffered so severely, it appears, as to be almost destroyed at some of the stations and for a part of the eclipse. The result was two-fold. First, the

momentary fluctuations of the signal strength—the short-period fading—were smoothed out. Second, the total signal strength, being now due solely to the direct, or ground, wave, became much weaker than when both parts of the wave were arriving together and contributing to the field strength at the receiver.

It is easy to see how the upper, indirect wave might be interfered with by the eclipse. Darkness alters the ionization of the air. This, in turn, alters the speed of the wave. The alteration is not likely to be uniform. Accordingly the progress of the wave will be disturbed in a most complicated manner, with ample opportunity for such deviation of this wave, either upward or downward, as to greatly decrease its strength at the distant receiver.

In the case of a transmitting station inside the shadow path, as, for example, WGR, at Buffalo, there is another effect that enters. The indirect, or upper, part of the departing wave, in order to reach the upper atmospheric layer, where the conductivity is higher and where the distant transmission is to occur, is compelled to traverse the layer of lower atmosphere lying immediately above the station between the antenna and the upper, conducting layer. The absorption of wave energy in this lower part of the atmosphere is believed to be relatively high. It is probably higher when the air is illuminated by sunlight than when it is dark. Accordingly, it is probable that one effect of the eclipse was to decrease this absorption, thus allowing more of the wave energy to reach the upper, conducting layer, and strengthening the indirect part of the wave.

EXOTIC MARMALADES MET IN MANHATTAN

PROBABLY Keats never explored the sweetmeat shops of the world to discover the price and taste of the "spiced dainties," the "lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon," the "candied apple, quince, and plum and gour," he wrote about so tunefully. But Mr. L. Lodian has become quite an authority on such matters by visiting native bazaars throughout the world and foreign shops in New York. And he presents in *The Fruit Products Journal and American Vinegar Industry* (New York), the result of his researches in the shape of an interesting discussion of strange marmalades concocted in foreign lands, including the "rose-leaf marmalade of tropical America, the quince marmalade of Iberia, the sweetened bean-gelatin marmalade of Nippon, the ginger and kumquat marmalade of China, the jujube marmalade of France, and the sugared horse-radish marmalade of the Slav countries." There are only four kinds of marmalades, it seems, which need no sugar in the manufacture, "the Turkish raisin marmalade, the Latin-American banana marmalade and the African date and fig marmalades." Mr. Lodian goes on with his story of marmalades:

The banana confiture has been heat-caramelized until it is of a chocolate-brown and acquires an accidental semi-raspberry flavor, yet no flavoring of any sort has been added. It is soft-solid and so concentratedly

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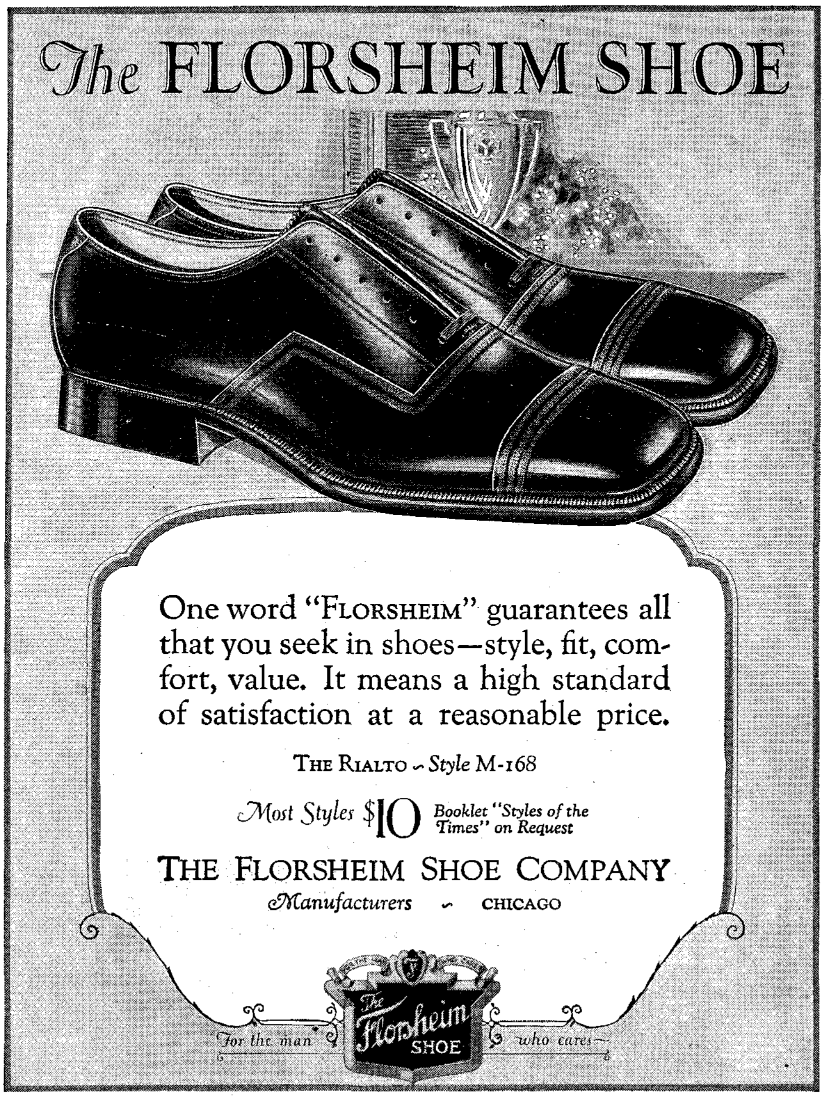
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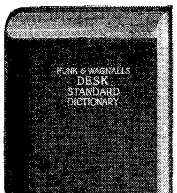

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

sweet with its own natural sugar content as to often elicit the comment—"too sweet for me."

The membrillo (quince) marmalade of the Plata Republics, as Argentine and Uruguay, is the most delectable russet-brown solid, with yet another accidental flavor as if sweetened with comb honey (as if the wax also had been steamed into the mass). But it is just a fortuitous taste illusion: the sucrose part is plain muscovado, or raw cane-sugar, as grown in the Republics. The quince fruit itself, like the guava, is unfit for table use; its only utility is in preserving.

The guava-fruit marmalades of the Antillas are always for sale at the many Hispano-American tiendas or groceries. There are two varieties, the opaque and the semi-transparent. They also import from the Caribbean a pure transparent orange marmalade, the only one of its type known, devoid of all fibrous elements of the naranja and as solid as gelatine. Curious to relate, old Espana knows not of orange marmalade, tho producing so much of the globe's supply of this succulent fruit. Instead, they use the quince and help out with fig and date marmalades imported from Araby the Blest. They are likewise obtainable in Manhattan from Islamic importers.

The date marmalade of the Nile region is so cloyingly sweet it seems to get "on the nerves." The refined date sugar is a snow white, and is sold by the kilo (2⅕ lbs.) in ring form about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece.

The rahat-lakum and halva of Araby the Blest are confitures of the marmalade type, but are more in the nature of candied confections and contain no fruit substance. The rahat of Izmit, Stamboul and Bagdad is of pale pink color, of luscious rose-fragrance and taste: it consists of palm sugar, vegetable gelatine, the choice greenish pistachio nuts crusht, all heat-sterilized to a smooth paste, then, on cooling, the attar-of-rose is added, and it is then placed in hermetically sealed containers for export. Already some is made here, but it can not be compared with the imported. Halva consists of crusht sesame seeds and date sugar and is probably the most sustaining food confiture known.

The ginger marmalades imported from the South of the Chinese Republic are quite piquant. The finely pulped root is steam cooked in sorghum-syrup, it also occurs in bleached honey, resembling bleached beeswax. This form, to the writer's mind, is the best. It is a solid, and you cut it out with spoon or knife from the curious crocks or gourds in which it is retailed.

Russian marmalade, it seems, is made from lemons; "it is thick and solid as butter in winter, and of a most pleasant acidulated flavor." The Slavic horse-radish marmalade is now made in New York. Of this we are told that "the syruping of the finely macerated horse-radish and the live-steaming in vacuum has completely tamed down the 'hot' piquancy of the root and leaves nothing but a flat turnipy flavor with a sweetish savor." There is an Irish marmalade made from seaweed: "the seaweed is macerated to a pulp, then steamed in molasses syrup with some seeds to flavor." Oriental importing houses in New York sell a rose-leaf marmalade.

A prior reference instanced the choice rose-leaf marmalades of oriental pastry bakers and chefs: it no doubt is one of the most delectable marmalades of the universe and is imported all along by oriental importing houses located in Manhattan, who retail it in 5-pound cans to levantine, or Arabic-speaking, pastry chefs and restaurants among the exotic colonies of Gotham town. These have a lunching and dining clientage who, for desserts, go in for the most luscious buttery cakes, tarts, pies, et al., imaginable. To test this, just try a few times the scrupulously clean lunch rooms of the "little Arabic Republic," just north of Battery Place. Why even their small cups of black coffee (holding about as much as could be put into a duck egg) are perfumed with a dash of rose-water, one of the little-known secrets for the fame of Turkish coffee. The cans of rose-marmalade contain 5 pounds (nothing smaller is obtainable), yet on opening are found little more than half-filled — this is due to shrinkage on cooling, after steaming in vacuum. For use, the marmalade is always served direct from the container: it is never heated or ovened with the pastry or cake wares to which applied, but laid on cold. Heating would naturally volatilize the evanescent rose fragrance and leave little but an intensely sweet taste: a compote of fresh roses and virgin honey, its fragrance seems to enhance its cloying sweetness so it has to be used sparingly.

The jujube fruit of France is now used "solely for making the luscious jujube marmalade, a golden yellow, syrupy mass surrounding the whole jujube fruit." The Japanese, continues Mr. Lodian, make a bean marmalade of a dull reddish color and almost as solid as cheese. "You cut it with a knife and lay it in thin slices between buttered bread." As the writer explains:

> The soy bean is used, and prolonged steam cooking in vacuum with the mizuami (rice sugar) component gives a natural reddish tint. It is not very sweet and the Nipponese hold that oversweet doping of comestibles impairs both flavor and appetite. They are right, but you could tell that in vain to sweet-toothed doped denizens of America.

The Japanese cherry-blossom marmalade sounds better than it tastes, for it has "a certain bitterish 'dry' after-taste like one may notice after partaking of a few of the mushy but delectable persimmon fruits, altho persimmon marmalade, due to the scalding process, is void of that acidity. The latter is quite a 'tame' confiture, with a fig flavor. It is imported in flat pans and is quite a firm impacted brown delicacy."

And this reminds Mr. Lodian that:

> Cherry blossoms also occur crystallized in the Nipponese stores of Manhattan and are of a delicate pinkish tint, just as you can obtain the fragrant crystallized violet leaves and rose-flowers imported by and found in French groceries.
>
> Aside—what is the difference between a marmalade and a jam? Well, originally all marmalades were solid or nearly so, cut into slices, while jams are more liquid and need a spoon. Most all the marmalades of the globe here instanced are of the solid form.

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

PURCHASING POWER OF CONSUMERS IN THIRTY-ONE CITIES

AN attempt to find out which cities spend the most for food, for clothing, and for house furnishing, is made by an advertising house on the basis of statistics gathered by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. The J. Walter Thompson Company groups the cities according to the relative per capita spending for the chief items of budgetary expenditure. According to these figures, we read in *Advertising and Selling Fortnightly* (New York), "New York shows the largest per capita expenditure for food, while the white population of Norfolk, Virginia, ranks first in per capita outlay for both clothing and furniture." While it is quite possible that these figures do not indicate the precise ranking of the cities, the editor of the New York advertising weekly thinks that they are worth quoting as furnishing at least interesting material for thought. The first table shows the estimated annual food consumption per capita in the thirty-one cities listed. The second gives the annual per capita expenditures for clothing, and the third gives the annual per capita expenditures for furniture and house furnishings. In the case of Southern cities, the white and negro populations are listed separately. The tables follow:

I.

PER CAPITA OUTLAY FOR FOOD

City	*$100 or over*
New York City	113.73
San Francisco	110.20
Boston	108.83
Portland, Me.	105.36
Philadelphia	103.05
Seattle	100.64
	$95 to $99
Detroit	99.30
Chicago	98.60
Los Angeles	97.66
Mobile (White)	97.63
Cleveland	97.06
Buffalo	95.27
	$90 to $94
Houston (White)	94.50
Birmingham (White)	91.94
Mobile (Negro)	91.46
Portland, Ore.	91.42
Norfolk (White)	90.65
Baltimore (White)	90.61
Jacksonville (White)	90.48
	$85 to $89
Kansas City, Mo.	89.52
Pittsburgh (White)	89.32
Scranton	87.23
St. Louis (White)	86.08
Houston (Negro)	85.31
	$80 to $84
Richmond (White)	84.26
Denver	83.86
Memphis (White)	83.36
Indianapolis	82.87
	$75 to $79
Cincinnati	79.93
Minneapolis	79.64
Atlanta (Negro)	79.47
Richmond (Negro)	79.42
New Orleans (White)	79.21
Atlanta (White)	78.99
Pittsburgh (Negro)	77.70
Birmingham (Negro)	76.83
	Under $75
Savannah (Negro)	74.60
Baltimore (Negro)	74.11
Norfolk (Negro)	74.11
Savannah (White)	73.78
Jacksonville (Negro)	73.27
St. Louis (Negro)	69.92
New Orleans (Negro)	65.47
Memphis (Negro)	65.20

II.

PER CAPITA OUTLAY FOR CLOTHING

City	*Above $60*
Norfolk (White)	76.80
Seattle	60.73
	$50 to $59
San Francisco	58.23
Portland, Me.	55.66
New York	54.18
Jacksonville (White)	53.71
Detroit	53.63
Buffalo	53.37
Mobile (White)	52.91
Cleveland	52.65
Savannah (White)	52.49
Philadelphia	50.87
	$40 to $49
Houston (White)	49.09
Portland, Ore.	48.34
Savannah (Negro)	46.43
Los Angeles	45.11
Memphis (White)	44.99
Boston	44.34
Scranton	43.44
Jacksonville (Negro)	43.35
Birmingham (White)	42.30
Pittsburgh (White)	41.92
Chicago	41.78
Atlanta (White)	41.05
Mobile (Negro)	40.84
Denver	40.13
Baltimore (White)	40.06
Houston (Negro)	40.02
	$30 to $39
Kansas City, Mo.	38.39
Indianapolis	38.13
St. Louis (White)	36.33
Minneapolis	35.67
Richmond (White)	34.91
Pittsburgh (Negro)	34.50
Atlanta (Negro)	33.64
Richmond (Negro)	33.64
New Orleans (White)	31.50
Baltimore (Negro)	31.31
Norfolk (Negro)	31.31
Cincinnati	30.85
	Under $30
Birmingham (Negro)	29.75
Memphis (Negro)	29.11
St. Louis (Negro)	26.34
New Orleans (Negro)	23.05

III.

PER CAPITA OUTLAY FOR FURNITURE

City	*$20 or over*
Norfolk (White)	25.75
Cleveland	24.89
Buffalo	22.43
Portland, Ore.	22.40
Seattle	22.35
Houston (White)	21.48
Detroit	21.31
Jacksonville (White)	20.33
Los Angeles	20.17
	$10 to $19
Savannah (White)	18.82

Savannah (Negro)	18.73
St. Louis (White)	18.37
Indianapolis	17.48
Chicago	16.82
Denver	16.65
San Francisco	16.24
Houston (Negro)	16.21
Birmingham (White)	16.07
Mobile (White)	15.86
Philadelphia	15.59
Pittsburgh (White)	15.18
Portland, Me.	15.12
Atlanta (White)	14.79
Minneapolis	14.59
Kansas City	14.12
Memphis (White)	14.00
Richmond (White)	13.83
Baltimore (White)	13.47
Scranton	13.35
Cincinnati	12.87
Pittsburgh (Negro)	12.61
New York City	12.53
St. Louis (Negro)	11.66
Boston	11.17
Jacksonville (Negro)	11.03
New Orleans (White)	10.16
Atlanta (Negro)	10.08
Richmond (Negro)	10.08
	Below $10
Mobile (Negro)	9.74
Birmingham (Negro)	9.63
New Orleans (Negro)	7.88
Memphis (Negro)	7.60
Norfolk (Negro)	7.16
Baltimore (Negro)	7.13

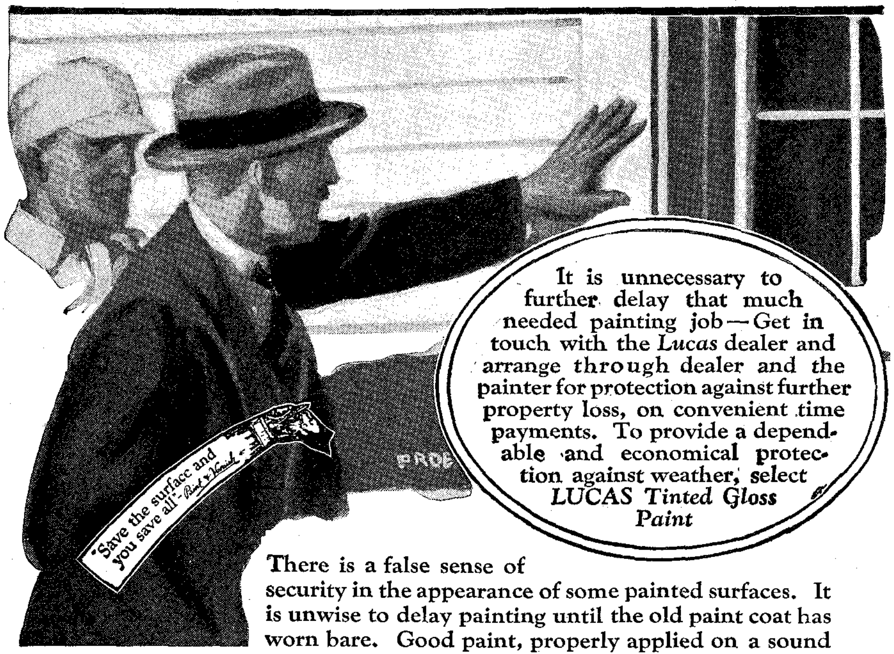
ACTUAL LOSS IN BROKERAGE BANKRUPTCIES

Of the more than $100,000,000 losses sustained by customers in bankruptcies of brokerage houses and bucket-shops in the last three years, not more than 25 per cent. at the outside will be recovered, according to a survey made by the New York *World*. It seems that:

> Most of the receivers, trustees and bankruptcy referees interviewed were of the opinion that the percentage of recovery would be less than 20 per cent. Some estimated it as low as 15.
>
> It appears fairly conclusive therefore, that of the $100,000,000 lost, only between $15,000,000 and $25,000,000 will be paid back.
>
> These figures are based on a study of more than 100 bankruptcy cases, and are indicative of the average condition that has followed a financial crash. They are not typical of individual cases, for several large stock brokerage houses which failed two years ago have paid substantial dividends to creditors and will pay more.

Most of the bankrupt concerns that have made substantial return to their creditors were members of the New York Stock Exchange, we read in *The World*, while "little or nothing has gone back or apparently will go back to creditors of stock-brokers who were not members of any exchange." It is remarked that "some of the bankrupt estates which eventually pay something to creditors will make such payments only at a distant day, since the assets are tied up in litigation." Small recoverage in stock brokerage cases is only in a measurable degree due to cost of administration, the records of referees showing that "the losses usually come from the

It Lasts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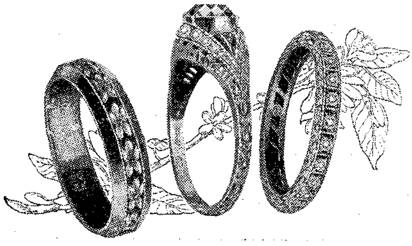

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

fact that the receiver finds the till completely empty, even of securities which the broker is supposed to hold for his customer." While, in a general way, the more honest the bankrupt broker the greater the recoverable assets, the rule does not always hold, for "several large bankruptcies of stock brokers in the last three years have been shown to have resulted from such causes as errors of judgment, stock market feuds, and thefts from firms by individuals."

WORRIES OF THE DOUBLE-HEADED DIAMOND TRUST

A DECIDED increase in the production of diamonds in 1924 over 1923 is worrying the "diamond trust," or rather, the "diamond trusts," for there are now two of them. There is a very rigid control over the diamond market, for it would never do to let diamonds become cheap and plentiful. So in view of the fresh discoveries of diamonds in various parts of the world the producers are resolved on continuing the present policy of restriction, and are considering the possibility of establishing some form of international control. From information gathered by its British Information Service, the Bankers Trust Company of New York explains as follows the new conditions which have arisen in the peculiar diamond business since the war:

> For many years the control of the diamond market rested with De Beers, which also controlled two other of the great diamond properties, the Jager and the Premier. Their output was sold to the Diamond Syndicate with headquarters in London. The South African Government was entitled to 60 per cent. of the profits of the Premier mine, and claimed a right of veto should the allocation of sales to different properties be considered unfair to the Premier. Immediately after the termination of the war, the Anglo-American Corporation secured control of all the important diamond-producing properties in what had been German Southwest Africa. When the Union received the mandate of Southwest Africa, this automatically brought in the diamondiferous areas there as an asset of the Union, and adjustment had to be made to care for the output of the new fields. After a good deal of negotiation it was agreed that production should be proportioned as to De Beers 51 per cent., Premier 18 per cent., Jager 10 per cent., and Southwest Africa, 21 per cent.
>
> Diamond production in other parts of the world meanwhile had become of importance and a difference of opinion had arisen between the representatives of the older producers and those dealing with the output from newer sources. This has now come to a head, and instead of there being one selling source for producers, there are two—the old Diamond Syndicate handling the output of De Beers, Jager, and Premier, while a new combination will handle the output of Southwest Africa, Kongo, Angola, West Africa, and possibly British Guiana. This

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latter combination will control about 35 per cent. of the total output. As far as Southwest Africa is concerned the present quota will remain in force. It is expected that the two marketing agencies will cooperate, as it is to the interest of both that the confidence of the trade should be maintained and remunerative prices obtained.

HOW THE NATIONAL DEBT IS BEING PAID OFF

THE Treasury Department expects to pay off its total interest-bearing debt of more than $20,000,000,000 in twenty-six years, declared Garrard B. Winston, Under-Secretary of the Treasury, at a recent New York Bond Club luncheon. He explained briefly how the Department tries to do this, and incidentally pointed out one phase of the Treasury's attitude toward the Allied war debts by noting that "the sinking fund and the provision of the law that repayment of foreign loans shall be used to retire debt are part of the contract between the Government and the holders of its obligations." This year, according to Mr. Winston, the Treasury will have to meet nearly $1,700,000,000, of maturing obligations. Altogether, he said,

> The interest-bearing debt of the Government as of January 1, 1925, was something over twenty billions. Seven billions of these mature on or before September 15, 1928, which is the maturity date of the Third Liberty Loan, an issue now of about $2,885,000,000. In 1938, six and a third billions of the Fourth Liberty Loan will mature; in 1942, three billions of the Second Liberty Loan; in five years nearly two billions of the First Liberty Loan; five years later, three-quarters of a billion of Treasury 4¼s, and in 1954 the same amount of Treasury 4s.

In the order of their importance, the principal factors which work toward payment are, we are told, "the sinking-fund, foreign repayments, surplus, and in its effect on time element, the bonus":

> The sinking-fund started with about $250,000,000. This year it is $310,000,000. Next year it will be $323,000,000. The fund can be used either in the purchase of securities at an average cost of not to exceed par or in the redemption of securities. The Treasury is in the market, therefore, for its securities when they can be bought below par. When they exceed par, purchases are not made in the market, but the fund is applied to the retirement of maturing or callable securities. Since we have maturing or callable securities in an amount far in excess of anything that the sinking-fund could absorb, the fund will always be operative, no matter how high the prices of government bonds may go and still not drive up the price by forced purchases.
>
> Foreign repayments have a double aspect. Under the funding agreement with Great Britain, the scheme of which has been followed in the other agreements we have made to date, the debtor has the right to pay principal and interest in our own securities issued since April, 1917, at par and interest. This means that it is worth while for a debtor to use our securities as counters if they are below par.

The Health Towel of a hundred uses!

Authorities agree that clean towels are absolutely essential to the maintenance of good health.

That's why thousands of offices, factories and stores throughout the country have voluntarily selected Scottissue Towels for their washrooms.

Scottissue Towels are *always* clean, *always* fresh, *always* white, *always* absorbent. At little cost, they provide an individual never-before-used towel to each person, every time. A safe, comfortable, convenient towel-service, everybody can afford.

Scottissue Towels are being used daily in many new ways, because of their extraordinary drying, cleaning and absorbing powers.

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ScotTissue Towels
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CHESTER, PA. — U. S. A.
THE CONTENTS OF THIS PACKAGE COMPLY WITH ALL LAWS RELATING TO WEIGHTS AND MEASURES
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150 towels in a dust-proof carton, 40c. In Rocky Mountain Zone and Canada, 50c. (Postage paid by us.)

24.6 cents per carton when bought by the case (25 cartons—3750 towels). Price per case $6.15 F.O.B. Factory. Weight 60 lbs. Even lower prices on orders of 5, 10, and 25 cases.

Ask your dealer or send us your order.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
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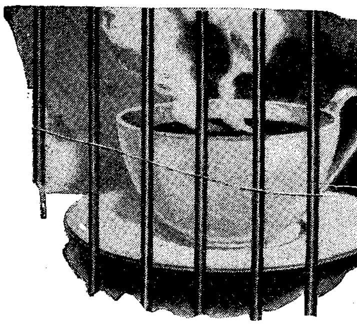

Why?

If the trouble is coffee omit the caffeine

This is to tell you of a coffee deprived of all caffeine. Modern science provides it for you, and grocers supply it.

Caffeine is the drug which affects the heart and nerves. It is the cause of many headaches, many wakeful nights. It is the reason why doctors sometimes forbid coffee, or stint it. And why so many are driven to substitutes.

Now we open the pores of the raw coffee bean and take that caffeine out. The flavor and aroma are untouched. The coffee delights stay intact. Nothing but the harm is gone.

This new-type coffee is called Kaffee Hag. It is a blend so exquisite that the finest hotels now serve it. And countless connoisseurs, the world over, have adopted it.

It is pure coffee. It brings to one all of coffee's delights, the quick bracing effects. Caffeine has no taste, so its lack is unnoticed. Its stimulation does not come until two hours after drinking, so that is not missed.

The result is a coffee—Kaffee Hag—with all the joys of coffee. All can drink it without stint, at any age, at any hour.

Let us send you a ten-cup package to show how much it means to someone in your home. Mail the coupon now

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Name..............................

Address..............................

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"Like a clean china dish"

One-Piece Porcelain-Lined

The porcelain-lined Leonard is *more* than a food-protector. It prevents waste, cuts housekeeping costs, lessens work of women. There is a Leonard dealer near you.

C. H. LEONARD
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Send for Catalog

of 77 styles and sizes, Mr. Leonard's booklet, "Selection and Care of Refrigerators," and actual sample of Porcelain.

Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co.
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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

April 15.—Paul Painlevé, President of the Chamber of Deputies, accepts the Premiership of France and forms a Cabinet including Aristide Briand as Minister of Foreign Affairs and Joseph Caillaux as Minister of Finance.

The publication of the first French cross-word puzzle book is announced in Paris.

April 16.—Many persons are killed and a number injured by a bomb explosion in a Cathedral in Sofia, Bulgaria, during the funeral of General Georghieff, who was assassinated on April 14.

The famous Paris vaudeville house, Théâtre Boulevard des Capucins, passes into the hands of the Paramount Film Corporation to be made over into a motion-picture theater.

April 17.—Martial law is declared in Bulgaria; it is announced that 150 persons, including a number of prominent politicians, were killed in the bomb explosion the previous day.

The British dirigible *R-33*, which had been torn loose from her moorings at Pulham, Norfolk, safely outrides the gale, and returns to her base after being adrift thirty hours.

Ex-Chancellor Marx, Republican candidate for President of Germany, declares in favor of union with Austria.

April 18.—The Portuguese Government suppresses an attempted insurrection in Lisbon.

The Prince of Wales on his African tour is entertained at a Durbar attended by the native princes of Nigeria.

The Italian Government, as a result of an avalanche of selling orders, closes the Stock Exchanges only four days after they had been reopened.

April 19.—Field Marshal von Hindenburg delivers his first campaign speech as candidate for President of Germany, calling for a "place in the sun" for Germany, and demanding that the charge that Germany was responsible for the war be dropt.

More political murders are committed in Bulgaria, and 400 rioters are executed.

April 20.—It is reported that 4,000 persons have been slaughtered and 16,000 arrests made in the course of the disturbances in Bulgaria.

The Japanese Ambassador to the United States denies that there is any secret agreement between Japan and the Russian Government.

The U. S. Cruiser *Denver* lands 165 men at Ceiba, Honduras, to protect lives and property endangered by the revolution.

The Governments of Russia and Mexico decline to join the League of Nations conference on control of the arms traffic.

April 21.—Altho the New Finance Minister, Joseph Caillaux, is savagely attacked in the French Chamber of Deputies, the new Painlevé ministry wins a confidence vote of 304 to 218.

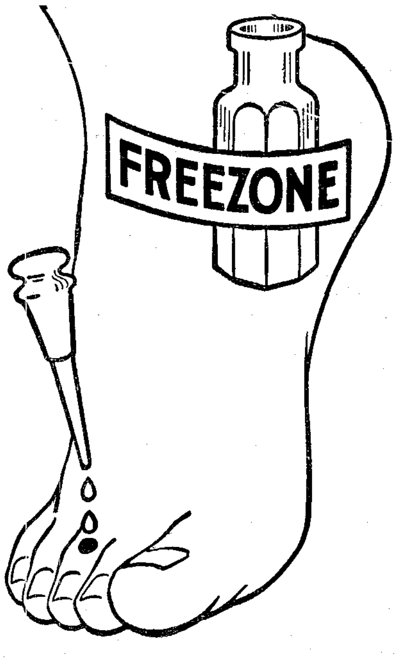
Fire destroys more than 200 buildings and causes $500,000 damage in Cananea, Sonora, Mexico.

Bulgarian police kill the supposed leader of the Sofia bomb-throwers.

Two separate revolutions are reported to

Corns

Lift Off – No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit. Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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City Comforts at Low Cost

The Kaustine Super-Septic Tank is replacing disease-breeding cesspools. Requires practically no attention. Operates without cost. Easily installed, cannot get out of order. Meets sanitation standards of Health Experts.

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Usually outlasts the building it serves because made of Armco Ingot Iron, specially enameled. Shipped ready to install to save time and labor. Our Engineering Dept. offers free advice on your problem. Sizes for homes, schools, factories, etc.

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Kaustine Super-Septic Tanks
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June Weddings

can be made conventionally correct in every detail if the persons concerned consult the "Blue Book of Social Usage"—

ETIQUETTE

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By Emily Post

639 pages; crown 8vo. size; 12 pages on Courtships and Engagements; 33 on Wedding Preparations; 35 on The Day of the Wedding; full-page pictures of decorations for home and church weddings, with frontispiece of a "Bride's Bouquet."

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Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York

be under way in Honduras, one on the north coast and the other along the Guatemalan frontier.

DOMESTIC

April 14.—The major league baseball season opens.

April 15.—The U. S. Navy war game in the Pacific begins with the departure of the "enemy" fleet from San Francisco to "capture" Hawaii.

John Singer Sargent, American artist, dies in London, at the age of 69.

April 16.—The trial of Senator Burton K. Wheeler under the charge of illegal acceptance of a fee for legal services in presenting a client's claims before the Department of the Interior begins at Great Falls, Montana.

Augustus Lukeman of New York is appointed sculptor of the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial in place of Gutzon Borglum.

William Beebe, explorer, announces the discovery of two new volcanoes in the Galapagos Islands.

Henry Ford buys 12,000 acres of riverside property in Georgia.

April 17.—The United States Government sues the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and its subsidiaries to recover $15,000,000 for alleged overcharges on war contracts; the Bethlehem Company brings a suit for nearly $10,000,000 said to be still due it from the Government.

April 18.—Vice-President Dawes attacks the Senate rules in a speech in Boston.

Charles H. Ebbets, President and chief owner of the Brooklyn National League Baseball team, dies in New York City.

Rev. William R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, London, arrives in New York, on a visit to this country to deliver the Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale University.

The National Bureau of Economic Research estimates the population of continental United States at 114,311,000 on January 1, 1925.

April 19.—The 1925 Roosevelt medals for distinguished public service are awarded to Gifford Pinchot, conservationist; George Bird Grinnell, naturalist; and Miss Martha Berry, founder of the Berry school in Georgia.

April 20.—The Metropolitan Museum of Art refuses to accept the $3,000,000 art collection of the late Senator William A. Clark because of the conditions accompanying the bequest.

In a public address in Washington President Coolidge emphasizes the necessity for the present immigration restrictions.

The District of Columbia Supreme Court dismisses the injunction suit brought by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to prevent the sale by the Shipping Board to the Dollar Lines of five "President" vessels now used by the Pacific Mail.

James W. McQueen, President of the Sloss-Sheffield Steel Company, dies in New York.

April 21.—Vice-President Dawes, speaking at the Associated Press luncheon in New York, again attacks the Senate cloture rule.

The Japanese freighter *Raifuku Maru* sinks off Halifax with the loss of her entire crew of thirty-eight.

It is announced that the Norfolk & Western Railroad will lease the Virginian Railway for a long term of years.

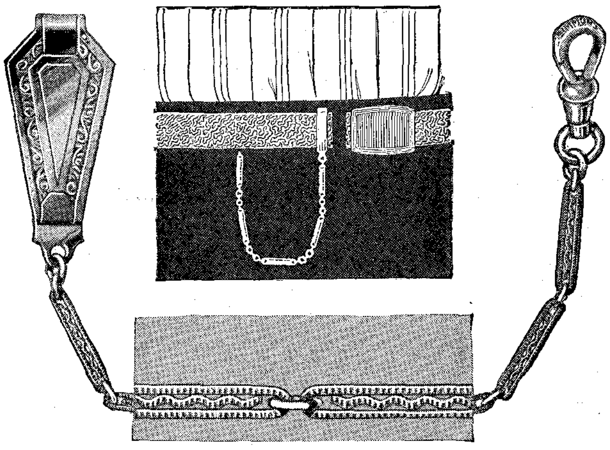
This watch chain was designed for *summer* wear

IT SECURES the watch neatly when the vest is left behind. During the hot morning at the office or shop—the afternoon of golf—the long sunny days in the open—during all these *vestless* hours the Simmons Belt Chain will be worn.

Its strong, patented clasp locks securely around the belt. Yet, at the desire of the wearer, the pressure of a finger releases it. The Belt Chain is exactly the right length to reach from belt to watch pocket in a graceful curve.

The Belt Chain shows the finished craftsmanship of all Simmons Chains and the same variety of link designs. Gold, green gold or Platinumgold is drawn over stout base metal by the special Simmons process of manufacture.

Your jeweler believes in Simmons Belt Chains. They are reasonably priced—from $2.50 to $10. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.



The swivel says it's a Simmons

In the panel above the links are twice enlarged.

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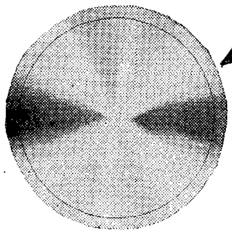
TRADE MARK
CHAINS



THIS SUBSTANTIAL SHELL OF GOLD

is drawn over a core of base metal in the making of every Simmons Chain. From the original ingot (illustrated half actual size), until the smallest link has been wrought out, the ratio of gold to base metal is constant.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

With Apologies to Scotland.—A Scotchman gave a waiter a tip. The horse lost.—*Columbia Jester.*

The Usual Consequence.—"Is this pre-war stuff?"

"Yes, sir. It's always followed by a fight."—*Life.*

All's Well!—Voice from Nearby House—"Who's in that chicken coop?"

Snowball Johnson (a veteran)—"A friend."—*Windmill.*

Snobbery in Motor Horns.—Salesman—"And what kind of horn would you like, sir? Do you care for a good loud blast?"

Haughty Customer—"No; I want something that just sneers."—*Punch.*

Longevity Among Schoolmarms.—First Student—"I wonder how old Mrs. Jones is?"

Second Student—"Quite old, I imagine. They say she used to teach Cæsar."—*Dirge.*

Met His Match.—Visitor—"I hear you've lost your parrot that used to swear so terribly."

Hostess—"Yes, poor dear, we found him dead on the golf links."—*Passing Show* (*London*).

True Love.—Engine-Driver's Sweetheart—"And do you always think of me during your long night trips?"

"Do I? I've wrecked two trains that way already!"

"Oh, you darling!"—*Tit-Bits* (*London*).

That Boarding-House Reach.—Irate Mother (at dinner)—"Johnny, I wish you'd stop reaching for things. Haven't you a tongue?"

Johnny—"Yes, Mother, but my arm's longer."—*University of Southern California Wampus.*

Safety First.—Judge—"Why did you run down this man in broad daylight on a perfectly straight stretch of road?"

Prisoner—"Your Honor, my windshield was almost totally obscured with Safety First stickers."—*Ohio Northern Review.*

Who's Loony Now?—A man in a hospital for mental cases sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor approached, and, wishing to be affable, remarked:

"How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.—*DePauw Daily.*

Printer's Error.—The flower show had been a great success, and a few evenings later Mr. Blank, who had performed the opening ceremony, was reading the local paper's report of it to his wife.

Presently he stopt reading, his justifiable pride turning to anger. Snatching up his stick, he rushed from the room. Amazed, his wife picked up the newspaper to ascertain the reason of her spouse's fury.

She read: "As Mr. Blank mounted the platform, all eyes were fixt on the large red 'nose' he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of such brilliance. . . ."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Retort.—Mr.—"The prettiest women always marry the biggest fools."

Mrs.—"Try your flattery on somebody else."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Little Cause for Alarm.—Polite Person—"I'm afraid you're in the wrong seat, sir."

Impolite Ditto—"You needn't be afraid, so long as you don't insist on having it."—*London Humorist.*

The Life After Death.—In 1900 he began an association that lasted practically uninterrupted until his death when he became head clerk of the Windsor hotel.—*From an Obituary in the Rocky Mountain News.*

Feminine Honesty.—First Co-ed—"The cheek of that conductor. He glared at me as if I hadn't paid my fare."

Second Co-ed—"And what did you do?"

First Co-ed—"I glared right back as if I had."—*Yale Record.*

The Right Answer.—"Should wives be paid wages?" asks a writer in a recent article in a magazine.

"Certainly!" says a married man of our acquaintance. "What do you think I send my wife out to work for?"—*Judge.*

As Advertised.—Irate Guest—"Look here, the rain is simply pouring through the roof of my bedroom."

Summer Hotel Proprietor—"Absolutely according to our prospectus, sir. Running water in every room."—*Goblin.*

Conditions Perfect.—Tramp—"Pardon me, sir, but have you seen a policeman round here?"

Polite Pedestrian—"No, I am sorry."

Tramp—"Thank you. Now will you kindly hand over your watch and purse?"—*Buffalo Bison.*

Great Business.—"Don't you think, doctor, you've rather overcharged for attending Jimmy when he had the measles?"

"You must remember, Mrs. Browne, that includes twenty-two visits."

"Yes, but you forget he infected the whole school!"—*London Mail.*

At a London Dinner Party.—Old Gentleman (ignorant of nationality of his neighbor)—"A deplorable sign of the times is the way the English language is being polluted by the alarming inroads of American slang. Do you not agree?"

His Neighbor—"You sure slobbered a bibful, sir."—*Punch.*

Spring Fever.—At this season of the year, just before spring fever becomes epidemic, the bleached urbanite swells with longing and puffs with determination:

1. To own a little place in the country, if it weren't so far from town.
2. To raise chickens and sell the eggs, if it weren't so much trouble to feed 'em.
3. To have a nice little garden to grow just enough stuff for ourselves, if it weren't that spading gives one a kink in the back.
4. To walk to the office every morning, and home again in the evening, if it weren't so far, and the sidewalks weren't so hard, and if it were not so clearly a public duty to patronize the street-cars.

And so the b. u. goes out and buys another golf club.—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

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